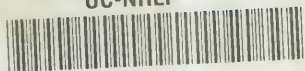


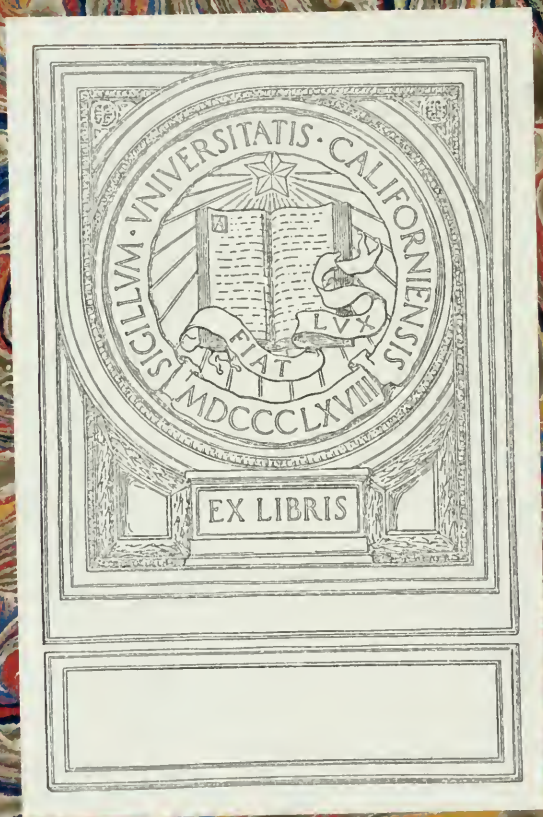
UC-NRLF



B 4 594 157











3/6

0.322





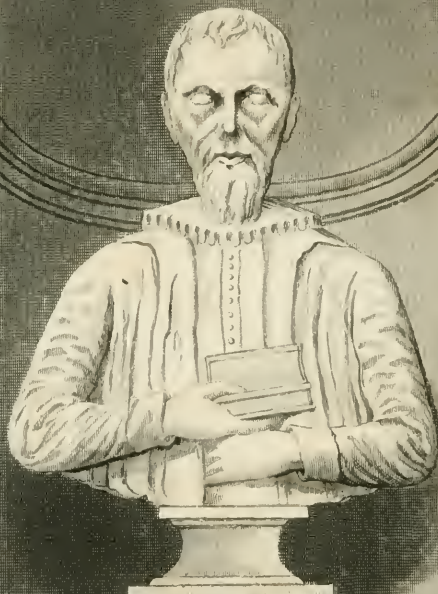






2  
 3 4 5  
 6 7  
 8 9 10  
 11 12 13  
 14 15 16  
 17 18 19  
 20 21 22  
 23 24 25  
 26 27 28  
 29 30 31  
 32 33 34  
 35 36 37  
 38 39 40  
 41 42 43  
 44 45 46  
 47 48 49  
 50 51 52  
 53 54 55  
 56 57 58  
 59 60 61  
 62 63 64  
 65 66 67  
 68 69 70  
 71 72 73  
 74 75 76  
 77 78 79  
 80 81 82  
 83 84 85  
 86 87 88  
 89 90 91  
 92 93 94  
 95 96 97  
 98 99 100  
 101 102 103  
 104 105 106  
 107 108 109  
 110 111 112  
 113 114 115  
 116 117 118  
 119 120 121  
 122 123 124  
 125 126 127  
 128 129 130  
 131 132 133  
 134 135 136  
 137 138 139  
 140 141 142  
 143 144 145  
 146 147 148  
 149 150 151  
 152 153 154  
 155 156 157  
 158 159 160  
 161 162 163  
 164 165 166  
 167 168 169  
 170 171 172  
 173 174 175  
 176 177 178  
 179 180 181  
 182 183 184  
 185 186 187  
 188 189 190  
 191 192 193  
 194 195 196  
 197 198 199  
 200 201 202  
 203 204 205  
 206 207 208  
 209 210 211  
 212 213 214  
 215 216 217  
 218 219 220  
 221 222 223  
 224 225 226  
 227 228 229  
 230 231 232  
 233 234 235  
 236 237 238  
 239 240 241  
 242 243 244  
 245 246 247  
 248 249 250  
 251 252 253  
 254 255 256  
 257 258 259  
 260 261 262  
 263 264 265  
 266 267 268  
 269 270 271  
 272 273 274  
 275 276 277  
 278 279 280  
 281 282 283  
 284 285 286  
 287 288 289  
 290 291 292  
 293 294 295  
 296 297 298  
 299 300 301  
 302 303 304  
 305 306 307  
 308 309 310  
 311 312 313  
 314 315 316  
 317 318 319  
 320 321 322  
 323 324 325  
 326 327 328  
 329 330 331  
 332 333 334  
 335 336 337  
 338 339 340  
 341 342 343  
 344 345 346  
 347 348 349  
 350 351 352  
 353 354 355  
 356 357 358  
 359 360 361  
 362 363 364  
 365 366 367  
 368 369 370  
 371 372 373  
 374 375 376  
 377 378 379  
 380 381 382  
 383 384 385  
 386 387 388  
 389 390 391  
 392 393 394  
 395 396 397  
 398 399 400  
 401 402 403  
 404 405 406  
 407 408 409  
 410 411 412  
 413 414 415  
 416 417 418  
 419 420 421  
 422 423 424  
 425 426 427  
 428 429 430  
 431 432 433  
 434 435 436  
 437 438 439  
 440 441 442  
 443 444 445  
 446 447 448  
 449 450 451  
 452 453 454  
 455 456 457  
 458 459 460  
 461 462 463  
 464 465 466  
 467 468 469  
 470 471 472  
 473 474 475  
 476 477 478  
 479 480 481  
 482 483 484  
 485 486 487  
 488 489 490  
 491 492 493  
 494 495 496  
 497 498 499  
 500 501 502  
 503 504 505  
 506 507 508  
 509 510 511  
 512 513 514  
 515 516 517  
 518 519 520  
 521 522 523  
 524 525 526  
 527 528 529  
 530 531 532  
 533 534 535  
 536 537 538  
 539 540 541  
 542 543 544  
 545 546 547  
 548 549 550  
 551 552 553  
 554 555 556  
 557 558 559  
 560 561 562  
 563 564 565  
 566 567 568  
 569 570 571  
 572 573 574  
 575 576 577  
 578 579 580  
 581 582 583  
 584 585 586  
 587 588 589  
 590 591 592  
 593 594 595  
 596 597 598  
 599 600 601  
 602 603 604  
 605 606 607  
 608 609 610  
 611 612 613  
 614 615 616  
 617 618 619  
 620 621 622  
 623 624 625  
 626 627 628  
 629 630 631  
 632 633 634  
 635 636 637  
 638 639 640  
 641 642 643  
 644 645 646  
 647 648 649  
 650 651 652  
 653 654 655  
 656 657 658  
 659 660 661  
 662 663 664  
 665 666 667  
 668 669 670  
 671 672 673  
 674 675 676  
 677 678 679  
 680 681 682  
 683 684 685  
 686 687 688  
 689 690 691  
 692 693 694  
 695 696 697  
 698 699 700  
 701 702 703  
 704 705 706  
 707 708 709  
 710 711 712  
 713 714 715  
 716 717 718  
 719 720 721  
 722 723 724  
 725 726 727  
 728 729 730  
 731 732 733  
 734 735 736  
 737 738 739  
 740 741 742  
 743 744 745  
 746 747 748  
 749 750 751  
 752 753 754  
 755 756 757  
 758 759 760  
 761 762 763  
 764 765 766  
 767 768 769  
 770 771 772  
 773 774 775  
 776 777 778  
 779 780 781  
 782 783 784  
 785 786 787  
 7





MR ZACHARIAS BODIUS FIDELIS ECCLESIE  
SVBYRBAE PASTOR 20000 LIB QVA AD ALENDOS  
QVOTANNIS TRES ADOLESCENTES THEOLOGIE  
STVDIOSOS QVA AD EXTRVENDAS NOVAS  
ILLAS EDES VNA CVM VNIVERSA SVPELLECTILI  
LIBRARIA ALME MATRI ACADEMIE LEGAVIT.





FOUR POEMS  
FROM  
"ZION'S FLOWERS;"  
OR,  
"Christian Poems for Spiritual Edification."

By MR. ZACHARIE BOYD,  
MINISTER OF CHRYSTIS KIRK, AND EVANGEL AT THE BARONIE OF GLASGOW.

PRINTED FROM HIS MANUSCRIPT IN THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY  
OF GLASGOW.

WITH  
AN INTRODUCTION CONTAINING SOME NOTICES OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

EDITED BY GABRIEL NEIL.

---

*"He being dead, yet speaketh."*



GLASGOW:—PRINTED BY GEORGE RICHARDSON,  
Printer to the University.

MDCCCLV.

2  
103

929  
30789  
you

ONLY 400 COPIES PRINTED.

TO VIKI  
ALPHALAO



## CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

APPENDIX TO INTRODUCTION.

THE HISTORIE OF JONAH.

JOSEPH TEMPTED TO ADULTERY.

DAVID AND GOLIAH.

DINAH RAVISHED BY SHECHEM.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

Frontispiece—Bust in the College Court.

Vignette, Title Page—Fac-simile of the Arms of Glasgow as used by Robert Sanders, Printer to the City and University *anno* 1675.

Fac-simile of the Manuscript of "Zion's Flowers," commonly called "Zachary Boyd's Bible."

Fac-simile of Devices from the Author's Printed Works.

M188656

927  
B789  
fno





233 39  
5

## INTRODUCTION.

IN 1831 the writer edited a reprint of "The Last Battell of the Soule in Death," published by Mr. Zacharie Boyd, 1629, to which a Biographical Sketch of the Author, and an Account of his Printed and Manuscript Works, &c. were prefixed, and since that time he has received, in a variety of public notices some thanks, for having assisted in bringing forward a neglected Author, who had been long in many particulars most unjustly traduced. (*App. Note 1.*) In as far as the writer has had subsequent opportunities of observing, any new investigation into Mr. Boyd's life has additionally shewn, that in the highest sense of the phrase he was a good man, and that from his literary and ministerial qualifications he was a distinguished ornament to Glasgow more than two centuries ago, as well as in his having been a munificent benefactor of learning through his worldly means. A degree of pleasure, nay, even of profitable improvement attaches itself, to now and then holding a little communion with one thus meriting our esteem.

There is an important point specially connected with Mr. Boyd's history, *namely*, that at his death he left a large collection of Works, Printed and in Manuscript, the composition of which must have occupied a great portion of his time; and the wonder is, how that, along with the discharge of his public and private duties, he had been able to accomplish so much. A view of these Works (*App. Note 2.*) will be sufficient to convince the most incredulous of his indefatigable

perseverance and industry, and of his having been a practical example of Solomon's words, "of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh." It is unfortunate that the Books which he published in his day, have been for an unknown course of years "out of print," or if by chance a solitary copy of any of them is now to be found, it is secured as a prize by antiquarian Bibliographers and Collectors, and a high price paid for it. (*App. Note 3.*) His Manuscript Works have been adjudged to the severe doom of being confined to the Library Presses of the University, accessible only to curious inquirers, and the two volumes of "Zion's Flowers," (his so called "Bible,") from their airless, quiet situation in some of their depositories, have in many pages of their matter, suffered from damp and decay. (*App. Note 4.*) It may be said upon the whole as regards the public benefit derived from his numerous Writings, either Published or in Manuscript, to be much the same as if he had never penned or printed a line of them. Except for what has lately been done, and that in a very limited and fragmentary manner, his Works were in danger of having become entirely forgotten. Thanks, however, to the antique, quaint looking bust in the College Court; to the Portrait in the Divinity Hall, from the pencil of some excellent artist, full of manly expression; to the foundation of his three Bursaries for three Theological Students, who yet hand him down as his representatives; to his liberal deeds for aiding the construction of our venerable University buildings; and by a singular fate to the wide spread tradition of his having "*rendered the whole Bible into verse,*" all of which, notwithstanding the want of his literary compositions, have kept alive his remembrance among us. As the effect of information which has been from time to time elicited, his name has at last had a place assigned to it in the "Republic of Letters," by now generally appearing in our most popular biographical collections.

In the reprint of the work in 1831 referred to, a variety of "Poetical Excerpts" were given as specimens of Mr. Boyd's talents, chiefly in respect to such of his Writings as are in MS. It was at that date the intention of the writer, in preference to the "Excerpts" or Extracts which were made from "Zion's Flowers," 2 vols., 4to, to have



introduced a few complete Poems or Pieces from that Work, as affording, in the circumstances, the best data for judging of Mr. Boyd as a poet. Yielding, however, to the sentiments of some who wished to have a more enlarged view of the diversified subjects contained in the two volumes mentioned, his original design was abandoned, which has since been a cause of considerable regret, both to others and himself. He found, indeed, that the plan he had adopted was attended with no general satisfaction. Among numerous instances which might be adduced, a well qualified Reviewer thus wrote—"The extracts Mr. Neil has afforded us from the poetical MSS. are not a fair criterion by which to judge of Mr. Boyd's powers as a poet, more especially when the nature of the subjects paraphrased is taken into account. To do justice to the memory and merits of Boyd as a poet, some of the dramas composing "The Flowers of Zion," or Boyd's Bible, ought to be printed in whole, in order that the objects and subjects detailed and treated of, might be exhibited in the same manner that the Author himself would, no doubt, have given them to the public eye. This mode of judging of the merits of a writer whose works are so voluminous as those of Mr. Boyd, is something similar to those who would cover a picture with a curtain, and then gently raising a corner of the latter, ask us to determine upon the ingenuity and taste of the artist. We see no *reason* why some half dozen of the best of these dramas should not be printed for the gratification of the literary world. We are sure that the Professors of the University would do every thing in their power to further such a laudable and praiseworthy object, and the more especially since one-half of this curious work, is in such a ruinous condition as that represented by the Editor. We hope that this hint will have its due weight." Another, speaking in similar terms, concludes as follows: "We shall be glad again to find Mr. Neil bringing forward some more "old wine," (*App. Note 5.*) there is a store of such within the precincts of *Alma Mater*, and he is a fit person to put it into bottles, and make it acceptable to many who can never hope otherwise to know or to relish its taste." Disclaiming, however, that part of the quotation, as to "the Editor's" peculiar fitness for "*old wine*" bottling, but cordially joining in the appropriateness of the rest of that reviewer's suggestions, he

has now thought of favouring those curious in Mr. Boyd's poetry and "the literary world," with a mere *tasting* of that which they have expressed themselves so anxious to obtain; and for having detained them from the treat, with the "wine" in his bin, for the long period of twenty-four years, he would require to make some apology, were he not convinced that such will be unnecessary, the editing of old Poetry, and deciphering the musty records of bygone ages, being rather at variance with his avocations in life.

In 1831, when permission was granted to the writer to wander in the untrodden garden of our Author's Muse, and to "gather" nosegays from "Zion's Flowers," the great difficulty was to know what to cull and carry home to place in his little conservatory. In that Work there was a mass before the eye of at least *twenty-six thousand lines* of time-worn, close Manuscript, in a character of writing at present unintelligible, except to those whom people are sometimes pleased to style "*black letter gentlemen*." This part of the task was, however, to be overcome "*by and by*," (as our Author would say,) making allowances for the deficiencies of the Manuscript; (*App. Note 6.*) But it was not so easy to be acquitted of the other part, *namely*, the selection,—a process of reading, comparing, criticising, &c., had to be set about, and the result was, in fixing on the Excerpts which were printed in 1831, and the Four Poems of the present publication. Whether the latter may be deemed the "best" selection from the two MS. volumes, some one who will take an equal trouble must answer. All that the writer can say for himself is, that he *then* thought it was the best, and under the impression, that as the subjects of the Poems had been repeatedly taken up and discussed by the Author in his prose works, so were they likely to be the most familiar to his imagination in his poetry. Any selection from such an extensive work as that of "Zion's Flowers" must, however, be considered unsatisfactory. In justice to the Author, this Work ought to be printed in whole. It appears to be usually looked upon as his chief poetical work, and therefore entitled to a greater share of attention. For the purpose of shewing the range of its subjects as far as consistent with our limits,



# "Zachary Rayd's Bible."

Joseph SOLD by

his brother

the Spectator

1. Jacob. 2. Rachel. 3. Joseph. 4. his brother.  
5. a certain man. 6. the Midianites.

Jacob.

3. Rachel ~~know~~ know you do not owe to me  
I love my son; but now I do Joseph his  
of mine old age so is he Affo and strong,  
you know he same as well as I at length.  
I may remember you your father's sleep  
I kept for you in double penance - sleep.  
God at his first did so much I set  
to you and yours I had a great respect.  
Time past & not past for least of my good will  
I you did love, and yet I love you still:  
I daily daily mind to love you well  
No thing on earth shall be my kindness quell;  
You for your sake be little Joseph more  
I love you all but born was from before  
A lovely lady for is, also his very birth  
Virtue is all proposed holy worth  
How surely is the darling of mine age  
How of our love is a most sacred pledge;  
I of my worth I see many tokens see  
Above the others far as virtue be;  
TO ECHOE no less, to my own self mild  
How is; my worth does far surpass a yield  
It is I do count from Heaven to be our lot,  
Let us from make a further bound to that;

Rachel

My mind misgives me if I eat all the rest:  
Not grooved but; but do what serves you best;



the following ABSTRACT OF THE REMAINDER OF THE CONTENTS is re-transcribed, and which may at the same time assist any reader in his researches who is inclined to refer to the Author's Manuscript.

"ZION'S FLOWERS, OR CHRISTIAN POEMS FOR SPIRITUAL EDIFICATION, 2 vols., 4to.

Psal. 119, v. 54.—Thy Statutes have been my Songs in the House of my Pilgrimage,

*To Jesus Christ my Lord.*

O thou Eternal I'll forever chuse,  
Thee for the Subject of my Sacred Muse ;  
Till in the Quire of Angels thou me bring  
Where Saints the Anthems of thy glory sing.

*The Prayer.*

While I Intend to launch into this deep,  
And sound this sea, aloof me wisely keepe  
From every rock, and als from every danger,  
Let thy good spirit to me, now be no stranger :  
Let him be steersman while I saile this sea,  
And for my *Star*, let still my *Bible* be.  
Me to thy garden lead in sweetest hours,  
That I may gather some of ZION'S FLOWERS ;  
Teach me to make right use of all this story,  
That I may pen rich lectures of thy glory ;  
Make quick my spirit, in it thy grace infuse,  
That I this work hence wisely may peruse ;  
So that wee may learne in these latter times,  
For to detest these stinking rotten rhymes  
Of Poets, who on follies most profane,  
Doe spend their houres and idly waste their veine :  
To war with vice I mind in holy rhymes,  
And not to sooth or smooth this age's crimes ;  
My drowsie and my drossie spirits refine,  
Let this my work be rather counted thine ;  
For what is good let glory come to thee,  
For what's amisse O Lord now pardon me.

THE FALL OF ADAM. *The Speakers.*

1. The Lord. 2. Adam. 3. Evah.  
4. The Divell. 5. The Serpent.  
(Contains about 900 lines.)

ABEL MURDERED. *The Speakers.* 1.

The Lord, 2. Adam. 3. Evah. 4.  
Cain. 5. Abel. (Contains about 900  
lines.)

THE FLOOD OF NOAH. *The Speakers.*

1. The Lord. 2. Noah. 3. Noah's  
Wife. 4. Shem. 5. Ham. 6. Japhet.  
(Contains about 860 lines.)

THE TOWRE OF BABYLON. *The Speakers.*

1. The Lord. 2. Nimrod. 3. The  
Nobles. 4. The Massons. 5. The  
Carpenters. 6. The Servants. 7. The  
People. (Contains about 930 lines.)

THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM. *The*

*Speakers.* 1. God the Father. 2.  
God the Sonne. 3. The Angels. 4.  
Abraham. 5. Sarah. 6. Lot. 7.  
Lot's Wife. 8. Lot's Sonnes' in Law.  
9. The Sodomites. (Contains about  
2000 lines.)



ABRAHAM COMMANDED TO SACRIFICE  
ISAAC. *The Speakers.* 1. The Lord.  
2. Abraham. 3. Sarah. 4. Isaac.  
5. Abraham's Servants. (*Contains  
about 840 lines.*)

THE HISTORIE OF JACOB AND ESAU.  
*The Speakers.* 1. The Lord. 2. Isaac.  
3. Rebekah. 4. Esau. 5. Jacob.  
(*Contains about 750 lines.*)

THE HISTORIE OF JACOB AND LABAN.  
*The Speakers.* 1. The Lord. 2. Isaac.  
3. Rebekah. 4. Esau. 5. Jacob. 6.  
Laban. 7. Laban's Sonnes. 8. Leah.  
9. Rachel. 10. Men of the East.  
(*Contains about 1400 lines.*)

JACOB AND ESAU RECONCILED. *The  
Speakers.* 1. The Lord. 2. Jacob.  
3. Esau. 4. Leah. 5. Rachel. 6.  
Jacob's Messengers. (*Contains about  
720 lines.*)

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN *The  
Speakers.* 1. Joseph. 2. Jacob. 3.  
Reuben. 4. Judah. 5. Jehovah. 6.  
The Egyptians. 7. Pharaoh. (*Lines  
omitted to be taken, but may be as-  
sumed at about 1000.*)

PHARAOH'S TYRANNIE AND DEATH.  
*The Speakers.* 1. Pharaoh. 2. The  
Egyptians. 3. The Taskmasters. 4.  
Raguel. 5. Puah. 6. Amram. 7. \* \* \*  
8. Pharaoh's Daughter. 9. Mizram.  
10. Moses. 11. Zabad. 12. Zipporah.  
13. The People of Israel. 14. Jethro.  
15. The Israelites. 16. Jehovah. 17.  
Aaron. 18. The Officers of Israel.  
19. The Magicians. 20. Pharaoh's  
Servants. (*Contains about 2480 lines.*)

THE HISTORIE OF JEPHTHA. *The  
Speakers.* 1. Gilead. 2. Gilead's  
Wife. 3. Gilead's Sonnes. 4. Jeph-  
tha. 5. Vaine Men. 6. The Ammonites.  
7. Israel. 8. The Messengers of Israel.  
9. The King of Ammon. 10. The  
Messengers of Jephtha. 11. The  
Captaines of Ammon. 12. The Cap-  
taines of Israel. 13. Jephtha's Daugh-  
ter. (*Contains about 720 lines.*)

THE HISTORIE OF SAMSON. *The Speak-  
ers.* 1. The Lord. 2. The Angel.  
3. Manoah. 4. Manoah's Wife. 5.  
Samson. 6. The Philistines. 7. Sam-

son's Bride. 8. Samson's Father in  
Law. 9. The Men of Judah. 10.  
The Gazites' Neighbours. 11. The  
Gazites. 12. Delilah. 13. The Lords  
of the Philistines. (*Contains about  
2100 lines.*)

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S FIERIE FURNACE.  
*The Speakers.* 1. King Nebuchad-  
nezzar. 2. The Princes. 3. The Go-  
vernours. 4. The Captaines. 5. The  
Judges. 6. The Treasurers. 7. The  
Counsellors. 8. The Sheriffes. 9. The  
Rulers of the Provinces. 10. The  
King's Herald. 11. The People. 12.  
The Chaldeans. 13. Shadrach. 14.  
Meshach. 15. Abednego. 16. The  
King's Mighty Men. (*Contains about  
3280 lines.*)

THE HISTORIE OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.  
*The Speakers.* 1. The Lord. 2. Zach-  
arias. 3. Elizabeth. 4. Gabriel. 5.  
Mary. 6. Herod. 7. Herodias. 8.  
John. 9. The Disciples of John. 10.  
The Hangman. (*Contains about 800  
lines.*)

The New Jerusalem. As it is described  
by St. John in the Revelation, Chapters  
xxi and xxii. (*Assumed as containing  
about 250 lines.*)

THE POPISH POWDER PLOT. *The  
Speakers.* Christ. King James.  
Elizabeth. Peeres of England. The  
Lords appointed to trye the Traitors.  
The Earles of Nottingham, Suffolke.  
The Lord Montcagle. The Sheriffe of  
Worcester. The Devill. The Jesuit  
Gerrard. Robert Catesby. Thomas  
Perey. Guy Faux, &c., &c., &c. (*Con-  
tains about 1508 lines.*)

THE WORLD'S VANITIES. *Divided into  
Eight Branches.* 1. Strength. 2. Hon-  
our. 3. Riches. 4. Beautie. 5. Plea-  
sure. 6. Wisdom. 7. Children. 8. Long  
Life. (*Contains about 550 lines.*)

(FINIS.)

*The Pieces may not appear in the two  
vols. in the same arrangement as the fore-  
going, which has been given in a sort of chro-  
nological order as relating to the Scripture  
History.*

Having now had a view of the contents of this rather remarkable work, we should be well pleased to be able to fix the date at which it was composed by its learned Author. There are, however, no positive means of arriving at this desirable conclusion, and the most obvious path is to plod through a few inferences drawn from the likeliest circumstances. The probability is, that when a young man, he had felt the inspirations of the Muse, and that he had occasionally indulged in poetical writing, without being, as towards his latter years, her seemingly almost constant and earnest votary. His first regular Work, begun under the pious dedication of his mind and affections, was perhaps that of "Zion's Flowers," set forth in the verse which he terms his "Heroicks." Judging from the internal evidence of the MS., in such particulars, as the care bestowed on its penmanship, and executed with a firm steady hand, its lines accurately punctuated, and with few corrections on its face, it may be presumed to have been composed and written under the advantages of much quietude and leisure. These taken into consideration, along with the more fresh, vigorous, and superior manner in which its subjects are treated, as compared with some of his later productions, would lead to forming such an opinion, as that it was the work of the earlier part of his life, and when in the best state of his intellectual powers. The Poems in the two volumes being altogether of a Scripture character, with the exception of "The Popish Powder Plot," (*App. Note 7.*) it is only from the latter that any clue can be obtained to assist in guiding to a date. This historical event happened in 1605, and as the year of Mr. Boyd's birth may now be stated in 1585, he was then only 20 years of age, and attending the University of St. Andrews. There can be no doubt that this "Plot" had then attracted his attention, and from his own patriotic feelings and his high respect for his Sovereign King James, to gratify both, the idea might have been entertained of recording the circumstances in his verses; the probability however, is, that his mind, fully engrossed with his scholastic preparations, would forbid the execution. It would appear that he had gone some time in 1607 to Saumur in France, where he continued 16 years, and returned to his native country in 1623, when he must have been out of employment only for a few months, having been appointed Minister

of the Barony Parish of Glasgow in the same year, and during this short interval of rest, and engaged with his friends, it is not to be expected that we should detect him indulging in poetical studies. There is, we think, much likelihood, that it was during the period of his residence in Franco, between the twenty-second and thirty-eighth year of his age, that he had written the greater number, if not the whole of these Poems. Many allusions in them to practices and customs, &c., peculiar to that country, would seem to favour such a hypothesis, and the pleasure arising from the task of composing them, which he calls his "sweetest hours," may have acted as a solace, deprived of many of the endearments of his home. The "*latter times*" which he speaks of in "The Prayer," is a general phrase copiously used in his other works, and cannot be legitimately interpreted as marking any particular date. Whether or not he had penned them while in France, it may be admitted as nearly certain that they were all in the finished condition in which we see them in 1626, when he commenced the composition of "The Last Battoll of the Soule," one of them, "The World's Vanities Divided into Eight Branches," being found in that work, (printed in 1629) reduced into plain prose. Either the one or the other preceded, and such evidences as we have, much preponderate for the priority of the versified edition. Although what has been advanced is on most points conjectural, we can scarcely ever hope to arrive at information of a more satisfactory kind, than that between 1607 and 1626, formed the period of the composition of these two interesting MS. volumes. How he had not published them, it would be difficult to assign a reason.

We think that "Zion's Flowers" may be considered as not only the first in order of his compositions, but as having first suggested the idea of his other future poetical labours in the Scripture field. In that Work he begins his Poems or Pieces with the Fall of Adam, and ends with the two last chapters of the Revelation of St. John, not, however, apparently following any regular method, as many of the Books in the series of the Bible are altogether omitted, but picking here and there subjects of an incidental stirring nature, from the histories of the Old Testament, with only two Poems out of the New.



After he had been a Minister of the Barony Parish for twenty-one years, and in the fifty-ninth year of his age, he published in 1644, "The Garden of Zion," in two volumes, (*App. Note 8*.) in which, obviously, upon a decidedly formed plan, he began again at the opening of the Book of Genesis, and with less amplification of the subjects than that in "Zion's Flowers," he travelled over a majority of the Books of the Old Testament. In a MS. work, entitled "The Four Evangelists," we find him in its introductory "Prayer" thus summing up the progress he had made in "The Garden of Zion:"—

"Thy grace my guide, Lord hitherto hath beene,  
Thou hast me help't as it may well be scene—  
From Adam to the Judges for thy glory,  
My pen hath gone ev'n in the sacred story;  
Through Judges all, and Kings that were not few;  
THOU me unwind that knotty snarled clue,  
Made in my verse, and taught me how to chuse,  
Of all their lives that which was most for use;  
Through Ezra als, and Nehemiah wise;  
And Esther too, thou hast brought me likewise;  
Both Job, and Psalms, and Proverbs all alongs;  
Ecclesiastes, and the Songs of Songs;  
By thee I have compil'd, of all this wholly,  
I with my heart ascribe to thee the glory."

His version of the Psalms was a separate publication, which may be viewed in the light of a national work for the use of the people, and the religious service of the Church of Scotland. It had been printed a considerable time previously to 1646, and in that year had reached the third Edition. It appears that, about 1647, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland had resolved to supersede the "Old Paraphrase (or metrical version) of the Psalmes," and to compile a new one, when our Author's version had been much noticed, and both it and his judgment, had been consulted by the "commissioners" and "revisers" who were appointed for that purpose. After different translations had been reviewed and examined, which was a business of some difficulty and trouble for three years, *the present metrical version* received the sanction of the General Assembly in 1650. (*App. Note 13*.) Mr. Boyd had bestowed much labour on this subject, and he had been also at a "great deal" of expense, and was no doubt hopeful of getting his own version introduced as the

popular standard, instead of which he had to be contented with a Minute of "thanks" from the Church. This testimonial in "wrytte" from such an honourable source, would be highly pleasing to his feelings, besides the compliment which it paid to his talents—but deprived of the laurels to which he had aspired, he, and his friends who had warmly supported him in this cause, may be supposed to have been somewhat disappointed with the result. Had there been no other version at the time, the public would not have been ill supplied with his, for that which he produced may be considered upon the whole as far from being a poor effort, equalling in most instances in smoothness of versification, the translations of his contemporaries. It is extremely probable that immediately after he had published "The Garden of Zion," in 1644, he commenced the metrical translation of "The Foure Evangels," to include another branch of the Books of the Bible, and thus shewing some intention of proceeding through the whole Scriptures. This MS. appears a first copy, and from the corrections on it, to have undergone successive revisions. He had laboured hard in this "gude work to bring forth his sugre'd dainties," and to "make the Zephire sweete, with musky sighs over the flowers" to blow upon it; the time, however, appears to have approached when the lamp of poetical fancy, trim it as you will, refused to shine out with its wonted flame, and the translation which on this occasion he produced, cannot by any means be pronounced as one of his most successful.

We have thus a slight sketch of Mr. Boyd's performances in these his "divine Poesies." Here and there are to be seen in them some faint intimations of the purpose which he had designed the whole to serve—his object is, however, distinctly made known in his "WATCHWORD" to the "Generall Assemblie," prefixed to the first volume of "The Garden of Zion," dated "From Glasgowe the 28 of May, 1644," in which he says, "Right Reverend, Our Schooles and Countrey are stained, yea pestered, with idle Bookes, your children are fed on fables, love songs, badry ballads, Heathen husks, youths' poyson. It much concerneth you to see to this, and carefully to banish out of the land all the names of the *Pagan gods and goddesses*, which (as God hath expresslie told us) *should not be taken in our lips*.

(Psal. 16, 4.) These words of God in *Exodus* are very considerable : *In all things that I have said to you bee circumspect, and make no mention of the names of other gods, neither let it be heard out of thy mouth.* (Exod. 23, 13.) Seeing this by God himself is required, it lyeth upon you to ordaine by the visitors of Schooles, that all these monuments of idolatrie be removed, and that only such Bookes have place that may help children to know God and Christ his Son, which is life eternall. (John 17.) Your humble Servant, Mr. ZACHARY BOYD."

In thus writing, it cannot be suspected that he was any foe to classical learning, his benefactions to the University evince quite a different spirit. As a Christian minister he had wished like Elijah the "Reformer," to bring the false gods into contempt, to purify the Schools, and the morals of his countrymen, and to purge literature, especially its poetry, of that constant recourse for food and figure to the Pagan Mythologies, whose extravagances and pollutions so much infested the productions, of many of the older class of the politest English and Scottish Poets. Whether his own verses, as a pure model, were a fit substitution to effect the improvement he desired, is another question—all will agree that he meant well, wrought hard, and that the cause in which he had embarked was honourable. It is not unlikely that he had originally intended "*Zion's Flowers*" to promote the end expressed in the foregoing address to the Assembly, but had subsequently found the Poems too lengthy and elaborately framed, and therefore they lay beside him unprinted. He may also have been in doubt, whether he had not himself, in some of his language and similes, so far encroached upon the heathen ground he condemned. The Poems and translations of "*the Garden of Zion*," were in a style more adapted for popular use, and carried in them no high pretensions. It may be presumed that in his own day his poetical effusions were much read and admired. The public had no doubt heard after the Author's death, of his having left Manuscripts of a similar tenor to those published, and taking in the whole printed and unprinted, the report had gone abroad of his having *rendered the whole Bible into verse*, and from which may have originated the well known name of "*ZACHARY BOYD'S BIBLE*," transmitted down through many generations. His works as embracing subjects from,



and metrically translated Books of the Bible, certainly afforded some little colour for conferring on them such a name or title, but as they do not, as we have seen, comprehend every portion of the Old and New Testament Scriptures, there is not sufficient ground to warrant the appellation in its strict sense. (*App. Note 14.*) It may be remarked in passing, that the term BIBLE, was in old times given to Books even of no sacred character, from their pre-eminence, and the estimation in which they were held by the people, and in ordinary speaking, appealed to in confirmation of the truth of *this* and *that*, beyond which there was no gain-saying. (*App. Note 15.*) Our Author's poetical offspring may also have been clothed with the same authoritative honour; but in later times, any mark of respect paid to them, has been an empty piece of etiquette, almost nothing being known of their faces and dispositions.

In the Biographical Sketch of 1831, the writer glanced at several of Mr. Boyd's qualifications, both as a prose and poetical Author, and seeing no occasion to alter any of his sentiments, he does not therefore recapitulate them. He may now be permitted merely to say, that Mr. Boyd was a man of deep and extensive learning whom few surpassed—and that in point of oratorical power as a preacher, as well as in the matter and method of his public discourses, he must have been a bright star of the Church to which he belonged. His prose compositions, as they have been variously viewed, are perhaps in merit not all equally well sustained, but notwithstanding, he may be placed among the clearest theological, and most correct Scottish writers of his age. In comparison as a Poet he creeps rather than flies, but having found him a Son of the Muse, we must accept him as we find him, and instead of promptly serving him out with scurrilous abuse, as has been too often done, receive him into our friendly protection, as in civility meet. We smile at the execrable usage of an old Author, (*App. Note 16,*) who informs his readers :

“ And which our very hearts pierces,  
Master Zachary Boyd's verses ;”

and were we inclined to adopt all that has been said against him in other quarters, it might be asked, why not at once dismiss him, or at

least, turn our back upon him at the *levée* of the Poets? This, carping critic you may demand, but with the Joppa mariners we feel reluctant to throw him overboard like Jonah, and cannot part so easily with our local Christian Poet, who, in his "English Verse" and "Heroicks," celebrated the Battles waged against the "Enemy of Mankind" and the "Corruptions of Sin." Whatever sphere may be assigned to him among the lights of Poesy, it cannot be granted to extinguish him. Without doubt, he has many "uncouth" rhymes and eccentricities—and if he is thought in the structure of his dialogues and narratives, to be imitating the "Mysteries" of the Middle Ages, or those classical Masters who laid down their precepts for the regulation of Poets in all time coming, we need not be the least alarmed though we see him displaying a total want of respect for their "unities," and their other solemn dictates. Occasional also may be his anachronisms, such as in introducing the "Daughter of Herodias" to dance a "*Stravetspy*" to entice the bloody Herod—or in decorating and attiring "Potiphar's Wife" after the most approved fashion and costume of only two centuries ago—and again, as in the "Tempted Joseph" reasoning with the "Wife of Potiphar" from the words of the New Testament. There may farther be perceived, a sprinkling of far-fetched imagery—sometimes in language, what may be deemed, plain spoken, and familiar, but in spite of all these, which may now be regarded as blemishes, there is an honest, friendly, unsophisticated depicting of truth and nature in his verses, entitling him as a Poet, to our favour. If he is deficient in the loftier flights of imagination, or if in a random attempt at these he manages them, not always quite according to the principles of modern taste, he is never disagreeable, nor are the ears ever 'shocked with the obscenities and double meanings, which, in many instances, disfigure the pages of Poets, who are, at the present day, applauded to the skies. As a homely and didactic Poet, who notices a great variety of the manners, customs, characteristics, and peculiarities of the age in which he lived, interweaving them with his moral and religious reflections, and elucidations, the additional publication of his works, would be a highly prized contribution to our stock of antiquarian literature, and

would furnish a rich mine of curiosities and originalities, for which, in his own way, he is conspicuous. By his poetical compositions his great aim had been to be useful, and to communicate instruction to mankind, and in them there is undoubtedly a fund of solid and important knowledge, which is more than can be affirmed in respect to a large proportion of those themes and productions, which are often issued from the press under the garb of poetry. Every one will admire that spirit of piety with which he entered into his task, and the declarations of his own humility, should be sufficient to disarm the valiant critic of much of his hostility, in the heat of what he may call his chivalrous contendings for the honour of the Muse. "If," says our Author, in a sort of apology for some of his 'Holy Songs,' "any of these verses go not so smoothly as thou wouldest, know that I have tied myself very straitly to keep still the wordes of Scripture—some escapes there be in the printing, at sometimes a syllabe more, and some are lesse then should, but the judicious Reader may easily take the matter up ;" which hints, may, in part, assist us with a key, to unlock instances of imperfections in rhymes, and sundry incongruities, which are certainly to be met with scattered throughout the voluminous domain of his poetry. The "judicious reader" must now, however, along with this advice, also "take the matter up," in regard to how much, since the Author's time, the pronunciation and accentuation of language have changed, and that often as to the syllabic measure, what was then counted in the feet, as two or three syllables, and so read, has, with the same mode of orthography, been with us probably cut down to one or two feet. On the readers strictly attending to such directions, he will discover good prosody, and harmony of numbers, in passages which he might otherwise be inclined to set down as rugged, bad, and even ludicrous—and also in other particulars, the reader making allowances for the taste and the unpolished state of letters and society which then existed, as compared with our standards. Indeed, not a few of what may be called our Author's faults, are as much imputable to his times as to himself. A little careful study of the literature, notions, and fashions of his period, will confirm such observations. "Mr. Zachary"



could never, by any possibility, have foreseen, that after a lapse of more than two hundred years, his MS. poetry was to be brought out in small sections, and be made a topic of public discussion and criticism. In some measure, as if through a spirit of prophecy, to provide against this, and to prepare men's minds for the alterations, which they might expect in language, and otherwise, he penned a short edifying "Use" to his Poem "The Towre of Babylon," carrying it down from that era to his own seventeenth century, and applicable from the latter to the nineteenth. It is so true, just, and philosophical in its expositions, that it may be called in as testimony in his own behalf, and also in reference to some of the foregoing remarks on his writings.

"Most time alas, to conquere wordes wee spend,  
And misse the matter which we should intend;  
*Yeu more the wardes which are in usage nowe,*  
*Within a space no man will them allowe;*  
*Wordes fine before, are banish'd from the Court,*  
*And get no roome, but with the countrey sorte;*  
*Men's mouthes like trees, beare wordes, as leaves that fall,*  
*Now greene and good, anone are withered all*  
*And passe no more; this Babel doth extend,*  
*This Nimrod's plague on earth, from end to end;*  
*The wordes which whilom all men did admire,*  
*Loath'd in a trice may hence forth not appear;*  
*No more then changing French with gallant shewes,*  
*Could be content to weare the Irish trews;*  
*Our wordes like clothes, such is vain man's condition,*  
*In length of time doe all weare out of fashion;*  
*Such marked tongues should teach us God's disdain,*  
*And yet for that in wordes wee are most vaine;*  
*Wee are like Echo, which by voice begot,*  
*From hollow vales speakes words it knoweth not."*

It may only be added, that he had adopted much from the plain expressions of the Bible—a book which had been his supreme delight and constant companion.

It would seem that when Mr. Boyd plied his incessant quill, it had not been without suspicion of his meeting with ridicule. In the "Dedication" of his MS., "The English Academie," (*App. Note 17*.) to "Jesus Christ my Lord," he thus writes—

"Of Momus beasts I do not feare the bite,  
I to thee offer heere my Muses mite."

Although appearances are in favour of his poetical effusions having basked in the popular sunshine, it is probable that there were several men of his own time, who accounted themselves wise, who were not entirely satisfied on some points. This would no doubt give him uneasiness and grief, but having evidently, as he considered, engaged in a most excellent cause, his zeal and intrepidity were sufficient to bear him along, in the face of all difficulties and disparagements. "Let critics bite and laugh, still we shall write," may be supposed to have been his inward meditations, while in the retirement of his study he dipped his "penné" into the ink bottle, to add another verse for man's immortal weal. Perhaps the earliest recorded specimen of abuse, occurs in "The Whiggs Supplication or Mock Hudibras" of "Sam Colvil." This facetious Author, whose object was to burlesque the Presbyterian system, took the liberty at the same time of including "Master Zachry" with a wipe in the go by, and thus expatiates in his "Apology to the Reader,"—"Where one (says he) laughs at the Poems of Virgil, Homer, Ariosto, Du Bartas, &c., twenty will laugh at those of John Cockburn or Mr. Zachry Boyd. What Hypochondriaq: would not presently be cured at the reading of those lines? (*App. Note 18.*) For my part, if I were a great man, I would sooner give gold for such lines, than copper for all the Heroick Oracles of Senecas Tragedies." Pennant, a celebrated English antiquary, who visited the College about 80 years ago, appears to have seen "Zion's Flowers," and there likely had been pointed out to him the famous extract (*App. Note 19.*) from the "Soliloquy of Jonah in the fishes belly," which he had at once pounced upon, and had hugged it as a rare gem, for the two-fold purpose of putting into his Book, and of doing what he could to suppress the "vulgar imagination," that the author bequeathed his money under the expectation that any respectable University would be guilty of printing such verses. To his, although somewhat garbled quotation, no exception may be taken, and had he not absurdly made his scrap of *eighteen lines* the criterion for determining the quality of *twenty-six thousand*, he might have been passed over without censure. Pinkerton, in 1797, (*App. Note 20.*) did not commit himself to extracts from "that cloud of miserable rhymes." In his goodness of heart, "candour (says he) will smile at

the foible but applaud the man," and as his mode of "applauding the man" he introduced into his work concerning "Illustrious Persons," a portrait of Mr. Boyd, almost resembling a caricature. About 1838, arrived at the College, Thomas Frognal Dibdin, D.D., one who delighted in Books and old Authors, from whom might have been expected a really useful opinion of Mr. Boyd and his writings. This literary gentleman and bibliographer indulges us however, only to disappoint us with his rambling "crotchety" observations. Instead of being impressed with the importance of the case on hand, he is clearly desirous of being thought smart and clever, diverting himself with "the celebrated Zachary," by alternately coaxing and slapping him, till he treats him to the final knock down. "I doubt" says he "if even a small octavo volume of intelligible or popular matter could be selected from this interminable farrago, of which, however, no incurious specimens will be found in the concurrent note,"—and then the Doctor proceeds, telling out several poetical extracts from the Author's "Bible" on another's authority, to inform the antiquarian "Book Clubs" in Scotland of not the *one fortieth part* of what they were in possession seven years before. But all these are pardonable enough, if the Doctor had not so liberally drawn upon his fancy in sundry points, respecting which there can be seen no foundation whatever in our Author's works. That the Doctor applies to him epithets, such as—"a compound of fanaticism and kind feeling"—"of a proud bearing to-day, in humble penitence to-morrow"—"a most singular and intractable manager of his intellectual merchandise," &c., are all tender cuts in comparison to—"there was the thinnest possible partition in his *cranium* between reason and madness"—which last, with all our respect for the name of Doctor Dibdin, one might be provoked to throw back to himself. In all humility, we think that most of the Doctor's representations are unworthy of attention, and it is, therefore, with much pleasure we refer our readers to the remarks of "Dr. Fleming, the Professor of Hebrew in the University of Glasgow," on our Author and his "Bible," to be found in the "Notes" of Dr. Dibdin's "Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in Scotland," pp. 703—8. It is with equal pleasure we mention, that since 1831 other notices of a literary and critical kind have appeared in various

Newspapers, Periodicals and Journals, of which we would have been happy to have made some use for the benefit of our readers, if our limits had permitted.

A cloud of mystery has long hung over a particular department of Mr. Boyd's history, *namely*, whether that in bequeathing his Property to the College, by his Deed of Mortification, dated 9th December, 1652, he made it a binding condition on the Faculty or Professors, to *print his Works* after his death. On this curious question, many different assertions have been put forth by writers, resembling an "uproar," which happened about eighteen hundred years ago, when "Some cried one thing and some another, for the assembly was confused." If the public voice, which for two centuries past, has been floating through the dim haze of a traditional intelligence, was to be assumed as the truth, it might be embodied in the following statement—that the College took Mr. Boyd's money, but omitted to fulfil their duty as to the printing of his works, and as an excuse for their neglect, they "gave him a stone," or in other words, erected his bust, as mentioned by John M'Ure, the old Glasgow Historian, "with an open Bible in his hand." (*App. Note 21.*) We are therefore glad, on this contested topic, to hail the presence of an Author who brings explanatory documents, (*App. Note 22.*) and to make room for them in our pages. "The next point (says he) which it seems desirable to clear up, is, whether Mr. Boyd's Deed of Mortification imposed upon the College any obligation relative to the printing of his works; and, if so, what was the extent of this obligation? This is a question on which there has been considerable diversity of averment. One of his biographers (Chambers' Scottish Biography) affirms that "it is a mistake that Mr. Boyd made any stipulation as to the publication of his writings, or any part of them." Another (Neil) in referring to the Deed in question, quotes it as imposing on the College the obligation "to print, in one volume, all his *work*;" and proceeds to suggest that "the work referred to was probably 'The Flowers of Zion,' which he seems carefully to have prepared for the press;" adding apologetically, that "the publication of this work, as was supposed, would reflect no credit on his memory, and would be attended with no advantage to the public; it was *therefore* not printed." Again, the author of the



Memoir of Mr. Robert Baillie, having occasion to speak of Mr. Boyd, says explicitly, "His fond expectations, if not positive injunctions for having his works published after his death, were wholly disregarded." The following extract from the Deed itself, must put an end to all dispute as to the matter of fact so variously represented by these different writers."

"Lykeas, it is heirby speciallie provydit, that, out of the reddiest of the hail foirnamed soumes, thaire be desbursed be the said Principall, Professors, and Mrs. (Maisteris) and y'r (thair) successors, als much money as will suffice to print in one volume in folio, consisting nearly of four hundrethe sheets of paper, my Workes, quhilk are alreddie printed in severall pieces, together with dyverse Sermons and other Treatises, quhilk I have besyde me yet unprinted, to be addit y'rto (therto) eftir the same is revised be the persons heireftir designed; referring to the said revisours to make choose of such of my Workis, either already printed, or lying besyde me unprinted, as they sall think fitt to be published in print. And for this effect I appoynt Doctor Johnne Strang, & Mr. Robert Bailzie, Professor of Divinitie in the said Colledge, conjunctlie & severallie, to revise my foresaid Workis; and failling of them, it is hereby provydit that the Rector of the said Universitie, Deane of Facultie, with the Prin'all, (Principall) Professors, and Regents of the said Colledge, and y'r (their) other Assessors, nominat and choose ane or moe able, godlie, and learned man or men, to revise my said Workis to the effect above specified. Lykeas, it is also heirby expresslie provydit, that the said Doctor Johnne Strang and Mr. Robert Bailzie, and failling of them, any ane or more who be directione foirsaid sall revise my said Workis to the effect above specified, sall have for their paines *pro rato* for their awine propper use and benefeit, the hail bookis to be printed, whereof I appoynt and ordaine that there be a thousand copies; and y'reftir (thaireftir) all the rest of the foirnamed soummes I appoynt and ordaine to be employed for building of new buildingis in the said Colledge, and for no other use." (*App. Note 23.*)

"It seems very strange that no evidence is to be found on record even of any preliminary steps having been taken to select the materials for the publication thus enjoined, nor any explanation of the causes

which prevented the fulfilment of the injunction. We are quite aware to how many sources of fallacy, an attempt to furnish such an explanation, after a lapse of nearly 200 years, must be exposed ; but in making such an attempt, we shall enable the reader to judge how far the explanation to be offered is founded on authentic documents, and how far it rests upon conjecture. [Several of the documents to be referred to are included in a bundle of papers which Mr. Dillon had not judged it worth while to include in his Inventory.]—(See *Inventory*, p. 26.)”

“Of date, 16th January, 1648, Mr. Boyd had assigned to the College 4000 merks, part of 6000 merks due to him by the Earl of Loudoun, for the printing of his works.—(*Dillon's Inventory*, C. 1, 4.) In his Mortification (1652) he reserves to his spouse the life-rent of all bonds in which her name appears. Now, when Lord Loudoun's bond was granted, (June 1636,) Mr. Boyd's first wife, Elizabeth Fleming, was alive, and her name, not that of his second wife, Margaret Muir, appears in it. Hence it is, that in the arrangement as above explained, entered into between the College and her, with consent of Mr. Durham, her second husband, Lord Loudoun's bond is not taken into account. In proceeding to apply the surplus of the proceeds of the other bonds, after buying up her life interest, to the “building of new buildingis,” the College probably conceived that they were reserving, in the Loudoun bond, a sufficient sum to defray the cost of printing Mr. Boyd's works as prescribed by him—this being the purpose to which Mr. Boyd himself had at one time destined the larger portion of that bond, and the one which he probably had in view, in leaving it unfettered by any claim on the part of his relict. Unfortunately, however, the state of the Earl's circumstances\* prevented the sum contained in the bond being

\* “Chancellor London lives,” says Baillie, writing to Spang, 19th July, 1654, “like ane outlaw about Athole,—his lands comprysed for debt, under a generall very great disgrace.”—(III., 249.) And again to the same in 1655, (*Ibid*, p. 288,) “The Chanceller gott better conditions in his capitulation than any did expect, albeit his debts and infamie lye very heavie upon him.” On the Restoration “Loudoun had his pension of a thousand pound, [Scots] and gift of annuities continued.”—(*Ibid*, p. 443.)

obtained on Mr. Boyd's death. A few years afterwards (in 1657-8,) various legal steps were taken on the part of the College to enforce payment, which terminated in an assignation by the Earl to the College of an Annuity of Teinds.—(See bundle of papers not inventoried.) But in a Decreet of Poynding, issued twenty years after this, (1678—see same bundle,) it is expressly alleged that from Candlemas 1657 to Candlemas 1676, no annual rent had been paid upon the principal sum. The College, therefore, up to that time, had derived no benefit whatever from this portion of Mr. Boyd's estate; and no one who has read Mr. Baillie's dolorous complaints against Principal Gillespie, for having, by the extravagant manner in which he carried on the College buildings, plunged them into "beggare and dyvorie," can imagine that there was any likelihood of funds being found for any other purpose than that of re-edification. If we may trust to Mr. Baillie's statement, Mr. Gillespie had his eye on this bond, also, as a means of liquidating his building expenses.—(Letters, III. 432.) Whether any farther steps were taken by the College after 1678, for the recovery of the contents of the Loudoun bond, does not appear; but James, the second Earl—the party against whom the decreet of poynding in 1678 was issued,—went abroad, in consequence of his not concurring in the measures of Government, and died at Leyden in 1684.—(*Douglas's Peerage*.) The fact of the bond and assignation being among the College's papers, would seem to imply that they had never been discharged. Nor could the difficulties arising from the causes that have been adverted to, fail to be augmented by the occurrence of Principal Strang's death, about a twelvemonth after that of Mr. Boyd himself; and by the ascendancy which Episcopacy re-acquired in the University subsequently to the death of Principal Baillie.—(*Deeds Instituting Barsaries in the College and University of Glasgow*, 1850, p. 37-8-9.)"

Into this intricate question the writer presumes not to enter, seeing that those seemingly with the fullest opportunities of investigation are unable to disentangle its meshes. He simply claims to act the part of a pioneer in clearing the way, and presenting his readers with such information and evidence as are available, that if they wish to

arrive at any decision, they may, if possible, reach it impartially. In furtherance also of this object, and as a kindred branch of the question, some statements respecting Mr. Boyd's Means and Affairs, from the above authority may be seen, (*App. Notes* 24, 25, 26,) so that in the circumstances, every light is diffused.

Mr. Boyd had no children by either of his two spouses, or in his own wordes, "no heirs begotten of mine owne body." (*App. Note* 29.) With a parental fondness for his works, which he often exhibits, he had evidently adopted them for his heirs, and, no doubt, intended that they should descend to perpetuate his name. Could he now visit the College buildings, the prospective vision of which had stimulated his heart to be so gracefully liberal, he would certainly be gratified with all that had been so durably erected, but on the other hand, most unquestionably mortified in the extreme, that the Clause in his Deed of Mortification with regard to the printing of his works, from whatever cause, had never been implemented. We think it may be drawn from documentary evidence, that the Faculty of the College lay under an obligation to print his works, and if nothing is ever to be discovered of any steps having been taken to that effect, surely his memory and injunctions were miserably slighted. In the face of such positive regulations as are conveyed in the Extract quoted, one can hardly be persuaded to think that the College stood quite aloof, and especially that his two intimate friends, "Dr. Johne Strang," (*App. Note* 37,) and "Mr. Robert Bailzie," (*App. Note* 38,) to whom he had primarily committed the charge of revising his works, were entirely careless; and that they did not, immediately after his death, make some exertion to exonerate themselves. It must be admitted that a number of untoward circumstances had then occurred, among which it appears that Principal Gillespie ruled College affairs with rather an overbearing sway, and that to promote the erection of the new College buildings, according to what was then deemed his extravagant taste, the necessities for funds (*App. Note* 39) were urgent. If the argument for the revising and printing of Mr. Boyd's works had ever been brought forward by his friends, the probability is that it was superseded by the desire of a more powerful party for the speedy and elegant accommodation proposed, or at least, that preparations for the publication were deferred



till a more convenient season, which never having come round, the matter dropped altogether out of sight.

On looking over the contents of the Extract, it must be confessed, that it was not an easy undertaking which Mr. Boyd had imposed on his two reverend literary friends. The reader may be convinced of this, by referring to the *abridged* Catalogue of his Printed and MS. works. (*App. Note 2.*) For the "revisours" to have waded through such a heap as he lays down, and finally to have decided on even the most superficial criticism, in respect to what was to be included in this "folio volume," we think it would have been busy employment for a considerable period of time. True, in the event of the "failing" of the "revisours" appointed, he had "provydit" a safety valve of assurance, in the Faculty of the College nominating "one or more able, godlie, and learned man or men" for the labour, who were to be remunerated for "their paines" from the edition to be printed of "a thousand coppies." Whether even an idea for the nomination of these revisors or editors had ever been entertained by the College Faculty, there does not seem any evidence. One would have thought that, at the Meeting held on 24th February, 1655, (*App. Note 51.*) of the "Moderators of the University taking to their serious consideration" what was most prudent to be done, at which meeting was brought forward the state of Mr. Boyd's bequests, and the praiseworthy "Act" was passed to "set up" his "Statue," that the revising and printing of his works would also have received some serious consideration. Mr. Baillie, his esteemed friend, appears to have been among the number who attended this meeting and subscribed this "Act," but there is no hint of his voice having been heard on the printing Clause, nor of its having been mentioned by any other present. We suppose the mistake of the College Faculty to have been, in building with the sums of Mr. Boyd's Mortification before commencing to print his works, contrary to his express instructions, that out of the "reddiest" of his bequests his works were first to be entitled to that honourable distinction which he had provided for them, and "thaireftir" the balance was to be "employed" for the construction of "new buildings." No better laid scheme than his could have been devised, for securing the successful issue of this mighty folio tome, "consisting of neirly four hundrethe

sheets of paper," or of 1600 pages, which in contemplation he had dearly cherished, and with the same views he had most probably consulted with a printer, when, on 16 January, 1648, (about 5 years before his death) he assigned 4000 merkes, (or £222 4s. 5d. Sterling,) (*App. Note 27,*) of Loudon's Bond, and again on 11 December, 1648, 5000 merkes, (or £277 15s. 6d. Sterling,) of Glencarne's Bond, (*App. Note 28,*) both "for printing of my works." At his death he had all his Manuscripts paged, sorted, and ready, for this literary legacy to the human race, which through some inexplicable "wheel within a wheel," they have not been destined to enjoy. Besides other benefits which the College derived through his generosity, there is in one instance acknowledged the sum of 9850 merks, (or £547 4s. 5d. Sterling,) as having been devoted to the good cause of the College Buildings; and with this application of funds, the Clause appears to carry down an obligation upon the "Successors" of the College Faculty, relative also to the printing, both of which, namely, *building* and *printing*, we think ought inseparably to be joined together—and seeing now that the University, as report goes, is rich and comfortable, might it not be well yet to favour the public with Mr. Boyd's folio volume, which in this book age, would be an acceptable and much appreciated offering to his memory. Why should he be looking down from his niche, with his "stone Bible" in his hand, upon so many generations of men who have paced these academical courts, beseeching them to consider his case?

"It appears" says an antiquarian reviewer, (*App. Note 30,*) "that Ayrshire is entitled to claim Mr. Zachary Boyd as one of her sons. He was descended from the Boyds of Pinkill, (*App. Note 31,*) a family of some standing in Carrick, and he was a cadet of the noble family of Kilmarnock." While he was in France, he wrote in 1615 to Principal Robert Boyd in Scotland, "that a tax is imposed upon all who cannot evidence their (*noblesse*) descent from nobility, and therefore you will please to send me my descent attested." It is said that in his "Foure Letters of Comfortes for the deaths of the Earle of Haddingtoun and the Lord Boyd," he claims kindred to the latter. He was cousin to Mr. Andrew Boyd, Bishop of Argyll, (*App. Note 35,*) and cousin also to the before named Principal Boyd of Trochrig,

(*App. Note 36.*) who was appointed Principal of the University of Glasgow in 1615. It is presumed by those who have paid attention to his history, that he was born in Ayrshire, and most likely in the town of Kilmarnock. Hitherto much doubt has prevailed as to the date of his birth, which may now be pretty satisfactorily stated in the year 1585. (*App. Note 32.*) Of the circumstances of his parents there seems nothing known. Who were some of his "nearest of kin" with whom the College had transacted after his death, may be seen (*App. Note 23.*) There may be expressed, as yet sufficient room for further genealogical investigation to those who have leisure and opportunities.

It is generally believed that Mr. Boyd received his earliest education at the public school of Kilmarnock. He afterwards "passed through part of his academical course in the College of Glasgow, where he matriculated in 1601," (*Deeds Instituting Bursaries, &c.*, p. 33,) when he would be 16 years of age. He further qualified himself by a course of study at the University of St. Andrews, from 1603 to 1607, when he took the College degree of Master of Arts. (*App. Note 33.*) According to a common practice of that time, he appears to have thought it requisite either as a finishing to his studies, or for greater mental improvement, of repairing to a Continental University, and he likely left his native country in some part of the year 1607, when 22 years of age, for the College of Saumur in France, which was the chief Protestant Seminary of that country, and had been founded in 1593 by the amiable Philip de Mornay, better known by the title of Du Plessis. This opportunity had probably also been favourable to his prospects; his cousin, Mr. Robert Boyd of Trochrig having been appointed one of its Professors in 1606, the year previous.

Of his residence in France, as well as of many other parts of his history, the materials are of a very scanty order. In our scarcity, we agreeably snatch at the following document describing his position, after having been at Saumur eight years.—"To Mr. Robert Boyd of Trochrig, Principal of the College of Glasgow. Saumure, Feb. 12, 1615. Monsr., Having the opportunity of this bearer, I would not fail to give you what is a going here. Your friends are all well, except Monsr. Du Plesis, the governour, who is much altered and shaken; he

has had severall attacks of feavers, and a pain in his limbs, and we fear we shall not enjoy him long. Your son has been lately much afflicted with his teeth ; but thanks to God he is better, and begins to recover his appetite. As to the trouble of my eyes, I can say nothing, but leave all to that Providence which hitherto hath taken care of me, and with the temptation can provide a way of escape. The gentlemen of Saumure have at last nailed me down to them, and resolved in the Consistory that I shall be received in the church of Saumure, and be their property. And to polish me a little further in the French language, they have presented me to a church they have lately built at Nosterdam. You know as well as I, that I have not aspired after high things, and chuse rather to content myself with those that are lower. I have reserved myself the liberty, that if at the end of two years, I do not find myself able for that charge, I shall be at liberty to lay it down. The great affection they bear still to you, covers the great imperfections in me ; so that they prefer me to such who have far greater gifts than I. Your colleague, Monsr. Bouchereau, hath shewen the sincere love he bears to you in taking all possible ways to testify a singular affection to me. This lays you under fresh ties to him, and I beseech you to let him know how much it pleases you that he does not forget me ; and that whatever I am they are favourable to me out of regard to you. God of mercy preserve you and yours in health and prosperity. Sir, Your most humble and most obedient servant, Z. Boyd. P.S.—Monsrs. Du Plesis, Bouchereau, Rivet, and De Heaumont, have concluded and resolved to honour me with the office of Principal, with liberty to me to preach as seldom as I please. This I have absolutely refused, being what would entirely embarass me.” (*Wodrow's Life of Boyd of Trochrig*, p. 130.) He had been appointed one of the Regents or Professors in the University of Saumur in 1611, and, from the tenor of his language, the office of Principal which he declined, had likely been offered to him shortly before 1615. An Address “To the Reader,” prefixed to “The Last Battell of the Soule,” informs us, “After sixteeno yeares absence into *France*, where it pleased God to make meo a preacher of his Word the space of foure yeares ; it pleased the same Lord to visit his Church there with bloodie warres, whereby manie Churches and mine also were dis-



cipated. By this occasion it was the Lord's will to bring mee backe to my native countrie. In that troub'lous time I remained a space a priuate man at Edinburgh with *Doctor Sibbald*, the glorie and honour of all the Physitians of our Land, but againe, within a short space, I was sought out by that most worthie Man, our Scots *Onesiphorous*, euen *Sir William Scot of Eli*. Hee sought me out diligentlie and found me. The Lord giue mercie vnto his House; for he most louinglie refreshed mee, and was not ashamed of mine affliction. The Lord graunt vnto him that hee may finde mercie of the Lord in that day." In a small volume of Sermons, entitled "Two Oriental Pearls, Grace and Glory," dated "at Glasgow the 13 of February, 1629," and dedicated "To the Noble and Potent Lord James Marquess of Hamiltoun, Earl of Arran, &c." he tells him, "After my sixteen years absence in France, at my return I arrived at Kinneil, (Linlithgowshire,) where her Ladyship received me with such Courtesie that shall never want my most heartie and humble thanks." With the exception of a notice derived from his Poetry, of one of his pastimes while in France, watching the Aureola in "the woods among," studying her habits, and admiring her ingeniously built nest—along with a little sea incident on his passage home, (See "The Historie of Jonah," p. 11) there appears in *the meantime* no farther trace of his residence in that country, from which he had returned in 1623.

It has been generally said, but so far as observed without any authority for the statement, that Mr. Boyd returned to Scotland in 1621, which seems irreconcilable with his having been at St. Andrew's in 1607, and his own repeated words of "Sixteene years absence in France." On his arrival home, it is likely he had not made a longer stay at Kinneil House than the usual complimentary visit of several days. He no doubt also says, "he remained a space a priuate man at Edinburgh," and again, "within a short space I was sought out;" but to one of his active dispositions, these different spaces and visits included perhaps altogether, only a few months. The error may have originally proceeded from assuming 1605 as the date of his departure to France, instead of 1607. He is in 1623 at thirty-eight years of age, in the prime of life, and full of christian experience, the Minister of the Barony

Parish of Glasgow, (*App. Note 34*), the third ministerial appointment since its religious establishment in 1595. At the time of his being admitted to this charge, the population of the Parish together with that of the City did not probably exceed 7 to 8000, and the houses in general were of a mean appearance, covered with turf, heather, or straw thatch; nevertheless he accounted it no insignificant place. "What a thing is this (saith he) that within a hundreth yeares, not one of vs all that are heere shall bee left alive, no not in this great Citie wherein we live."

Being now settled as a Minister, it is probable that Mr. Boyd had immediately thought of entering into the married state. His ideas of marriage, and of what a wife should be, nay, even a widow, may be abundantly gathered from his works, and to quote passages from them would only fatigue the reader. It may be sufficient to say, with the ideas he entertained, that if, like his cousin, Professor Boyd of Trochrig, he did not meet with "ane honest virgin," it was because "Sathan with his baites and lures is euer waiting for to catch his prey." What qualities, therefore, did the lady possess whom he married? The question is more easily asked than answered, there being only a few particulars respecting her, "*dry as dust*," collected from some law Papers. Her name was Elizabeth Fleeming. She was possibly a native of Glasgow, her surname having abounded in the city at that time, (*Inf. from Dr. J. G. Fleming*), and her connexions were likely of the mercantile class. "Johnne and Robert Flemyngs," who had mortified two thousand merks to the New Buildings of the College previous to 1655, may have been some of them. In "Oct. 1630," she is designated "Spouse to Mr. Zachrie Boyd," a Legatee in the Testament of John M'Kildunc, "merchand burgess of of Glasgow." (*Com. Rec. of Glasgow*.) The Testator was probably married into the same family, and his wife a sister of Mrs. Boyd's. Most likely for the sake of old friendship, Mr. Boyd had remembered in his Testament of 1652, "Margaret and Jonet Fleemin," Legatees for "an hundrethe merks each," (or £5 11s. 1d. Sterling,) who may have been his wife's sisters or relations. In certain Deeds granted by him in 1635 and June 1636, he is said to have made handsome life-rent provision for her in the event of his decease. "There can be no doubt she died in November, 1636."—(*MS. Inf. from*

*the Rev. Hew Scott, West Anstruther.*) By this marriage there was no children;—that for a dozen of years or so it contributed to the felicity of his life is a reasonable supposition.

At the death of his wife, Mr. Boyd was fifty-one years of age. How long he remained a widower is not known. After her decease it is probable that he felt his home solitary and himself dull in spirits, even with the companionship of his Manuscripts and sympathizing friends, and with the same serious consideration which he prescribes to others, he had deemed it proper, perhaps after not a long interval, to reinstate himself in his matrimonial comforts. His position in society as a gentleman, a Minister, and a learned man, would lead us to anticipate him being successful in the important errand of seeking a second “help meet.” He had obviously, also, at that time some money power, and perhaps a share of it lay in the particular quarter (*App. Note 41,*) to which he appears to have directed his steps. Our readers will observe from the second Poem printed, (*Poetry, p. 73*) that he well understood the whole art and mystery of “wooeing,” but to be practised only on its purest principles, nor was it likely either to have been with him altogether a business of cold formality. We find him next married to Margaret Mure, (or Muir) seemingly the fourth daughter of William Mure, the “Laird of Glanderstone,” (*App. Note 40,*) near Neilston, Renfrewshire, one of the oldest and most respectable of the families of that county. It is a remarkable fact, that with the marriages of the numerous daughters of this generation of the family of Glanderstone, are associated the names of several men destined to live long in the annals of History. Whether that Mr. Boyd’s affections had not been so far drawn to this family circle, from something happy and amiable which he saw in its members and connections, no one can say.—He at least verified his own aphorism of “selecting a bird out of a good nest.” It would appear from some of his Deeds that he had a marriage contract with Miss Margaret, who was possessed of a “tocher of three thousand merkis,” (or £166 13s. 4d. Sterling.) This could not, however, be a great temptation to him, and he must have seen other properties in her, for it was his rule to “preferre not purse nor portion to *the worth of the person.*” As in the case of his first marriage, we are ignorant of the progress of this union. Baillie, incidentally, just

glances at the pair in some of his letters—to “Mr. David Dickson, April, 1644. I thank my cummer your wife heartily, for that great kindness she shows to my wife, to my dear brother Mr. Robert (Ramsay) and his wife. I am also much obliged to kind Mr. Zacharie (Boyd) and his wife;” also, at end of June, 1644, to “Mr. Robert Ramsay.—Commend me to your kind neighbours, Mr. Zachary (Boyd) and his wife, and all others there whom ye know to beare the publick worke on their heart.” Again, “on May 4, 1645, Whoever minds in their prayers the work on hand, your good neighbour Mr. Zacharie (Boyd) and his wife;” and when in London at the Assembly of Divines, he writes “to Mr. Robert Ramsay, August 18, 1646, Commend me heartily to your wife, the farr best yeoman of the two, and to Margaret Robertson, and Mr. Zacharie’s wife, and Mr. George’s, my wife’s grand cummers.” It may be said that it is only near to, and after Mr. Boyd’s death that his second wife figures to us at all as a personage, to whom he had been generous in settlement as to his first. Besides repaying her the three thousand merks of “hir tocher,” to which he had been bound by their Marriage Contract, in his Deed of 1652, he reserves to her certain life-rent provisions, and in addition, she received “the household plenishing,” and one half of sundry “moveable goods,” enumerated (*App. Note 26*). A traditional anecdote was communicated to the writer in 1831, by the late Professor Macturk to the effect, that when Mr. Boyd was drawing out his “Last Will and Testament,” his spouse made one *modest* request, namely, that he would bequeath something to Mr. Durham, who was then Minister of the Inner High Church, “*No, no, Margaret,*” was his reply, “*I’ll lea’ him naething but thy bonnie sel.*” Another version of the reply runs in this sarcastic strain, “*I’ll lea’ him what I canna keep frae him.*” It is probable that his keen perception of human character had discovered, or imagined that he had discovered in her a delicate partiality, for the eminent Author of the “Treatise concerning Scandal,”—the Commentator on the “Song of Songs,” and the “Revelation of St. John.” Whatever may be surmised, it appears (*Note 25*) that on 17th Decr., 1653, about eight months after Mr. Boyd’s death, she is designated “Spouse to Mr. James Durham,” and afterwards arranging with the Colloge for her life-rent at seven



years' purchase for 7150 merks, Scots, (or £397 4s. 5d. Sterling.) With this accession to her "*tocher*," and a "furnished house," she was likely also a Lady of considerable personal attractions and accomplishments. From her station in society, her education would be the best of the day, and she signs her name well on documents, the art of writing not having been then a common qualification of women. In her thus marrying one who is acknowledged to have been "a burning and a shining light" in the Church, and possessed of christian virtues, she had obeyed the counsels of her first husband.—"If God call thee to marriage, see that thou call God to thy marriage. But if thou marrie not in Christ but make thy choise by thy sight, and not by sighes to God in prayer, then shall thy *wine be turned into water*." This match, if more to her liking, was not of long continuance, Mr. Durham having died on 25th June, 1658, in the 36th year of his age, (*Note 42.*) Under date "February 22, 1693.—Margaret Mure, relict of Mr. James Durham, Minister of Glasgow, gave to the Library of the University Mr. James Durham his Sermons of the Unsearchable Riches of Christ, in 8vo., Glasgow, 1685," which was a token of her good will to a valuable Institution. From tracings of her history she is supposed to have lived to a very advanced age.

Of Mr. Boyd's marriage with Miss Margaret Mure, there does not seem to have been any children. "It has been thought," says a writer, "that, like Milton, Zachary Boyd was not happy in his marriage, and several very bitter invectives against the feelings of the female sex are to be found scattered throughout his Poems." In his Poetry from certain passages being emphatically *scored and underlined*, it was supposed that these might have some reference to his own childless condition—to the sneers which were in consequence passed upon him, and perhaps, also, as much as to mean, that in his two nuptial careers he had been a little subjected to the influence of female government—on such a slender basis, however, and with so much respectability in the parties on both sides, it would be rash and uncharitable to found even an impression. In his second marriage, the Lady was probably only in her "*teens*," while he had "*turned the corner*" in his age. She was allied to a family of standing, belonging to the rank of the gentry, who, though living in a much

homlier style than now, she may have been brought up in the enjoyment of many of the lighter amenities and indulgences of gay life, which, if in some things, with any wish to follow, the peculiarly austere notions of her husband would be ready to check. The honour of being "the Minister's Wife" of the "Barronie Kirk," had not perhaps, in all circumstances, compensated for a monotonous life with a husband, who, at his spare hours, was almost perpetually engrossed in forging new Scripture Paraphrases, and preparing volumes of Manuscripts, to be printed for the well-being of posterity, she having none to enliven the domestic hearth. That notwithstanding, there was any interruption of peace, must be precluded from our thoughts. The union, for perhaps a course of fifteen years, was no doubt productive of many mutual advantages. About the time it was breaking up, there is recorded one little pleasing incident on the Author's Family Bible, (*App. Note 43,*) which he *specially gifted* to her—"I have given this Bible to my Loving Spouse, Margarett Mure—M. ZACHARY BOYD—MARGARATA MURE oweth this Book. I with my hand at the penne." This act was in consistency with his affectionate remembrances, "My Deare Spouse, I must tell thee all that I thinke concerning thy well, for I desire thy Soule to be *knitte with mine into the bundle of life.*"

From Mr. Boyd's popular talents as a Preacher—being the Minister of an extensive Parish, when, at his induction, there were only three churches in Glasgow, *viz.*, the "Inner High," the "New Kirk or Tron," and the "Blackfriars or College,"—besides, a thoroughly educated clergyman, and of unblemished character, and who had been himself a Regent in a foreign University, it may naturally be expected to find him in intercourse with his other brethren of the Ministry, and receiving the expressions of their warmest esteem, as also of his having formed an intimacy with the Professors of the University. Only shortly before his settlement in the Barony, his cousin, Mr. Robert Boyd of Trochrig, had demitted the Principalship of the University, and the circumstance of the latter having filled that distinguished office, may have started in his mind some feeling for association, along with that of the University having been his own *Alma Mater*, to which his pretty illustration of another subject may be applied.

“See (says he) what a liking these who are in *Kinges’ Courts* will haue to remember of the *Cottage or rurall village* whereinto they were borne and brought up. The *secret draught* is so powerfull that hardlie can any expresse the cause. This made a *Pagane* to say *Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine cunctos Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui*. By this yee may see how, by a certaine *secret instinct*, wee euer loue the places where wee haue beene borne and brought up.” According to the following extract, after having been eight years a Minister, he is seen occupying some of the highest offices in the University. “In 1631, Mr. Boyd was chosen Dean of Faculty, (*App. Note 44.*) and from that period to the close of his life, he was almost uninterruptedly an Office-bearer in the University. In 1633, he was re-elected Dean. In 1634, and again in 1635, he was chosen Rector. (*App. Note 45.*) In 1636, he was for a third time Dean of Faculty. He was a Member of the several Commissions of Visitation, (*App. Note 46.*) named by the General Assembly in 1640–42 and 43. By the beginning of 1644, if not earlier, he had been appointed Vice-Chancellor. (*App. Note 47.*) In 1645, he was for a third time named Rector, and in the following years down to the time of his death, he continued to officiate as Vice-Chancellor, in which capacity he sat and voted in the Faculty though not otherwise a Member.—(*Deeds Instituting Bursaries, &c.*, p. 34.) While he held these important offices in connection with the University, its Records bear evidence of his having been a faithful friend to its internal working prosperity. Many details might be collected from “Journals and Letters” of Baillie, of matters relating to the ecclesiastical movements of the times, &c., in which he took part, but to introduce such would not be generally interesting.

From the honourable distinction which Mr. Boyd had obtained in the University, its interests had become a consolidated principle in his mind, and without in the least suspecting him of ostentation, had no doubt helped to lead to his repeated benefactions in its favour. His intimacy with Principal Strang and their school fellowship, have been ascribed as having had considerable influence in prompting to his acts of kindness; nevertheless, there may be perceived early dawns springing from his own benevolence of heart, and zeal for the

cultivation of learning. In 1629, addressing the "Sicke Man," he says—"Seeing God hath blessed you with Wealth, I doubt not but yee will doe something for the well of *Colledges and Hospitales*—*Colledges* are the *Seminaries* or *seede-plots* of vertues, out of which come those who become Rulers of the Church and Commonwealth. *Hospitales* are *shelters* for the poore, the *friendes of Christ*," to which the "Sicke Man" readily responds, "All these things were done in my Testament while I put mine house to an order. I have not forgot that point of duetic. Hee is not worthie to be called a faithfull man, who leaveth not behind him some fruits of his Faith. That Faith which cannot justifie a man by good workes before men, will never justifie his Soule before God. *Remember mee O Lord concerning this, and wype not away my good deedes which I have done for thy glorie.*" In some of his Deeds granted, we find such voluntary testimonies, as "for ye glorie of God"—"for the care I have of the advancement of learning, and my singular love and respect to the seminarie of good letters in the Colledge of Glasgowe," and "for my guid affectionne to the advancement of pietie and learning, and my singular respect to the florishing of the Universitie and Colledge of Glasgow." Animated by these praiseworthy incentives, from about 1629 his benefactions appear flowing almost in a continual stream to the time of his death. Of these we have a concise account as follows—"Besides founding the Bursaries, (*App. Note 48*,) Mr. Boyd was in other very important respects a munificent benefactor of the College. In 1630 (18 Nov.) he subscribed 500 merks "for the help of the building the Librarie." (*App. Note 49*.)—(No. 16 of Clerk's Press, p. 329.) In 1637 he executed a Disposition of his Books to the College. (*App. Note 50*.)—(*Dillon's Inventory*, C. 1. 2.) In 1646 and 1648 he executed Assignations to the College of several Bonds for large sums then due to him. (*Ibid*, 3. 4. 5.) And in the end of 1652, he crowned all by a Deed of Mortification in their favour, (*App. Note 23*,) in which, reserving the life-rent after his own death to his Spouse, he conveyed to the College almost the whole of his Property. (*Blackhouse's Inventory*, No. 474, and *Dillon's C. 1. 8*.)—"(*Decds Instituting Bursaries, &c.*, p. 35.) In commemoration of his liberality by the "Act" (*App. Note 51*) of 24th Feby., 1655, (nearly two years after his death,) the "Moderators



ordain y<sup>t</sup> the Statue of the said Mr. Zacharias Boyd, done in marble, be set up in some convenient place of the said new building, with an inscription in gold letters, bearing the munificence of the said Mr. Zacharias towards this University." This statue, or bust, was erected over the gateway, within the College Court, with the following inscription :

"MR ZACHARIAS BODIVS FIDELIS ECCLESIE  
SVBVRBANÆ PASTOR 20000 LIB. QVA AD ALENDOS  
QVOTANNIS TRES ADOLESCENTES THEOLOGIE  
STVDIOSOS QVA AD EXTRVENDAS NOVAS  
HAS ÆDES VNA CVM VNIVERSA SVPELLECTILI  
LIBRARIA ALMÆ MATRI ACADEMIÆ LEGAVIT."

"By an entry dated May, 1658, (No. 15 of Clerk's Press, p. 214,) it appears that there were given out for Mr. Zacharias Boyd's statue, with the compartment in whyt marbell, and the wryting tabell in black, twentie fyve poundis sterling," (*Deeds Instituting Bursaries, &c.*, p. 39—40.

Not having exact information as to the value of all Mr. Boyd's bequests, their amount cannot be calculated. The inscription sets forth 20000 Lib. Scots, (or £1666. 13s. 4d. Sterling.) He was also otherwise beneficial to a considerable extent, and upon the whole, as a private individual, was perhaps the first who shewed an example of what may be called large munificence to the University. In his day he would be considered a wealthy man, and it is a little curious how that, after maintaining his household and public rank, he had been able to lay past so much money. So far as has been discovered, he inherited no family or private fortune, and while he was a Regent and Minister in France, as Professorships and stipends were there going, particularly among the slenderly endowed Protestant Universities and Churches, but a narrow opportunity presented for accumulation. In an interesting letter, after he had been fourteen years Minister of the Barony Parish, we hear him familiarly expostulating with one of that order, whom the Presbyterian Clergy in general must have eyed askance, as

to the poverty stricken place in which his lot had been cast.—“*To the Right Reuerend Father in God, My very Honourable Goode Lord and Patron the Arch-Bishop of Glasgowe. (Patrick Lindsay.)* MY VERY HONOURABLE GOOD LORD,—My humble service remembered to your Lordship, it hath pleased God at this time to deliver me from the grave, wherein most willingly I could have lyen downe as in a bed, if it had pleased my Master Christ to have said, “Returne thou Sonne of Adam,” as Moses speaketh in the Psalme of his Lamentations; but now seeing it hath beene his will yet to say to me *Pasce oues meas*, it is my part to striue to feede them in the integritie of mine heart; yea, and to be carefull that after me the place be so prouided that worthie men may be preferred into it for the well of so good a people, which lye heere in a place the most eminent in the west. It is your Lordship’s part, before God, and honour before men, to see this done with all haist, for a sudden change of your Lordship’s remouing from this seat may come, so it shall not be called your Lordship’s doing what shall be done afterward by another: Let me haue an answer to these who, after your Lordship’s remoueing from us, shall interrogate and say *Quid boni inter vos egit Archiepiscopus Lindesius*. If it shall please your Lordship at this Session to do as was commoned I will stand yet be the bargaine, but if this Session arise I resolute to serue God carefully in my calling, and to keepe still the little portion which I had in your Lordship’s predecessors time, untill God find out a waye for the augmentation of that stipend which is now the meanest of all the Presbytrie, considering in what a deare place I dwell, haueing neither Glebe nor manse concernit, which also I hope your Lordship will be carefull at this time that they may be designed for that Kirk. So recommending your Lordship and honourable familie to the mercie and protection of God, I humbly take my leaue, and so restis—Your Lordship’s Most humble and obedient Seruant, M. ZACHARIE BOYD. From GLASGOWE the 28 of Januar, 1637.—I tak the boldness as to remember hero the most humble seruice I am able to mak to my Lord Chancellor, my Lord Hadintoune, and my Lord Lauderdaile, whom I remembered unto your Lordship *dum essem in faucibus mortis*. So long as I liue you all shall haue a dayly Oratour for your prosperitie.” —(From the original preserved in the general Register House.—Miscel-

lany of the Maitland Club, Vol. II., Part II., pp. 123—6.) The pecuniary exigencies of the Scottish Presbyterian Church, he took occasion to bring before the view of Charles I. on 17th June, 1633, when he met him at the Porch of Holyrood House, and addressed to him a Latin Oration couched in a very lofty strain of loyalty. In this unique piece of eloquence he also represents that state of things he complains of to the Archbishop, as a hardship to the Ministers. According to his statement, in 1637 the “stipend” for the Barony Parish had been “the meanest of all the Presbytrie,” and with “neither Glebe nor manse concernit.” That “little portion” fixed by his “Lordship’s predecessor” (Archbishop Law) had probably fallen in value. His Parish, “a place the most eminent in the west,” was not “a fat living.” From “Accompt of Executrie,” we find his Stipend for 1653 to have been 576 *lib* or £48 Sterling, with a large amount of “byrun stipends owing by the toun of Glasgow,” respecting which, after his death, there was some dispute with the Magistrates. He is requested by “the tounne to see quhat he will quit of his stipend the years 1650 and 1651, the haill crops being destroyit. (*Memorabilia of Glasgow*.) In a money point of view he was below the par of his clerical brethren, “the Stipend for the Ministers of Glasgow being in 1638 £58 16s. 11½d. Sterling, and that for the High Church in full of Manse and Glebe, £66 13s. 4d. Sterling.”—(*Cleland’s Annals*, Vol. I., p. 151.) As one of the modes through which he had made it better, it is not improbable that his first wife was a moneyed Lady; a considerable addition to his means may also have been received through profits from the sale of his printed works, along with that prudent management of all his temporal affairs, which he is constantly impressing on his readers. Having amassed money, lending it on Bonds at the high rates of interest per annum, which were at that time usual, would rapidly increase his stock, and perhaps with the “anwells” regularly accumulated for a new loan. Avarice, however, cannot be observed in any feature of his character. He was no doubt so far disappointed in not having been blessed with children, but submitting to Divine Providence, who directs all for the wisest, he asks, “What are children? let us suppose that, like noble branches, they liue and come

to men, yea, to gray haire. They are our heires, the end of all our painefull drudgery and carefull conquests. Though a man had conquered unto them the whole world, hee must look upon his conquest with a sigh, and say with the wise Man, '*As for him that commeth after mee, who knoweth whether hee shall be a wise man or a fool,*' and yet hee must be master of all my labours. Man may conquire Lands to his Children, but *Thrift* and *Wisdom*e cannot be bought. The most *thriftie* is often the father of the most *forlorne*." "Certainly," says Lord Bacon, "the best works and of greatest merit for the public have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men which, both in affection and means, have married and endowed the public." Mr. Boyd may be taken into the class of the "childless men," and for his beneficent acts, though not for the same purpose, be placed with his philanthropical contemporaries and townsmen, "Maisters George and Thomas Huchesoune of Lambhill," and with another contemporaneous benefactor, who is thus noticed by an old Historian, "the celebrated and ever famous and renowned George Herriot, who was the King's jewler, who left such incredible riches that made such a famous hospital at Edinburgh as still bears his name."

In whatever points Mr. Boyd excelled, it will be seen in the course of his writings, that the spiritual interests of the Church lay always the nearest to his heart. In his public and private prayers, conjoined with his loyal feelings, his aspirations were, that "God may blesse our gracious Soueraigne the King's Majestie with thy best blessings"—to "blesse his Royall Match," &c.—"The Church is thy Spouse; keepe her as the apple of thine eye—Make her fertile like a broodie vine," &c.—"Purge her from all Shismes and divisions which breede *great thoughts of heart*—Decke and decore her with *puritie* and *unitie*, the two most precious spiritual jewels of thy Spouse."—"Suffer no sin to go current with vs (the Ministers) without check—Let vs neuer follow the sway of times with sewed Cushions under our Elbowes," &c. It must, therefore, have been with the deepest emotions of grief that he witnessed his Sovereign, Charles I., in 1636, endeavouring to lay waste his "beloved vineyard," and obtruding Episcopacy upon Scotland without distinction of persons. Every



reader of history is acquainted with the ferment which this bad impolitic measure created throughout the Kingdom, giving rise to the "religious troubles," and the formation of that holy league named the "Covenant." "I believe," said Charles, "Episcopacy to be Apostolical;" others as firmly believed that Presbytery was of equal authority, but the King had taken his stand on his pet system, and seemed determined if it was overthrown to die in its ruins. It would appear that Mr. Boyd had been at first a dissentient from the principles of the "Covenant," for Baillie says, (Letters, vol. I., p. 46, Edit. 1775) "the greatest opposites in the west to this subscription, are our friends in Glasgow, all the College, without exception, &c., and *Mr. Zacharias*. They are not only withdrawers of their hands, but pathetic reasoners against it. How this comes I will not say, but I have my own thoughts—yet old Mr. Bell and Mr. Wilkie are passionately for it, albeit half derided by the other as simple fools. It is like to fall out evil among them." What Mr. Baillie's "thoughts" were he does not explain, but from what he adds respecting a visit he afterwards made to the "College and Ministers" to persuade them to change their sentiments, (*ibid*, p. 46,) "we left them resolved to celebrate the Communion on Pasch in the High Church kneeling," &c., it is evident that Mr. Boyd was one of a party, who had consented to some of the simpler outward rites of Prelacy. That he had ever entertained any wavering or hesitation as to altering his ecclesiastical polity from that of plain John Calvin to the pompous platform of *Laudism*, or of framing his worship and devotions by the "new composed Liturgy for Scotland," or aspired to be one of the "Lords over God's Heritage," can scarcely be conceived, though it must be confessed, as far as he went, he was treading upon dangerous ground. The probability is, that he had conscientious scruples, about such a Bond as the Covenant, which was to compel him to a disruption of friendship with his Monarch, and was tantamount to the renouncing of his allegiance. It was obvious, that this Covenant was not a mere matter of form, but that if acted upon, would be the cause of much bloodshed and confusion in the country; and many reasons may have operated upon his mind, as to require some temporary

delay and consideration, which Baillie, in the heat of his enthusiasm, may have hastily construed into a prelatical leaning. Whatever were his motives, he is seen at last fairly and openly coming forward and adhering to the cause of the Covenant, at a meeting held in the Cathedral, so graphically described by Baillie, (*ibid*, Vol. I., p. 88, Edit. 1841)—“At our townsmen’s desire, Mr. Andrew Cant and Mr. S. Rutherford were sent by the Nobles to preach in the High Kirk, and receive the oaths of that people to the Covenant:—My Lord Eglintone was appointed to be a witness. There, *with many a sigh and teare by all that people, the oath was made*—Provest, Bailies, Counsell, and all except three men, Patrick, James, and Mr. Archibald, held up their hands. Mr. Zacharie (Boyd) and Mr. John Bell younger, hes put to their hands. The Colledge it is thought will subscribye; Mr. William Wilkie I know will; the Forsuithes (Forsyths) hes subscriyved, and almost all who refused before; some they will not have their hand, bot minds to processe them.”

It is not within our limits to narrate circumstantially the events of this exciting and momentous period of Scottish history, in which the Church appears in the literal sense of the word, “militant”—and “terrible as an army with banners.” The crisis was, indeed, to a great extent her own life struggle, and she behoved to make the utmost efforts and sacrifices for her preservation. Whether, as Cromwell on a subsequent occasion told her Ministers, that “they were attempting to build the Lord’s House with untempered mortar,” and that they had not with themselves some future ambitious prospects for the extension of their Presbyterian form, is not at present the question; they were, in the first place, both morally and religiously right in resisting to the death the formidable aggression which had insultingly threatened to deprive the country of its liberty of conscience, and its people of their native-born privileges. The “drum ecclesiastic” had therefore to be beaten, and Baillie, (*ibid*, Vol. I., p. 210) who was at that time Minister of Kilwinning, gives us the following spirited sketch of his own appearance on Dunse Law in 1639, at one of the Church’s campaigns, “It would have done you good (says he) to have casten your eyes athort our brave and rich Hills as oft as I did with great contentment and joy, for I (quoth the

wren) was there among the rest, being chosen preacher by the gentlemen of our Shyre, who came late with my Lord of Eglintoun. I furnished to half-a-dozen good fellows, musquets and picks, and to my boy a broad sword. I carryed myself, as the fashion was, a sword, and a couple of Dutch pistols at my saddle; but I promise for the offence of no man, except a robber in the way; for it was our part alone to pray and preach for the encouragement of our countrymen, which I did to my power most cheerfullie. Our Hill was garnished on the toppe towards the south and east with our mounted canon, well near to the number of fortie great and small. Our regiments lay on the sides of the Hill, almost round about \* \* \* as I remember, capable of tents for fortie thousand men." What, then, was Mr. Boyd doing, when so many of his clerical brethren and countrymen were with the army and in the camp? He was pursuing the peaceful duties of his ministerial labours in the Barony Parish, but not by any means an unconcerned spectator of the course of events. There are the indications not only of a watchful anxiety, but a spiritual improvement of the leading features of the times, and some of his Sermons in MS., for the gleam of light which they throw out, are worthy of notice.—"A Sermon of Repentance made at a Publick Fast during the troubles in Scotland, for the Booke of Common Prayer, Anno 1638, the third of June, before noon, *Ezekiel*, chap. 18, verse 31.—'Cast away from you all your transgressions whereby ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit; for why will ye die, O house of Israel.'" —"The Safetie of the Church, preached Anno 1638, July 15." —"The Weapons of the Church, a Sermon at a Public Fast, for the Book of Common Prayer. *Psal.* 122, v. 6.—'Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee.'" —"The Triumphe of the Church, preached in two Sermons, of thanks, according to the ordinance of the Generall Assemblie at Glasgow, 1638, after the Examination of eight Bishops. First Sermon, preached the last Sabbath of the yeere, 1638. *Psal.* 129, v. 1 to 4.—'Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth, may Israel now say,' &c. —The second Sermon preached the first day of the yeere, 1639. —"By the Rivers of Babylon—The Afflictions of Israel in Babylon,

expounded in 4 Sermons, with many notable doctrines and uses. *Jer.* 17, v. 13. First Sermon—The Afflictions of Israel in Babylon, preached the 21 of Aprile, 1639, in the time of troubles for the Covenant of Scotland. *Psal.* 137, ver. 1.—“A Sermon of Thankes-giving, preached the fiteene day of September, a Generall Assemblie in Edinburgh, 1639. *Psal.* 18, v. 1.—“I will love thee O Lord my strength.”—“A Sermon for a Fast in time of Warre, preached the 20 August, 1640, when the Scots Armie entered into England. On Thoorsday the twentie of August, 1640, this Sermon was preached, and on this same day, our Armie, after noone, past the Tweede. *Psal.* 27, v. 1.—“The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear—the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid.”—“Scotland’s Halleluiah, or a Sermon for a public thankesgiving to God, after the settling of all our troubles both in Church and Commonwealth, appointed to be through the whole land the 9 of Januar, 1642;” *Psal.* 66, ver. 11, “Thou broughtest us into the net; then laid’st affliction upon our loins,” &c.—“Christ’s contract with Scotland, England, and Ireland, preached in a Sermon at the subscribing of the Covenant, betweene the three kingdomes, the 29 day of October, 1643;” *Isa.* 44, ver. 5.—“One shall say *I am* the Lord’s, and another shall call *himself* by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe *with* his hand unto the Lord, and surname *himself* by the name of Israel.”—Such are a few of the more prominent of the Discourses which were reverberating among the thick set pillars and carved bosses of the ancient “Baronrie Kirk,” when no doubt, the inhabitants in their costume of “broad-lipped hats,” “blue bonnets,” and “plaids,” and frequently with agitated hearts, were to be seen drawing up the steep “*bell o’ the brae*,” and skirting across from the Rottenrow and the Drygate, and over the adjacent *muir*, on this and that Sabbath and “fast day,” to hear a “word of comforte” from their “Oratour” Mr. Zacharias. Besides his public Discourses, he printed in 1643—“Crosses, Comforts, and Counsels, needful to be considered and carefully to be laid up in the hearts of the Godly in these boysterous broiles and bloody times;” and that he might not be behind as the Poet of the Church and the Covenant, he published a singular Poem, entitled



"THE BATTELL OF NEWBURNE, where the Scots Armie obtained a notable victorie *against the English Papists, Prelats, and Arminians*, the 28 day of August, 1640," descanting in a triumphant manner on an affray in which the Scots lost only a few men, but had more wounded. The impetus, however, which the success imparted to the cause of the Church must be taken into account, along with the disasters which he so grotesquely dilates upon throughout this Poem, as suffered by the "Canterburians."

"In this conflict which was both *sowre* and surely,  
Bones, blood, and brains went in a *hurly burly*;  
All was made Hodge-podge, some began to croole,  
Who fights for prelats is a beastly foole.  
Thus these which first did scorn our Scots voleyes,  
With waved caps did smart for their folies;  
Some wanting armes, and some wanting the legs,  
Did laugh at leasure with their sporting jigs," &c.

The turn which affairs took in England after the decapitation of Charles I., by the ascendancy of the Independents, was a sad disappointment to the hopes of the Scottish Presbyterians. Cromwell gave ample toleration in religious matters, but in political government this new King, Charles II., who had been brought forward as the ruler of Scotland, England, and Ireland, was a "bauble" not at all to be tolerated by the stern Protector of the Commonwealth. Cromwell, therefore, found it necessary, for the chastisement of Scottish monarchical pride, to come to Scotland with an army, and wherever he travelled thus equipped, he generally did some effective business. The unfortunate result of the Battle of Dunbar, on 3d Sept., 1650, in which 4000 of the Scots were slain, and 10,000 taken prisoners, with the loss of their field pieces, arms, and colours, was an event which must have filled the hearts of our countrymen with grief. The Protector obtained possession of Edinburgh, and afterwards paid a visit to the ministers and people in the west country. Baillie (*Letters*, Vol. III., p. 119, Edit. 1842) narrates, "While these things are a doing at Dumfries, Cromwell, with the whole body of his army and canon, comes peaceably by the way of Kilsyth to Glasgow. (*App. Note 52.*) The Ministers and Magistrates flee all away; I got to the Isle of Comray with my Lady Montgomerie, but left all my family and goods to

Cromwell's courtesie, which indeed was great, for he took such a course with his sojourns, that they did lesse displeasure at Glasgow nor if they had been at London, though Mr. Zacharie Boyd railled on them all to their very face in the High Church"—that "fantastic old Gentleman," as Thomas Carlyle is pleased to style our Author, "calling them sectaries and blasphemers, the fantastic old Gentleman." Whether so, or not, in the heat of this panic, and cowardly flight of the clerical and civic dignitaries, Mr. Boyd appears to have stood firm to his post, seemingly with the peace of the city under his special keeping, and determined on his own principles, that "of all *Leuites*, the *Lowne* (silent) *Leuite* is the greatest *disgrace*," to face the invader of the City without reckoning upon consequences. We find on his Family Bible a MS. Note he had considered worthy of recording there, as one of the *memorabilia* of his life.—"13 October, on Sabbath, 1650 *anno*, at Cromwell's (coming) I expounded the eight of Daniel, the morrow God wrought my deliverance—to him be glory for evermore. The Psalme I preached on was the 38 Psalme, v. 13, 14, 15. Wee did sing Psalme 79 from the beginning to the 8 verse, and the rest of the Psalme after Sermon. Divers sojourns (soldiers) did sing with us." His preliminary *exposition* on the 8th of Daniel refers to the vision of the "ram with *two* horns which are the Kings of Media and Persia, and the rough (he) goat is the King of Grecia," &c., between whom and the warrior he was addressing, his fertile and analogical mind would probably trace some striking coincidences of character. The verses of his Sermon from Psal. 38—"But I as a deaf *man* heard not, and I *was* as a dumb *man* *that* openeth not his mouth. Thus I was as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth are no reproofs. For in thee O Lord do I hope, thou wilt hear me O Lord my God," would in the exercise of his office inspire him with courage.—Psalms 79,

"O God, the heathen enter'd have  
Thine heritage; by them  
Defiled is thy house; on heaps  
They laid Jerusalem," &c.

was, from beginning to end, in most of its stanzas, a sort of description of what had just befallen the Church and State, and a

mournful picture of their calamities, which the Preacher well knew how to portray. In what part of the religious service he had been so severe and pointed in his invectives against Cromwell, no one can say; that, however, he "railed on them all to their very face in the High Church," is on the testimony of Baillie, a fact, and also from the following anecdote mentioned by our Historians. "When Cromwell went in State to the Cathedral Church, it so happened that Mr. Boyd preached in the forenoon, when he took occasion severely to inveigh against Cromwell, so that his Secretary, Thurlow, whispered him for leave to pistol the scoundrel. No, no, says the General, we will manage him in another way. He therefore, asked the minister to dine with him, and concluded the entertainment with prayer, which lasted for three hours, *even until three in the morning.*" From the foregoing MS. Note, it is clear that Mr. Boyd had been in some circumstances of personal danger, of which he had likely been told immediately after the dismissal of the congregation, and perhaps reflected that even with all the ordinary latitude allowed, of "preaching to the times," his zeal had prompted him, with such hearers, to have been somewhat incautious. His fears, however, appear to have been dissipated by the dinner with Cromwell and the prayer at its termination—and with a heart grateful to God for having "wrought his deliverance," he may also have returned home with less acrimonious feelings towards the Protector, than those in which he had just indulged. (*App. Note 53.*) What were his future private sentiments as to Cromwell's piety are not known, with whose general religious views of Independency, it is, however, evident he could never agree; nor could Cromwell's secular arm be withstood, one of his favourites, Mr. Patrick Gillespie, (*App. Note 54.*) having been promoted to the Principalship of the University, which appointment did not meet with the concurrence of Mr. Boyd, and "most part of the Facultie." As it may be supposed, our Author was truly sorrowful for what had occurred to the University, to his late Monarch, and to his Country, but like many other good men of his age, would see himself under the necessity of succumbing to what was inevitable. He had reached a time of life, "When," he says, "Old Age sets on foote all the

sortes of diseases. The *Guts* and the *Graulcs*, and diuerse *Defluctions*, with manie other maladies, runne upon him, and write a *Kalendar* in his bones, wherein his painefull itchings, like *Astronomers*, declare to him what *weather* it will be to-morrow." His ability for the discharge of his public duties must have become comparatively diminished, yet, with the true spirit of an Author, we find him only a few weeks before his death labouring on an extensive MS. work—"The Notable Places of the Scriptures Expounded," which he had just completed, and at the end of which he inscribed, as it were, his farewell to literature and book making.

Writing and preaching appear to have been the essential elements of his existence. In his ministrations inward humility had kept him always on the alert, dictated by his "Watchword both for Minister and the people, 1 *Cor.*, Chap. IV., v. 6. And these things, brethren, I have in a figure transferred to myself and to Apollos for your sakes, that ye might learn in us not to think of men above that which is written, that no one of you be puffed up for one against another."—(MS. Note on Family Bible.) Devotedness to his Master, to "Christ's cause," and fidelity to the souls of men, were continually warming his zeal, supplying him with fresh energies, and lighting up his eloquence. "That I speak truelie (says he,) I darre be answerable for it in the presence of my God. As yee must, one day, make a reckoning to God of that which yee *heare*, so must I, that self same day, give an account of what I *teach*. My Sermons must be read before him that sent me to preach, for hee will know how I have fedde his Lambes. If I build upon Christ the fundamental stone, the *Pearles* and *precious stones* of Christe's passions, I shall get a reward; but if I builde upon him *Stubble*, *Hay*, or *Wood*, because I hold fast the foundation, he shall saue my Soule, when he shall trye my Doctrine with the fire and light of his word. But because I builded upon him the combustible light *stubble* and *hay* of humane words of worldly eloquence, I shall be saued verie hardlie, only by the fire of great affliction. For this cause, knowing the great danger, I wish that all my comfortes to you and all others bee onlie of Christ, who is both our Suretie and our Saviour." And again—"There is not a preaching preached but some gracious pickle falleth upon



some heart lyke well prepared ground. As the sower singeth for joy while he reapeth the increse, but if the fourth ; so must the Teacher be glad if every fourth word of his sermons doe good, if *the fourth person be touched* ; yea which is more ; as God for the loue of one would have spared Jerusalem, so the Teacher for the loue of one, though in all his flock he should have but one good man, yet for the loue of that one, let him cast his seede of instruction for rebuke and comfort." These forcible modes of appeal, and carefulness of his flock had produced regenerating effects. "But what paines (says he) are into the second *Birth*. The paines of the first *Birth* are so piercing, that the verie paines of *hell* are compared unto them. And yet I haue knowne women who by their own confession, haue trauailed more into the second *birth* than ever they did in the first." In the routine of his house visitations, and in tendering his best counsels to the families of his parish, and above all in his consolations to the sick and the dying, he must have been a highly useful and benignant pastor. He tells Charles I. in 1629, that the keeping of the Sabbath "is the verie key of Religion," and entreats his Monarch to assist him in putting down the "*prophanation*" which existed in Glasgow, and the abuse was afterwards remedied. The ruder condition of Society which prevailed during his time, and the small population of the City and Suburbs, in some respects, invested the clergy with much of the authority of both a spiritual and civic police. With Ministers, Sessions, Presbyteries, and Magistrates, the citizens must indeed have been well watched and disciplined. Our Author's notions on many points, which no one can see as involving any moral blame, which, in short, would now be classed among the more harmless amusements of society, would lead some to suppose that he was of a sour temper, and disposed to go any length in crushing under the hoof of a spiritual subjection. That he possessed a spice of the ecclesiastic, inclining him *to rule*, is probable enough, yet with an apparent severity in his sarcastic rebukes, there are to be discerned those christian and humane sentiments, from which it may be inferred, that though winking at no evil, he would be the first to heal up and conceal his neighbour's sore. From the occurrence of his name in the "Presbytery and Session Records" of Glasgow, there is little doubt he acted

diligently with his clerical brethren of the city, in reforming and civilising the people, according to such modes as were then considered to be the most appropriate. For the purpose of affording a view of some incidents relating to the period of his incumbency in the Barony Parish, a small selection (*App. Note 55*) has been made from the Records referred to, which will afford the reader a more correct idea, than any comments on those twilight days of our City's future brightness.

"And the time drew nigh that Israel must die." Looking at our Author's portrait, (*App. Note 56*), likely painted shortly after 1630, when he was in the maturity of life, and judging from the high broad well developed forehead, the acute, pleasant set, grave countenance, and other appearances, it might be said, that his had been a natural constitution of the more robust kind. His rules of life were evidently those of *temperance in all things*, which as a man of sense he inculcated on the basis of Scripture and reason. He had early learned to economise time. In reproving him "who is of a base spirit, who, sluggishlie gaping and stretching himself, lyeth lusing on the downe," he thus speaks—"I remember of a verse, which, while I was young, served for a *wakener* for to rouse me from my morning sleep—*sanctificat, sanat, ditat, quoque surgere mano*: that is, it maketh holie, whole, and rich to rise early in the morning," and he usually takes his leave of the "Sicke Man" with the promise, "By God's grace I shall returne in the Morning so soon as the birds shall beginne to chirpe at the spring of day." Numerous, and sometimes very dangerous diseases appear, however, to have attacked him in the course of his life. While in France, in 1615, he writes, "As to the trouble of my eyes I can say nothing, but leave all to that Providence which hitherto hath taken care of me." "After (says he) my remouing into this citie, it pleased the Lord to visit me with sore sicknesse, yea so that in *September*, Anno 1626, I was like *Epaphroditus, sicke nigh unto death*. For when I arose out of that *Feuer*, (*App. Note 57*), I found in my studie my winding sheete among my Bookes. This gaue me occasion painfullie to search and describe vnto the world this *Last Battell of the Soule*," and it is likely in reference to the same event, a Note on his MS. "Treatise of Troubled Conscience."

"A little after the ending of this treatise, the Author fell into a fever, in all men's judgments deadly; the mercy of God towards him was visibly seen. This heere I declare, to the praise of the glory of his grace." Addressing his "Goode Lord" Archbishop Lindsay of Glasgow, 28 Jany., 1637, he says, "it hath pleased God at this time to deliver mee from the grave," and that year he made the Disposition of his Books to the College. The "Session Records" of "*Feb. 13, 1651,*" enact "None to go out in the time of baptism, and Mr. Zachariah Boyd to be spoken to about the soon scaling of the Barony Kirk on Sunday afternoon," from which it may be inferred, he had then begun seriously to feel the infirmities of age, and had been shortening his discourses, which had given offence to some of the more devout of his hearers, who could not be reconciled to stinted measure of preaching. On February 14th, 1653, we find that he "*wes sicke,*" and unable to attend a University meeting. (Baillie, Vol. III., p. 212.) He concluded the MS. work of "*The Notable Places of Scripture Expounded,*" with the words, in a tremulous and indistinct handwriting, "*Heere the Author was neere his end and was able to doe no more, March third, 1653,*" and on the eleventh day of the same month and year, he added a Codicil to his Will. By 21st April following, "*The College is found actively engaged in legal measures for securing its succession*" to his Property; so that he likely died towards the end of March, or in the early part of April, 1653. Baillie writing to Spang sometime afterwards, briefly says, "*The Vice-Chancellor was dead.*" These few, short, affecting memorials close the earthly scene of one who, some years before, characterised himself to "Charles, Prince of Walles," as "*An Old Servant of God.*" Granting that he was born in 1585, he died at Sixty-eight years of age, and with every probability, in his own house, which might be situated near or within the College buildings, "*At Glasgowe,*" from which he had prided himself in dating many of his printed works. It has been remarked, as "*not a little singular, considering Mr. Boyd's position in society, that the precise date of his death, as well as of his birth, and the place of his interment, are unknown.*" The two first points may now be deemed tolerably ascertained, as to the last, there is still the former degree of uncertainty. The "Session Records" of

1648, state, "Anent the desire of the Ministers for a Burial place in the Isle called Fergus Isle, the Session thinks fit the desire be granted, and recommends the same to the Magistrates and Council to give their consent"—which the latter probably gave, and it may have been there where our Author's mortal remains were deposited, but, unfortunately, no information exists as to the situation of "Fergus Isle" or Aisle, which was possibly a part of "Blackadder's Aisle," or some other of the spots within the Cathedral. However much the gratification to have been able to direct the stranger to his tomb, it is, in his own language, "God will neuer inquire of a man's Soule, Where was thy bodie buried? but, How hast thou liued into that bodie? shall hee say—I like well of *Beza* his auswere on his death bedde to one that spake to him of a Tombe; *Sub cespite viridi*, said hee, *lay mee under the greene Turfe*. Lay me then under the *greene Turfe*. How many *Martirs* haue beene burnt into ashes, which haue beene cast vp into the winde, and scattered upon the waters—*cælo tegitur qui non habet vnam*. Hee is couered with the Heauens who wanteth a grave." In his "Testament," executed about fifteen months before he died, his sentiments are, "I recommend my soule to God Almighty, and *my body to be buried with the faithfull*, to rest till the day of the resurrection."

The life and writings of Mr. Boyd shew him to have been a man of high mind and character, entirely different from that opinion commonly entertained of being a profane rhymers and scoffer at Scripture. It is, indeed, treating him most unjustly to represent him otherwise, than one who had a sincere and reverential regard for the Scriptures, and the great interests of religion and morality. As an old Glasgow Poet, "celebrated Paraphrast" and historical Worthy, he is entitled to any memorial which may place him in as true a light as possible before the public notice. In the words of a reviewer, "We are not aware that the number of distinguished Authors belonging to our city is so great, as to permit us to consign even one of them to obscurity, and yet, for almost two hundred years, comparatively nothing more has been known of Zacharias Boyd than his bust in the Court of the College, his donation to the University, and his supposed authorship of certain doggerel verses, which are never recited but for the



amusement or ridicule of the hearers." The observations which have been made in the foregoing pages, may assist to explain several points of his history hitherto not well understood, and also in relation to "Zion's Flowers," commonly known under the name of his "Bible." The Poems now printed from this Work, were deemed worth preserving and presenting in a readable form, and as recommended (p. 7,) "*in whole, in order that the objects and subjects detailed and treated of, might be exhibited in the same manner that the Author himself would, no doubt, have given them to the public eye.*" In undertaking such a task, it may be thought as not having been without presumption on the part of the Editor, and if he is blamed, his apology must be in adapting as his motto, one of Mr. Boyd's "*To the Reader :*"

"If this my verse in part or whole,  
But tingle with their din ;  
Knowe mine intent is for to toll,  
The better ringers in."



## Appendix.

"QUOTING of Authors is most for matter of fact, and then I write them as I would produce a witness, sometimes for a free expression, and then I give the Author his due, and gain myself praise by reading him,"—(*"Table Talk,"* by John Selden, *Esq.* Edit. R. & A. Foulis, Glasgow, 1755," p. 31.)

### NOTE 1.

"Mr. Boyd was a man of decided literary tastes. His merits as an Author, and particularly as a Poet, which have in former times been made the topics of much unjust ridicule, have been discussed by his recent Biographers in a candid spirit.—A Catalogue of his printed works and of his MSS., of which no fewer than seventeen volumes are deposited in the Library of the University (F. 8. 3—17 and F. 10. 9—10), has been given by Mr. Neil, who has also given copious authentic extracts from his three principal MS. works, "Zion's Flowers, or Christian Poems for Spiritual Edification;" "The English Academie, containing precepts and purpose for the well both of Soule and Body;" and "The Four Evangelists in Verse;" as well as from his printed version of the Psalms of David "in Meeter," and the "Holie Songs of the Old and New Testament," and additional extracts may be found in the other notices of his Life. \* \* \* \*

There is also a portrait of Mr. Boyd in the Divinity Hall of the College, an excellent engraving of which is given in Mr. Neil's edition of "The Last Battell of the Soule."—(*"Deeds Instituting Bursaries, Scholarships, and other Foundations in the College and University of Glasgow,"* p.p. 34—40.) Printed by George Richardson, Printer to the University, Glasgow, 1850."

### NOTE 2.

See "Catalogue" of Printed and MS. Works, Appendix to Biographical Sketch, "Last Battell of the Soule in Death," p. 1. For the sake of those not in possession of this extended Catalogue, the following Summary is subjoined. The Editor cannot however pledge himself as to its perfect accuracy in respect to the *quantity* in each work, but it may be accepted as an approximation to the truth, viz.,

13 Prose Works, printed and published respectively in the years 1629—29—29—33—33—40—43—50—the dates of *five* are not ascertained.

6 Poetical Works, printed and published respectively in years 1640—44—44 45—46—52.

82 MS. Prose Works, containing 11814 pages, bound in 13 volumes small 4to., closely written, carefully paged, and in excellent order, and appear to have been prepared for the press.

1 Work of Basilus, "*cum notis manuscriptis.*"

MS. Poetical Work, "Zion's Flowers," 2 vols., 4to., containing in whole 26080 lines.

MS. Poetical Work, "The English Academie, containing precepts and purpose for the well both of Soule and Body, divided into Thirtie and one daye's exercise," one vol., 12mo., containing in whole 18344 lines.

"Helfes for health, wherein are set downe remedies for a great number of diseases befalling to the body of man, in Heroick Verse." This Poem, which formed the last part of "The English Academie," is unfortunately *amissing*.

"A Morning Hymn for Christ," of 80 lines, concludes the volume.

MS. Poetical Work, "The Foure Evangelis, in English Verse," in one vol. 12mo., containing in whole 12000 lines by a probable assumption.

#### NOTE 3.

In the University Library there is only one volume of the Edition of 1629, of "The Last Battell," likely the Author's own copy. In early life, the writer possessed a *fragment* of this work which so much fascinated him that he formed the determination, if ever he could obtain an entire copy he would reprint it. After a fruitless search of more than twenty years in different towns, an imperfect copy was ultimately seen in Glasgow, and purchased at the price of *Two Guineas*, from which, along with two other imperfect copies, he was in every particular, enabled to make up a complete copy, as published by him in 1831, in an Edition of 300 copies now long "out of print." A literary gentleman in Glasgow has lately been so fortunate as to secure one of our Author's works in the London market, viz., "The Garden of Zion," in two small sized volumes, 1644, at the price of £8. 7s. 6d. Mr. Boyd's Books for the day were well printed, and rather handsomely "*got up*." They appear to have been much esteemed and rapidly bought. If we may judge from his lines in reference to "The Garden of Zion,"

"As thou favour to my Heroicks shew,  
So for these Lyricks thy graces renew."

he had found that Work so acceptable that in about *four* months after the issue of the *first* volume, he brought out the *second*. In 1643, "The Battell of Newbvrne" had passed into a *second* Edition, and the *third* Edition of his Psalms is in 1646. The present scarcity of his Books may be attributed to the most of them having perished with their owners, as well as to the destructive tooth of more than two centuries of Time.—*Tempus edax rerum*.

#### NOTE 4.

In case of further accident, the following may be put upon record from a usually esteemed good authority. "There is at present in the possession of a gentleman in Dunse, a Manuscript Copy of Professor Zachariah Boyd's Bible, a great curiosity, done by the late Sir John Pringle, President of the Royal Academy, London, and supposed to be the only copy ever made from the original in Glasgow College."—(*Scots Magazine* for August, 1812.)

#### NOTE 5.

In allusion to the motto on title page of "Last Battell," 1831,—"*No man also having drunk old wine straightway desireth new, for he saith, The old is better.*" Luke v. *ver.* 39.

#### NOTE 6.

The jeopardies of MSS. may in part be illustrated by the following. "It appears from a Minute of 24th June, 1760, that the University Meeting having been informed that Three Manuscript Books, composed by Mr. Zachary Boyd, and written by him, viz., "The Flowers of Zion, Vol. 1st, in 4to., and two others in 8vo., which belong to the publick Library, but had been taken out of it and lost before the Revolution, were now in the possession of Mr. Bernard Baine, Apothecary in London," there was presented to that gentleman some of the Classics and other Books printed by Mr. Fonlis, on condition of his restoring these MSS. to the Library, which was accord-



ingly done.”—(*Deeds Instituting Bur-saries*, &c., p. 34.) A note on the title page of “*The English Academie*,” bears “Jo. Paterson, 1689. From Mr. Paterson for the Archives.” He was Bishop of Edinburgh, the last who filled the Archiepiscopal Chair in Glasgow, and died at Edinburgh, in 1708, aged 76 years. It is probable that much of the loss and damage which the above MSS. have sustained, had occurred during their stray journeys.

## NOTE 7.

This, so far as observed in the Author's writings, is the only *political* subject (unless “*The Battell of Newborne*” be included) which has met his attention. He unquestionably possessed the abilities which constituted the dramatic writer, had he been pleased to indulge them; but he considered the employment of his time in that form, as contributing to the “*Carnall delights and the lyme twigs of the Devil*, where with the sillie soules of sinners are ensnared and entangled,” and as equivalent to “*these who sitting in the Chaire of Sloth, passe their time at handie dandie*,”

“Of Poets, who on follies most profane,  
Doe spend their houres and idly waste  
their veine.”

All opportunity is now, however, lost of judging of the merits of “*The Popish Powder Plot*” as a literary performance, from the MS. being so much destroyed, that few lines of it are legible in any one place.

## NOTE 8.

As this Work, “*The Garden of Zion*,” 2 vols., has now become one of the rarest of the rare, and is, besides, altogether a very curious and remarkable production of our Author's genius, we may be indulged in giving the following brief analysis of its contents. The best, however, that can be done in our limited space, will convey but an imperfect view of the manner in which he has treated the various subjects.

First Volume, (p.p. 441.)

THE GARDEN OF ZION Wherein the life and death of *godly and wicked men in Scriptures* are to be seene from *Adam unto the last of the Kings of Judah and Israel*,—with the good uses of *their life and death*.

*In this Garden consider and take heed,  
The fragrant flower grows hard beside  
the weed.*

A precept for the right use of the Booke.

Love those who have their race in God's  
fear runne,  
But rogues as rocks in sea, see that thou  
shunne.

Printed AT GLASGOW by *George Anderson*. 1644.

TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTY MON-  
ARCH OUR DEAR AND DREAD SOVE-  
RAIGNE CHARLES BY THE GRACE OF  
GOD King of *Great Britaine, France and  
Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, *all peace  
and happinesse*.

Most Gracious Sovereigne—Your  
MAJESTIES so loving acceptance of my  
former workes presented to you the day  
before your Coronation, emboldens me  
again to entreat for your Patronage,  
Countenance, and gracious aspect towards  
this little piece of poesie full of most  
fruitfull matter. \* \* \* From Glasgow  
the 28 of May, 1644, Your Majesties most  
humble Subject and Servant M. ZACH.  
BOYD.

*To the High and Mighty Prince Charles  
Prince of Walles—God who hath made  
your Highnesse a Prince shall by his grace  
as we hope one day make you a King, yea,  
and more which shall be like a rich  
Diamond on the top of your crowne, A  
DEFENDER of the Faith \* \* \* \*  
Accept of this little with my blessing, an  
old Servant of God, now drawing neere  
my threescore. From Glasgow, the 28  
of May, 1644—Your Highnesse most  
humble Servant, M ZACH. BOYD.*

Prayers to God for his assistance in this work.

## 1

At Thee JOVAH this work I will begin,  
Inspire mine heart, and also guide my pen;  
Teach me to teach, and to publish the  
story,  
Of thy most great works, to thy praise  
and glory.

## 2

O Mighty GOD who all things underprops,  
Refresh mine heart with thy cleare silver  
drops;  
Like Zion hill, in a faire May morning,  
Spangled with dew, that I thy praise may  
sing,  
O! purge my soul, my drossie spirits  
refine,  
Mine empty breast fill with thy breath  
divine;  
Conceive in me, and after bring to birth,  
Verses most sweet which I may warble  
forth.  
Double thy spirit on me LORD, I thee  
call,  
*Elijah like* let mercies mantle fall;  
*My verse* begot in paine, and borne in  
pleasure,  
Let them contain of thy praises a Treasure,  
O gracious God, nowe teach me to com-  
pile,  
An usefull work, with grace now steel my  
stile;  
That whosoever reads this Book he may,  
Reape profite, I comfort, thou praise for  
ay.

## The use of this Booke.

*Consider this who dost these verses read,*  
*Heere is a Garden both with flower and*  
*weed;*  
*The pleasant rose heere smelleth fragrantly,*  
*The stinking Hemlock, thou may also see;*  
*Heere learne, with godly, godly be in life,*  
*Abhorre all these that have bene men of*  
*strife;*  
*Example good follow, but shun abuse,*  
*By God's Wisedome, of all these men make*  
*usc.*

## ADAM. Earth.

This is the man who after sea and land,  
Was made of Earth by great JEHOVAH'S  
hand;  
In his *nostrils* he breath'd the breath of  
life,  
And of a rib Hee form'd for him a wife,  
Thus he whom satan by sin did deceive,  
A *Slimy Bugar* was laid in his grave.

## The Use.

*When thou hast sinn'd beware thyself to*  
*hide,*  
*In Adam's fall behold the fruits of pride;*  
*Of strong made weak, of wise become a*  
*foole,*  
*God's character cancell'd, with grieve and*  
*doole,*  
*Great sweat of browes, no rest untill our*  
*bones,*  
*Be cooped up in a cold heap of stones;*  
*Oh that our sense, as the spiders could be,*  
*Which starts as soone as stirres the buzz-*  
*ing fle.*  
*Within her web. Oh that we could begin,*  
*To feele, to hate, the least approach of sin.*

## EVAH. Living.

Who by her pride brought many woes to  
man,  
Man's other self, his love, his help, his  
wife;  
With the serpent, was cause of all the  
strife.

## The Use.

*Let Evah's fall vaine women terrifie,*  
*And teach them all to love humilitie;*  
*Blest be her seede who us restor'd againe,*  
*And of our sins unreel'd the snarled skain.*

CAIN. Possession.—ABEL. Vanitie.  
LAMECH, Diminished or Depauperat.

Foole with two wives, thou led a sinfull  
life,  
ZILLAH the shaddow, but ADAM the  
wife.

## The Use.

*In these hardly, great courage shall yee  
find,  
Whose words are brags, and vaine bubbles  
of wind;  
The deepest floods do run most quietlie,  
With silver streames to carry to the sea;  
But naughty brookes in broken streames do  
gush,  
And roaring downe the horrid cliff do rush.*

SETH. *Set or appointed.* ENOCH.  
*Sorrowfull.*

METHUSELAH, *Emission, dart or death.*

NOAH. *Rest or Comfort.*

*Whil'st in the deep all others death did  
suffer,  
Thou safely lived in an Ark of Gopher;  
Thyself, thy wife, also thy children three,  
With their three wives were in that house  
of tree;  
The haughty streame this house did high  
exalt,  
Which at the last on Ararat did halt.  
But (Oh) that great herauld of righteous-  
nesse,  
Was plunged in most filthie drunken-  
nesse:  
Nine hundred and als fiftie years he liv'd,  
Just in two worlds, at last by death be-  
reav'd.*

## The Use.

*Of one fault let not drunkards make a safe-  
guard,  
For once drunk, makes not man to be a  
drunkard.*

SHEM. *Fame.* JAPHET. *Beautie.*

## The Use.

*Here children learn your parents to respect,  
God shall you blesse, and all your wayes  
direct;  
And you preserve, that no man do you  
wrong,  
On earth he shall your happy dayes pro-  
long.*

HAM. *Hote or black.* NIMROD. *A Rebell.*

ABRAM. *Father high.* ABRAHAM. *Father  
of a Multitude.*

Behold the Sonne of ancient TERAH,  
The faithful husband of godly SARA.

The Battell of Abraham against Amra-  
phel, King of Shinar; Arioch, King of  
Nations, wherein he rescued his brother's  
Son, Lot, who had beene taken prisoner  
by them.

This Paraphrase was made in verse by  
the Prince of English Poets, JOSHUA  
SYLVESTER. (Note 9.)

"Abram perceiving now the Army neer,  
By their own Fires; 'gan thus his  
Troops to cheer.  
Souldiers (said he) behold this happy  
Night  
Shall make amends for that disastrous  
Fight."

(The above Paraphrase includes about  
205 lines)

SARAI. *My Mistresse.* SARAH. *Mistresse  
of a multitude.*

My Mistresse, Sarai, Sarah, multitude,  
The letter (H) a promise doth include.

## The Use.

*Let women all both old and young heere  
learne,  
To love their tent more than the wine  
taverne;  
It is most seemely that when any come,  
To seeke them, then they find them at their  
home.*

ESAU. *Made, perfected.*

Behold Esau made perfect like a Lade,  
Of greater strength, not weakly like a  
Babe;

By his great strength a passage he did  
finde,

And left poor Jacob at his heels behinde,  
Red he was; now heere the exposition,  
Choleric, cruell, without all compassion;  
The red Dragon to all did signifie,  
That rednesse is a signe of crueltie;  
While other babes are borne both smooth  
and bare,

All of him was like a mantle of haire;  
What others say, from you I will not hide,  
The Greek translateth, *all like a rough*  
*hide,*

This man profane, as is in Scripture told,  
His birth right spent, yea it for potage  
sold;

This *Belly-god* to his eternal shame,  
From *red potage* got Edom for his name.  
Hated of God, profane in all his carriage,  
With *godless Heth* he matched in his  
marriage,

He liv'd a Prince, sojourning in Mount  
Seir,

He turn'd his back upon his *father's fear*.

#### The Use.

*Beware with Esau for an earthlie thing,  
For back or belly to losse the blessing ;  
Better it is in open field to ly,  
Quiv'ring for cold, no cov'ring but the sky:  
Pinch'd with famine like a pale feeble  
wight ;  
Then for this earth God's good blessing  
to slight.*

#### JACOB. *The heele.*

At last on bed most ready for to die,  
To all his Sonnes he left a *Legacie* ;  
To some reproofs, to some comforts most  
sweet,  
When he had done he *gathered up his  
feet*.

The 12 Sons of Jacob are taken up in  
their order, and "The Use" drawn from  
the character of each.

#### MOSES. *Drawn out.*

His History is enlarged on, with his  
"Song at the red Sea," and his "Song  
before his Death."

Of yeeres he liv'd a hundred and twentie,  
Without weaknesse and dimnesse of the  
eye ;  
To climb, Nebo, the Lord did him com-  
mand,  
That he might see from thence the holy  
land ;

When this was done this man of GOD did  
die,

In Moab land, where God did him burie;  
Before, or after came none in his place,  
Who knew JOWAN so clearly *face to face*.

He next discusses AARON, *Prince of Praise*.  
MIRIAM, *Bitternesse*. BALAK, *a Robber*.  
BALAAM, *a Devorer*. CALEB, *An heart*.  
JOHNSAH, *A Saviour*. Then commencing  
with "The Judges," Follow "*Ruth*,  
*Watered*—The Books of *Samuel*—The  
Kings Saul, David, and Solomon—Of  
the Kings of Judah," noticing the princi-  
pal incidents of their history.

#### A Prayer.

O thou great GOD call'd I AM THAT I AM,  
Of all my verse bethou the chieftest theame:  
What is my hearte but a confused Masse,  
A wild chaos, untill thy spirite a space ;  
There move itself, and upon this gulfe  
brood,  
Thoughts far beyond the reach of flesh  
and blood ;  
Odrench my heart in Zion's sacred springs,  
And lead my hand to write of Judah's  
Kings,  
And of their life and death such uses  
make,  
That all thereby may good example take,  
Their vice to shun, to follow their vertue,  
To learne thereby our lives for to renew.

"Of the Kings of Israel," who also  
come under his review.

#### A Prayer.

O well of life, now show thy golden source,  
A silver pipe make my heart for its use ;  
In holy tearmes make me the praise ex-  
presse,  
Which is most due unto thy holinesse.  
I beg thy light and grace for to discern,  
That teaching others I myself may learne ;  
Eclipse me not like the Coach of the  
Moone,  
When it is black, but turne my night to  
Noone ;  
My brest O Lord with sacred verses fill,



Which I may write with a most nimble  
quill.

Of Judah's Kings as we have understood,  
Many were bad, but few alas were good;  
But Isra'l's Kings thy word them All doth  
blame,  
Not one of them, did truly feare thy  
name:  
They with idols thy worship did abuse,  
Of their ill lives teach me to make good  
use.

#### A WATCHWORD

Concerning the fourty and one Kings that  
did reigne over God's people:

Let Princes learne by these one and fourty,  
How rare it is, both good and Prince to be;  
It is most cleare that it is a h(e)ard thing,  
To be both good, and honour'd as a King;  
Greed, lust, and pride, do cogge most  
easily,  
Themselves in hearts poison'd with flat-  
terie;

In the respective "Uses" he has besides  
laid down many excellent political rules  
and advices for the regulation of the con-  
duct of Kings.

#### The Booke of Ezra.

##### A Prayer.

When night ou men dumb silence shall  
distill,  
When wearied bones themselves with sleep  
do fill:  
When gloomy darknesse husheth every  
thing,  
Then let thy sp'rit verses of vertue bring,  
Into my mind, well stored with thy grace;  
Which may the hearts of worthy men  
solace,  
While night's black mantle cov'reth a  
great part,  
Let thine Aurora shine bright in my heart;  
When depths appeare, where through I  
cannot ride,  
In thy great Barge me togh against the  
tide.

He goes through the ten chapters of this  
Book, concluding with "The Use" of  
the whole.

God will not want if it then needfull be,  
A good Haggai, and faithfull Zacharie:  
If a Cyrus, his ordinance recall,  
A Darius, he for to build the wall,  
Can raise, who by a most constant  
decree,  
Will furnish all that thereto needfull  
be,  
See how the Lord can wisely with a  
beck,  
A winke, a worde, the greatest things  
direct.

#### The Booke of Nehemiah.

##### A Prayer.

By Zerubabel, thou thy Temple faire  
Be built; by Ezra thou didst well repaire,  
What was amisse in manners; last of all  
By Nehemiah, thou made up the wall  
Of fair Salem—O make us all to feel,  
Within our hearts such burning holy zeal.  
He proceeds with the thirteen chapters  
of this Book concluding with "The  
Use."

As God makes birds by pleasant quav-  
erings,  
Like nimble Thumbs, which strike on  
divers strings,  
Renew their note, and in diversitie,  
Rejoice man's heart with a sweet melo-  
die;  
Even so the Lord, with divers gifts doth  
deck,  
That he thereby his people may protect,  
And beautifie, and so them may ad-  
vance,  
From under the Bushell of ignorance,  
See how God doth his divers comforts  
seal,  
Both for the church, and als the  
commonweel.

#### The Booke of Esther.

##### A Prayer.

I now must speak of Ahasuerus King,  
And of Haman who on a tree did hing;  
And likewise of the godly Mordecai,  
Who, for the well of God's church did  
apply

His heart, for to her happinesse procure,  
That she from danger might abide most  
sure.

The ten chapters of this Book are each  
dilated on

The Use.

See here how God his church can well  
defend,  
And bring his foes unto a tragick end.

(p.p. 440.)

*The Second Volume of the GARDEN OF  
ZION, containing Bookes of Job, Pro-  
verbs, Ecclesiastes, and Song of Songs,*  
all in English Verse, by M Zachary Boyd,  
GLASGOW, Printed by George Anderson,  
1644.

To the most Royal LADY ELIZABETH,  
His Majesties only Sister, *Princesse of  
Palatine, of Rhine, &c.* (Note 10.)  
MADAME. *The Tops of high Trees are  
mightily shaken by the windes, while  
the lower branches suffer a more gentle  
wagging; the thunder bolts smite ofttest  
upon the tops of steepest rocks, while  
the base valleyes enjoy a calm in a gen-  
tle gale.*

Your HIGHNES, very eminent both in  
Grace and Place, hath felt thus in  
your time as much as any other of the  
land. As for the particulars, divers  
are big like Habbakuk's vision, which  
was in so great letters, that men might  
run and read the same.

Let it please your Highnes to take in  
good part this little mite of my Muse,  
with my blessing and most fervent  
prayers to God for soveraigne comforts  
to cure all your crosses, and to wipe the  
teares of trouble from your Eyes.  
Your comfort is like the Prophets  
vision. Though it tarry, waite for it,  
because it will come, it will not tarry.  
From Glasgow, the 30 day of September,  
1644. Your HIGHNES most humble  
Servant, M ZACHARY BOYD.

The Booke of Jon.

A Prayer.

O Son of GOD, who from thy reines  
didst poure,  
Upon the crosse, that most red crimson  
showre;  
To save lost man, me with thy Sprite  
inspire,  
And in my breast kindle a sacred fire;  
Conduct my pen, cleanse both mine  
hand and heart,  
That I thy Priest may safely touch  
thine Arke;  
Teach me to tune the glory of thy  
Name,  
How that thou by Job did Sathan  
foully shame;  
Though he with an insatiate fury fell,  
Did go about him for to quaille and  
quell.  
As thou favour to my Heroicks shew,  
So for these Lyricks thy Graces renew.

JOB. Sorrowfull or Hated.

1. IN Uz, a man cal'd Job there was,  
both perfect and upright;  
Who feared God and did eschew,  
evill even with all his might.
2. And in that place where he did live,  
in great prosperity,  
By marriage, were born to him,  
seven sons and daughters three.
3. His substance was seven thousand  
sheep,  
and camels thousands three;  
He also had five hundred yoke,  
of Ozen most lusty;  
Five hundred Shee-asses he had,  
rich both in man and beast;  
So that he was the greatest man,  
of all those of the East.
6. Now it befell upon a day,  
when Angels in a throng,  
Before God did present themselves,  
Satan came them among.
7. Then the Lord unto Satan said,  
Whence comes thou? he anone,  
From going to and fro on earth,  
from walking up and down.

## Chap. 29.

7. When I did through the citie go,  
and went upon my feet  
Out to the gate; when I prepared,  
my seate even in the street.
8. The young men saw me excellent,  
and under this pretence,  
Did hide themselves; the ag'd stood  
up  
to beare me reverence.
9. The Princes talking did refraine,  
that they might understand  
My wise discourse, and on their  
mouth  
they all did lay their hand.
10. The Nobles likewise held their peace,  
and which was a great proof  
Of my wise words, the tongues of all,  
did cleave unto their roof.
11. When that the ear of man me heard,  
it surely me did blesse;  
And when the eye me saw also,  
it gave to me witness.
12. Because I did deliver these,  
who poore to me did cry;  
The Orphans, and him that had none,  
to help him by and by.
13. Blessings of such as ready were  
to perish came on me,  
And I did cause the widowe's heart,  
to sing most joyfully.

## Chap. 30.

1. But now these young ones me deride,  
whose ragged fathers I  
Would have disdained, even with the  
dogs,  
of my flock to set by.
2. Yea, of their hands whereto the  
strength  
could ever profite me;  
In whom old age all perished was,  
as all might clearly see.

## Chap. 42.

16. He after this an hundred yeers  
did live, and als fourtie;  
And saw his Sons, and his Son's sons,  
the fourth genealogie.

17. So Job at last deceas'd when he  
unto old age was come,  
And after he was full of dayes,  
he went to his *Long-home*.

## The Use.

*Let men heere learne that no thing heere is  
sure,  
Who's rich the day the morrow may be  
poor;  
Let men heere learne not to fear Satan's  
rage,  
For God his own doth compasse with a  
hedge.  
If he permit great troubles by and by,  
Our patience they are, but sent to try;  
When we are spoild, let this bee still our  
wish,  
That patiently in all the Lord we blesse;  
When wee see men deep plung'd in trou-  
bles sore,  
Let us beware them to condemn therefore;  
It is for man a great temerity,  
Him to condemn whom God doth justifie;  
At last heere learne, though godly men  
disgrace,  
Do suffer whiles, at last their end is peace.*

All the 42 Chapters of Job translated,  
and the same of the 31 Chapters of

## The Book of the PROVERBS.

## A Prayer.

*Great Wisdomes Hall heere (as I think) I  
see,  
Embroider'd all with Divine Tapestrie;  
Heere Solomon hath Proverbs great and  
wise,  
None but vain fools such wisdom can  
despise.  
Now great Jehovah with thy Heavenly fan  
Blow up my breast, that I may gravely scan  
These weighty words, and their sense wisely  
reach,  
Which Jedidiah thy servant did preach.  
Now clear my sky, even like a Mantle blew,  
How I may pen these Proverbs to me shew,  
Within my heart now make thy Sprite  
divine,  
To work as doth in Caskes the finest wine;*

*Which by some chink, if it get not a vent,  
Blowes up the bung, or doth the Hodg-  
head rent.*

*As thou hast sent to me thy help before,  
Reveale thyself to me yet more and more.*

§ § § §

*The beginning of the Proverbs.*

§ § § §

20. She who the Father's wisdom is,  
doth cry aloud without,  
Her voice to men, She in the streets,  
doth utter with a shout.
21. She in the chief place of concourse,  
even in the gates and way,  
Doth cry, She in the city doth,  
these words most wisely say.
22. How long will yee simplicity,  
thus love without all skill ;  
And ye scornors delight to scorn,  
and fools hate knowledge still.
23. Turn you at my reproof, behold  
into you I will powre  
My Sprite, I will make known my  
words,  
unto you every hour.
24. Because I called have, and yee  
refus'd to understand,  
And no man hath regarded once,  
when I stretch'd out my hand.
25. But ye proudly have set at nought,  
my Counsel grave and wise,  
And would hear none of my reproof,  
but did it all despise.
26. I als at your calamitie,  
to laugh will not forbear :  
I will you surely scorn and mock,  
all trembling in your fear.

§ § § §

Chap. 6.

§ § § §

6. Thou Sluggard loit'ring on the downs,  
whom good men should despise,  
Go to the Ant, consider well  
her wayes and then be wise.
7. Which having none among the rest,  
her guides for to be,  
Yea, which hath none to rule at all,  
or yet to oversee.
8. In Summer with wisdom her meat,  
she doth right well provide :

And carefully doth gather all,  
her food in the harv'st tide.

9. How long wilt thou sleep and ly still,  
O sluggard most unwise :  
When wilt thou from thy slumber, and  
thy drowsie sleep rise,
10. Yet wilt thou say, A little sleep  
and slumber doth me please,  
A little folding of the hands,  
to sleep and be at ease.
11. So shall come fast thy povertie,  
do what you may or can ;  
As one that travails, and thy want  
as doth an armed man.

§ § § §

The Use.

*Let not the words of vaine men with their  
noise,  
Out shrill the precepts of God's divine  
voice ;  
But set thy heart their meaning for to finde,  
And lay them up till brimefull be thy  
minde ;  
While Wisdom thus stoups down poor man  
to teach,  
Most wise Proverbs that we their sense  
may reach ;  
Let us still learne, and carefull act our  
part,  
That wisdom's words may get place in  
our heart.  
Ey, what a shame, to hear in wisdom's  
schoole,  
Such lessons wise, and yet remaine a foole ;  
They double stripes are worthy who may  
finde,  
This glorious light, and yet are beetle  
blind ;  
Away with those who in most furious fits,  
With earthly dregs do drench their wanton  
wits ;  
Such oft themselves most wise of all do  
deeme,  
Like mummers which are not that which  
they seeme ;  
Heer wisdom learne, and strive for to be  
wise,  
These grave proverbs see that thou not  
despise ;  
That thou thereby may learne to flie from  
sin,  
Even Satan's cobweb, and his deadly gin,*



*Wherein he holds, and doth als divers pull,  
By craftie means the simple for to gull,  
If fiery wrath shall make the Crowes and  
Pyes,  
Peck out the pride of Children's scornfull  
eyes,  
Who Mothers precepts lightly shall set by,  
A vengeance sure most heavy by and by,  
Shall come on these, who proverbs good  
and wise,  
And precepts grave shall foolishly despise.  
If thou thy dueties well would learne and  
see,  
This precious Pandect, hold before thine  
eye.*

The Booke of Ecclesiastes.

A Prayer.

*Of Wisdome's precepts how to guide our  
wayes,  
We have last sung in our most sacred layes;  
Now come Jovah my heart strings for to  
tune,  
To warble how all things under the Sun ;  
Which heer in greatest estimation be,  
Are nothing als but very vanitie ;  
All things below have an uncertaine seat,  
See how Boats slide, where ploughs did  
slice of late ;  
And ploughs now till where Boats before  
did slide ;  
Under the welkin what can fast abide ;  
Heere climbs one, there on the top of the  
wheel,  
Another stands, anone up goes his heele, .  
And down his head, then shuffled his de-  
signs,  
All topsie turvie, upside downe, God brings.  
Some are most base, and some with toll  
and tax,  
Set up on hie, do break poor people's backs.*

§ § § §

Chap. 1.

1. These be the weighty words and wise,  
of preacher Solomon ;  
Who was King in Jerusalem,  
and of David the Son.
2. All vanitie of vanities,  
the Preacher saith truelie ;  
Yea vanitie of vanities,  
all is but vanitie.

3. What profite hath a man of all,  
his labour heere begun,  
Which he with a most carking care,  
doth take under the sun.

§ § § §

Chap. 6.

1. Under the Sun there is an ill,  
which often now and then,  
I have seen common for to be,  
among the Sonnes of men.
2. A man to whom the lord hath given,  
wealth, honour, and richesse,  
So that he wants not for his soule,  
all that he would possesse.

§ § § §

Chap. 12.

12. By these my son admonish'd be,  
of making bookes no end  
There is ; much study als the flesh,  
with weariness doth spend.
13. Let us now heare the end of all,  
feare God, and as thou can  
His precepts keep, for sure this is,  
the duty all of man.
14. For God in judgement every work,  
most clearly shall reveale,  
With every secret thing also,  
Yea whether good or ill.

The Use.

*Let men heere learne where all may clearly  
see,  
Under the welkin all but vanitie ;  
Heer tears in eyes, and fears, in heart as  
house,  
With many sorrows have their Rendezvous,  
Of earthly things, the vast confused crowd,  
Is now or then, all cov'red with a cloud ;  
Though men on Thrones advanced have  
their Seat,  
All's nought except they be as Good as  
Great.*

§ § § §

*O happy he who hating vanitie,  
Doth rest content God's pensioner to be ;  
Not caring for the leeks and garlick fell,  
Th' Egyptian hotch potch which God's  
Israel  
Preferr'd to Man, their whilom—Angel's  
food.*

In heaven above is onely rest, below  
 The trump of war doth still Tantara blow.  
 Let this our care be in these latter times,  
 Profession bare serves but to cloake our  
 crimes.

—  
 “The Holy Songs of the Old and New Testament, dedicated to the Royall Lady Mary, his Majesties Elder Daughter, Princesse of Orange—Printed at Glasgow by George Anderson, 1645.”—These contain “the Song of Solomon,” and a variety of paraphrases from the Old and New Testament, of which we have given specimens in another publication. “To the Reader” he says, “I as yet have known none that in poesie hath turned all the Songs of Scripture except Theodore Beze, who hath done it very accurately in the French tongue.—(Note 11.) If the Song of Scnys, and the Songs of Moses, Deborah, Hannah, Ezekiah, Mary, Simeon and Zechariah, and divers others be so heavenly as all may see, it were to be wished that in the Church they had place to be sung with the Psalmes of David, unto the which they are not inferiour.”

#### The Use of all the Songs.

The songs of Larks, Linots, and Night-  
 ingals,  
 Compar'd to these are but like naughty  
 tales,  
 Which in our ears deserve to have no place,  
 These divine Songs sad hearts do well  
 solace,  
 And fill with joy, yea and with capering  
 foot,  
 Make souls to rise, and dance where they  
 did sit,  
 Within our breasts, like John at Mary's  
 voice,  
 Which made him leap and chearfully rejoice;  
 To sing such songs let us ourselves inure,  
 Till that we dance above the starry floore;  
 And sing to Christ the Hallelujahs sweet,  
 Where Sunne and Moone are pavement for  
 our feet;  
 Far from the words of a most vile infection,  
 Which slute the body, and als slave the  
 affection;

Oh that we could from vain words heer for-  
 bear,  
 Till of our life be ended the career :  
 Fy on vile men whose badry songs a blot,  
 Defile the air come from their filthy throat.  
 Fy on these who in vanities da swim,  
 Who dance and leap, and hold out any lim,  
 With nimble fet-locks—(Note 12)—but  
 have not a word,  
 Of holy songs to laud and praise the Lord;  
 Such want a heart Christ's love for to  
 remark,  
 They cannot sing, or dance before the Ark.  
 But as for us, away with fleshly love,  
 And beostly songs, which God's word doth  
 reprove;  
 Vaine idle words which in these latter dayes,  
 Are made the subject of men's sweetest  
 layes;  
 Let Christ the fairest all the Saints among,  
 Be still the matter of our daily Song:  
 Let all our Ditties run upon this string,  
 Let hearts and Harps in him rejoice and  
 sing;  
 What is amisse, let us it hence remove,  
 That we may sing of Christ our life and  
 love

#### Some few Christian Precepts.

What God thee gives tak in good part,  
 cease others to devoure;  
 Like Alexander's glutton net,  
 whose Kingdome Kinged foure.  
 When thou triumphs not lofty be,  
 but think upon a crosse;  
 For who the day is set on hie,  
 may soon his laurel losse.  
 Take heed in time, and learne to fear,  
 the great Almighty God,  
 Who made Denis a King to beare,  
 for Scepter, Pedant's rod.  
 Remember how that Prince of Spaine,  
 who for Europe did breath;  
 By God's Almighty hand was slaine,  
 ev'n by a louzie death.  
 Remember how some in their pride,  
 God's heavy hand did feele;  
 Their head on neck could not abide,  
 off chop't with whiffing steale.  
 Think still on death for time doth slip,  
 though it seemes but to creep:  
 Man heer is as at sea, his ship  
 still sailes, though men do sleep;

While wind doth serve, embark, be wise  
 to meet all haps before,  
 When death doth cut thine enterprise,  
*then thou shalt row no more.*  
 Take time, in time, for wind and tide,  
 will in a moment turne;  
 We heere sure will not long abide,  
 and gone, will not returne.  
 Looke not heere for true happinesse,  
 the place of our exile;  
 A bare and barren wilderness,  
 where we live all this while.  
 Look on thy body as on clay,  
 the *soule* is stuffe more fine;  
 A substance which weares not away,  
 a *blast of breath* Divine,  
 Luske not in sloath, seeke not thine ease,  
 Moths gnaw cloaths in a chest;  
 Swords also rust within their sheeths,  
 and so do souls in rest.  
 Manure your heart with diligence,  
 and in it sow good seed;  
 But still beware of negligence,  
*for careely grows the weed.*  
 All idlenesse *disnatures wit*,  
 but travell makes it quick;  
 Do nothing that disableth it,  
 by force or yet by trick.  
 With constant eye still Christ behold,  
 and on him still repose;  
 As with the Sun the *Mary gold*,  
*doth open still or close.*  
 When death us summons to go hence,  
 we should not be dejected;  
 For from the same, no more the Prince,  
 then *Carters* is protected.  
 Our life's a *web of small and grosse*,  
 this is us giv'n for doome.  
 That sorrows are as *threads a crosse*;  
*in this our earthly loome.*  
 Let us abhorre ambition,  
 content with that we have;  
 In grave in one condition,  
 are King, Earle, Sir, and Slave.  
 This earth is like a chesse board, where,  
 some *leap*, some *limp* anone,  
*Kings, Pawnes, Knights, Aphens*, heere  
 and there  
 stand, *yet there wood is one.*

Tim. I. verse 17.

Now unto the King eternall, immortal,  
 invisible, the onely wise GOD be honour  
 and glory, for ever and ever, AMEN.

## NOTE 9.

Joshua Sylvester, or Silvester, in his earliest productions, designates himself "a merchant adventurer." Without its being ascertained that he had ever received an academical education, he knew several languages. His moral conduct, his piety and his patience appear to have been exemplary. He is an extensive author, whose works consist chiefly of *translations*, which have been variously published, but are now all scarce. It was Ben Johnson's opinion that "Silvester's translation of Du Bartas was not well done, and that he wrote his verses before he understood to confer." Drummond, however, thought his translation of *Judith* and *Battle of Ivory* excellent, though he allows him not to have been happy in his inventions, as may be seen in his "*Tobacco battered*" and "*Epitaphs*." He died at Middleburg in Holland, in 1618, aged 55. (See *Biographica Poetica*, London, 1802, p. 355, and notices by other writers.) In general merit, our Author's Pieces and translations will stand a fair comparison with those of Sylvester. He had seemingly drawn a few hints from the style and imagery of the "Battell of *Abraham* against *Amraphel*," in the composition of his "Battell of *Newbyrne*," first edition printed in 1640. The similarity of Sylvester's works and talents to his own, had attracted the attention and won the esteem of our Author, and in his fondness had led to the exaggeration of his styling Sylvester "the Prince of English Poets." Although our Author, for perhaps the first thirty years of his life, was contemporary with Shakespeare, there are no indications that can be traced of his having heard of the English Dramatist, whose works were not given in a collected form to the world till 1623, and his name for a long period after did not rise into popular celebrity. From some occasional *touches*, and from the use of certain words, it might be inferred that our Author had been acquainted with the writings of Chaucer, but many of the phrases and sentiments used by that early Poet may have remained in public circulation down to the time of our Author, and thus have

been unwittingly adopted by him. There is much hazard in dealing with such coincidences, unless actual quotations or direct references could be produced.

## NOTE 10.

To this unfortunate Lady, one of the most accomplished and amiable women of her age, who corresponded with the celebrated Des Cartes, Wm. Penn, &c., our Author also dedicated the 2nd volume of his "Last Battell of the Soule in Death," 1629. She was daughter of James I., and sister to Charles I., and was married to Frederick, Elector Palatine of Bohemia, 14th February, 1613.—She died 13th February, 1661–62. The total ruin in which the affairs of the Royal pair had become involved, in consequence of the oppressive measures of Ferdinand II. of Austria, had touched our Author's heart with the tenderest and warmest commiseration for the dethroned "Queene." There is no doubt he likewise viewed her calamity in connection with the overthrow of the "Protestant religion" in that country, and of the cruelties endured by its people in the rage of persecution. "Ferdinand fit chasser de la Boheme les Ministres et les maitres d'Ecole, malgré l'intercession de l'*Electeur de Saxe* l'an 1622. Il chassa ainsi de toute l'Autriche tous les Evangeliques dans les ann. 1624 et 1627." (Indice, *Oeuvres* Melées de Benedict Pictet, A Geneve 1721 p. 260.) The religious doctrines held by the Bohemian Churches seem to have been *Calvinistic*.

## NOTE 11.

A copy of this now scarce work, likely that referred to by our Author, is "De l'Imprimerie de Francois Estienne, 1567," entitled "LES PSEAVMES MIS EN RIME FRANCOISE, par Clement Marot et Theodore de Beze," and to which are appended "Songs of Scripture." The metrical translation of 50 of the Psalms belongs to Marot, and 100 to Beze. Each Psalm is set to Music notes on a simple air or melody in which may be found the rudi-

ments of some of the finest Congregational tunes used at the present day. The "Epistre" or Preface observes, "Touchant la melodie il a semblé le meilleur, qu'elle fust moderée en la sorte, que nous l'auons mise, pour emporter poids et majesté cōvenable au subject, et mesme pour estre propre à chāter en l'Eglise." This interesting version, dated Geneva, "10 de Juin, 1543," and which is dedicated "A TOVS CHRESTIENS ET AMATEURS DE LA PAROLLE DE DIEU," had, for one of its purposes, been the same as that of our Author in the composition of his, namely, "qu'ilieu de chansons en partie vaines et friuoles, en partie sottes et lourdes, en partie sales et vilaines, et par consequent mauuaises et nuisibles, dont il a vsé par ci deuant, il s'accoustume ci apres à chanter ces diuins et celestes Cantiques avec le bon Roy Dauid." Beze, in a spirited preliminary Poem of 160 lines, addressed "A l'Eglise de notre Seigneur," takes occasion to advise all ranks of men, from the Prince, to the Shepherd with his "musette" or bagpipe, to cheer his heart with these divine Songs and Psalms, and he also indulges us with a few hints as to the history of the translations by Marot and himself, treating his own part of the task with the becoming modesty of a great man. After bewailing the death of Marot, he thus enquires:—

Qui te fait donc (dira quelq'un) si braue,  
Que d'entreprendre vn ouurage si graue;  
Escoute, ami, ie sçay bien, Dieu merci,  
Que i'entreprend, et qui ie suis aussi,  
Ie sçay tres bien que ma condition,  
Suit de bien loin ma bonne affection.  
Mais toutesfois vn bon cœur trop mieux  
vaut,  
Lors mesmement que le pouuoir default,  
Qu'un grand pouuoir, et volonté trop  
lasche;  
Que si quelqu'un, en me lisant se fasche,  
Tant s'en faut-il qu'il me puisse desplaire,  
Que ie vandroiy plustost, tout au contraire,  
Quiconqu'il soit, tant luy estre ennu-  
yeux,  
Qu'il luy en prinst desir de faire mieux.



The vast success of Marot's portion of the work which was first published, may be said to have created a Psalm singing mania in France—no book was ever received more eagerly by all classes of the people, and would have sold faster than it could have been taken off the printing presses. The "Holy Song Book for the harpsicord of the voice," as it was called, was not accompanied with the music, but every one set his most admired Psalm or Song generally to the tune of some popular ballad. The primitive days of St. Jerome had been realized, when "In Christian villages little else was to be heard but Psalms, for which way soever you turn yourself, either you have the ploughman at his plough singing *Hallelujahs*, the weary brewer refreshing himself with a Psalm, or the vine dresser chanting forth somewhat of David." The royal family and the nobility of France selected one or other of these sacred lyrics to express their personal feelings—Diane de Poitiers, mistress of Henry II., in the first stage of their mutual attachment took the 130th "*Du fons de ma pensee*," or "from the depth of my heart"—The Queen's favourite was the 6th "*Ne vueille pas O Sire, Me reprendre en ton ire*," "Rebuke me not in thine indignation,"—and so of various examples, which were sometimes sung to the airs of jigs and dances. Marot, with that mixture of religion and gallantry peculiar to his nation, prefixed to his edition, (dedicated to Francis I.) a poetical address to the Ladies, "*Aux Dames de France*," in which he says, that "his design is to add to the happiness of his fair readers by substituting divine hymns in the place of amorous ditties—to inspire their susceptible hearts with a passion in which there is no torment—to banish that fickle and fantastic deity *Cupid*, from the world, and to fill their apartments with the praises of the true Jehovah." The combined work of Beze and Marot met with the same astonishing popularity, of which Bayle says, "ten thousand copies were immediately sold." John Calvin, of stern republican genius, was no musician, but

he had the sagacity to discover that the divine art of music might be made an auxiliary to promote the views of the Swiss Reformation, and he, along with his fellow-labourers, employed Gaudimel, who was one of the singers in the Pope's Chapel at Rome, and tutor of the famous Palestrina, and also other eminent Composers, all of whom, it is probable had assisted in bringing out the edition of Beze, with its melodies of that kind, which he describes as giving "weight and majesty agreeable to the subject." A few years ago, the writer had the pleasure of attending services of public worship in the Church of St. Peter, or ancient Cathedral of Geneva, and the simplicity of the style of music heard there, would lead him to conclude, that little alteration in that respect had taken place since those remote times. The effect was extremely sweet and pleasing, from the large number of female voices in the congregation joining together, and led by the organ, which in whole formed a striking contrast to the rough impetuous hurricane of mere sound, so often the characteristic of this department of the devotion of the Scottish Churches.

## NOTE 12.

"The Court of England is much alter'd. At a solemn dancing, first, you had the grave measure; then the corrantoes and the galliards, and this is kept up with ceremony; at length to French-more, and the cushion dance, and then all the company dance, lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. So in Court in our Queen Elizabeth's time, gravity and state were kept up. In King James's time, things were pretty well. But in King Charles's time, there has been nothing but Frenchmore and the cushion dance, 'omnium gatherum,' tolly, polly, hoite come toite." ("Table Talk," p. 98.) From several scattered hints in our Author's poetry, the same species of dances had, during his period, been in vogue in Glasgow.

## NOTE 13.

Immediately after the Reformation from Popery, the Church of Scotland, in imitation of the Church of Geneva, had found it necessary to introduce a metrical version of the Psalms for the use of the Church and of the people. In December 1561, the General Assembly appears to have fixed upon the English version of Sternhold and Hopkins, and after making considerable variations on forty-one Psalms, "The Kirk lent Robert Lekprevick, printer, (in Edinburgh) twa hundredth pounds Scots, (or £16. 13s. 4d. Sterling) to help to buy irons, (types) ink and paper, and to fee craftsmen for printing of the Psalmes." King James I. after his accession to the English throne, undertook a new metrical version of the Psalms, on which he bestowed some of his own superintendence, and called in the assistance of Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, (afterwards Earl of Stirling), a poet of eminence, to forward the work. Charles I. made it subsequently an object of his care, and the edition was published in 1631. It was, however, so disliked, that the Bishops would not press it on the Church, and some expressions in it gave offence to the people, such as, the sun being termed "*The Lord of light*," and the moon, "*The Pale Lady of the night*." It never received the sanction of the General Assembly, but on the contrary, met with some open opposition from the more zealous of the leading ministers. A printed version by Francis Rous, was in 1643 brought before the Assembly of Divines then sitting at Westminster, who appointed Committees to examine it, and after much trouble, a revised version under their approbation was issued by Rous in 1646. The Church of Scotland was also anxious to obtain a better version, and had been favourable to that of Rous, or other helps. By a Minute of Assembly, dated 11th February, 1647, "The Commission appoynts a letter of encouragement to be written to Mr. Zechariah Boyd, for his paines in his Paraphrase of the Psalmes, shewing that they have sent them to their Commissioners at London, to be considered and made

use of there by those that are upon the same work." Another Minute dated Edinburgh, 8th July following, "Recommends to Mr. John Adamson to revise Rous's Paraphrase of the Psalmes and Mr. John Rowe's observations thereupon, and to have his opinion thereof ready for the next Assembly,"—and again, on 28th August, same year, "for this purpose recommends to them to make use of the travels of Rowallen, Master Zachary, or of any other on the subject \* \* \* the Assembly doth further recommend that Mr. Zachary Boyd be at the paines to translate the other Scripturall Songs in meeter, and to report his travels also to the Commissioners of the Assembly." Baillie at this time says "our good friend Mr. Zacharie Boyd hes putt himself to a great deal of paines and charges to make a Psalter, but I ever warned him his hopes were groundless to get it receaved in our churches, yet the flatteries of his unadvysed neighbours makes him insist in his fruitless design. The Psalms were often revised and sent to Presbyteries. Had it not been to some who had more regard than needed to Mr. Zachary Boyd's Psalter, I think they had passed through in the end of last Assembly, but these with almost all the references from the former Assemblies were remitted to the next." Baillie appears to have been exceedingly partial to the MS. version by Rowallen. On 1st May, 1648, our Author is seen as one of a Commission or Committee of Ministers and Elders, "revising Rous's Paraphrase"—and on 10th August following, "The Assembly recommends to Mr. John Adamson and Mr. Thomas Craufurd to revise the labours of Mr. Zachary Boyd upon the other Scripturall Songs." After a great many revisions and emendations on the version of Rous, the General Assembly appointed their own version "to be printed and published for publick use, hereby authorizing the same to be the only Paraphrase of the Psalmes of David to be sung in the Kirk of Scotland, and discharging the old Paraphrase, and any other than this new Paraphrase, to be made use of in any congregation or family after the 1st day of

Majj, 1650.' A Minute dated "Edinburgh, 1st January, 1650," sets forth—"The Commissioners of the Assembly understanding the paines of Mr. Jo. Adamson, Mr. Zacharie Boyd and Mr. Ro<sup>t</sup>. Lowrie have been at in the translation of the Psalmes and other Scripturall Songs in Meeter, and how usefull their travells have been in the correcting of the Old Paraphrase of the Psalmes, and in compiling the New, Doe therefore returne their heartie thanks for these their labours,

and that the Moderator shew this to Mr. Jo. Adamson, Mr. Robert Lowrie, and wryte to Mr. Zacharie Boyd to this purpose." We refer our readers, for a detailed account of the whole proceedings connected with this subject, to "Letters and Journals of Robert Baillie, A.M., Vol. III., pp. 525—556, by David Laing, Esq." A specimen of the version of Sir William Mure of Rowallan, and that of our Author are subjoined.

## Psalm 23.

(By Sir William Mure, Knight of Rowallan.)

1. THE Lord my sheepherd is, of want  
I never shal complaine,
2. for me to rest on hee doth graunt  
green pastures of the plaine,
3. He leads me stillest streams beside;  
and doth my soul reclame,  
in righteous paths hee me doth guide  
for glorie of his name.
4. The valey dark of deaths abroad  
to passe, I'le feare no ill,  
for thou art with me Lord; thy rod  
and staffe me comfort still.
5. for me a Table thou dost spread  
in presence of my foes,  
with oyle thou dost anoint my head,  
by thee my cup overflows.
6. Mercie and goodnes all my dayes  
with me shall surely stay,  
and in thy hous, thy name to praise  
Lord I will dwell for ay.

## Psalm 23.

(By Mr. Zacharie Boyd, Edit. 1646.)

1. THE Lords' my shepheard, I'le not  
want,
2. He makes me by good will  
Ly in green pastures, he me leads  
beside the waters still.
3. My soul likewise he doth restore,  
and me to lead doth take,  
Into the paths of righteousness,  
and that for his Name's sake.
4. Yea, though through valley of death's  
shade  
I walk; I'le fear no ill,  
For thou art with me, thy rod, and  
thy staffe me comfort still.
5. Thou set'st in presence of my foes  
a table me before,  
Mine head with oyl thou dost anoint,  
my cup it runneth o're.
6. Goodnesse and mercy all the dayes,  
of my life surely shall  
Me follow, and in the Lord's house  
for ever I will dwell.

The following is from an earlier Edition, by Mr. Zacharie Boyd.

## Psalm 23.

1. The mighty Lord my shepberd is,  
Who doth me dayly feed:  
Therefore I shal not want the thing,  
Whereof I stand in need.
2. He makes me in the pastures green,  
Ly down by his good-will;  
He in his mercy doth me lead,  
Beside the waters still.
3. My wearied soul he doth restore,  
He also doth me lead,

- Into the paths of righteousness,  
For his Name's sake indeed.
4. Though through the valley of death's shade,  
I walk, I'll fear no ill;  
Thou art with me, thy rod and staffe,  
Me comfort ever still.
  5. Thou sets in presence of my foes,  
A table me before;  
Mine head with oyl thou dost anoynt,  
My cup it runneth o're.
  6. Goodnesse and mercy all my life,  
Shall heer me follow still;  
And in the house of GOD the LORD,  
For ever dwell I will.

Of some of these distinguished men, as well as our Author, to whom our country is indebted for their labours in the metrical version of the Psalms which has now been in use two hundred and five years, a few particulars may be mentioned. 1st. Francis Rous, who was a younger son of Sir Anthony Rous, Knight, and was born at Halton in Cornwall, in 1579, and educated at Broadgate Hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford. He was twice returned Member of Parliament in Charles I. Reign, and on 29th January, 1643-44, was made Provost of Eaton College, and was one of the few laymen appointed by the Commons to sit in the Assembly of Divines at Westminster. He adhered to Cromwell, his original intention being to form the English Commonwealth after the model of the Jewish, but as a theocracy was rejected, he made the proposal that Parliament should resign the Government into Cromwell's hands, under the title of Protector, whom he looked upon as a compound of the characters of Moses and Joshua. In return for this he was declared one of the Protector's Privy Council. He died on 7th January, 1658, and was buried with great pomp at Eaton, holding the lucrative situation of Provost of the College till his death. His works, which are numerous, and all of a religious character, were printed at London in 1657, in folio, and are dedicated to "the Saints, and to the Excellent throughout the earth." The following extracts from his "Last Will and Testament,"

dated March 18th, 1657, leave no doubt as to his piety and conscientiousness.—  
"Forasmuch as to put houses in order, before our departure is pleasing to the God of order, I do dispose of my affairs and estates in manner following. There is a youth in Scotland concerning whom (because they call him my grandson), it is perchance expected that I should do some great matters for him; but his father marrying against my will and prohibition, and giving me an absolute discharge before the marriage under his hand, not to expect any thing from me if he did marry contrary to my prohibition; I hold myself discharged from the father, and consequently from the son of that father, the son having no interest in me but by the father—And I hold it a good example for the benefit of the Commonwealth, that matters of discouragement should be put upon such marriages, being assured that their parents will not disinherit or lessen them, especially if they have but one son, and that which Solomon saith is to be considered—an understanding servant shall have rule over a son that maketh ashamed, and both that (this appears to be an error) and his son, and his son in Scotland, have both made ashamed, the one in his match, the other by a sad mischief of dangerous consequence and fatal; and though his mother is bound to maintain him, yet because I wish he might be a useful member of Christ and the Commonwealth, towards which I think she is not well able to give him an answerable education, I have in



this my Will, taken course for a competent maintenance for him towards a profession, and in it utterly abhorring to give him an estate as the heir of idleness.—Wherefore to the forementioned purpose, I desire my executor to give him £50 a year, so long as he shall be in preparation towards a profession, or shall really and seriously be in the practice of it, and as many of my books as may be fitt for him in the profession he shall undertake, and shall not be given to Pembroke College." He next bequeaths legacies and disposes of his "estates," concluding—"I desire my body may be interred and put to rest in the chapple of Eaton College, a place that hath my dear affections and prayers that it may be a flourishing nursery of piety and learning to the end of the world. And for a profession of my faith, I refer myself to the works which I not long since published in one volume, wherein I have professed a right and saving faith, and hope to continue therein untill faith shall be swallowed up of sight, laying hold of the free grace of God in his beloved Son as my only title to eternity, being confident that his free grace which took me up lying in the blood of ir regeneration, will wash away the guilt of that estate, and all the cursed fruits of it by the precious blood of his Son, and will wash away the filth of it by the spirit of his Son, and so present me faultless before the presence of God's glory with joy." Signed, "Francis Rous." —("Notes and Queries," vol. 9, p. 40 —Communicated by H. T. Ellacombe. Clyst, St. George.) 2nd. Sir William Mure of Rowallan in Ayrshire, was the lineal representative of his family, one of the most ancient and honourably connected of the baronial rank in the country. Except when engaged in the religious struggles of 1644, &c., he had devoted his time to literature, and to the improvement of his estate. In his early life he had cultivated a taste for poetry. Many of his poems have been published; among the best known is his translation of "Hecatombe Christiana," by Robert Boyd of Trochrig. He died towards the close of 1657. Dr. Thomas

Lyle of Glasgow is in possession of a considerable number of the Poet's unpublished MSS., and is of opinion that he saw among Sir William's Papers, some printed sheets of his Psalms, the whole, or a part of which may have been done for the examination of the Assembly. Along with the MSS. were found several of his minor pieces in the print of the time. 3rd. Mr. John Adamson held the office of Principal of the University of Edinburgh from 1623 till his death in November, 1653. 4th. Mr. David Leitch was Minister of Ellon in Aberdeenshire. He was previously a Professor in King's College, Aberdeen. A volume of Latin Poetry by him was printed at London, 1657, 12mo. 5th. Mr. Robert Lowrie was one of the Ministers of Edinburgh. Having conformed at the Restoration, he was appointed Dean of Edinburgh, and in 1671 he was advanced to be Bishop of Brechin. He died in 1677. 6th. Of Mr. Thomas Craufurd, who had aided in the revision of "Mr. Zachary's Scripturall Songs," there seems no biographical information. A 12mo volume, pp. 226, is in possession of the writer, entitled "SPIRITUAL SONGS, or HOLY POEMS, A Garden of true Delight," containing All the Scripture Songs that are not in the Book of Psalms, together with several sweet Prophetical and Evangelical Scriptures, meet to be composed into SONGS: Translated into English Meeter, and fitted to be sung with any of the common tunes of the Psalms. Done at first for the Author's own Recreation: But since Published (before in part, and now more compleat) to be, as a Supplement to the Book of Psalms, out of the same rich Store-house, a further Help to the Spiritual Solace of his Christian Friends, and Digested into SIX BOOKS, according to the Order and Distinction of the Books of "Scripture," &c.—Edinburgh: Printed by the Heir of Andrew Anderson, Printer to His most Sacred Majesty, for John Gibson, Merchant in Glasgow, Anno Dom. 1686." In "The Preface to the Reader," the Poet says, "he hath allowed himself no greater libertie than hath been used in our latest Paraphrase of the Psalms, which

he took for his model, as unquestionless (complexly taken) for smoothness with closeness to the Text (which was mainly designed in the composure), the best he hath seen extant in our Tongue, and with much diligence revised, ere it came the length of publick approbation." And further, "When it shall be thought fit (as was intended by this Church) to adjoin the rest of the *Scriptural Songs* to the Book of *Psalms* for publick use, and an approved Paraphrase shall be framed or pitched on for that purpose, it may be considered how many are to be reckoned of that number which he will not take upon him to determine." The Author's name is not stated, but on the fly leaf of the volume is an inscription in a fine old style of hand writing—"For my R. Dear Brother, Mr. Matthew Craufurd," who appears to have been Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Edinburgh. From the circumstance of the volume referred to having been a presentation copy to his Brother, and from the special notice which he takes in his Preface, of the *Psalms* and *Scriptural Songs* by the Church, the writer infers that the Author may have been *Mr. Thomas Craufurd*, who was concerned with the General Assembly's proceedings. The work bears evidences of taste, learning, and critical skill.

## NOTE 14.

"It is generally supposed that he (Z. Boyd) translated *all* the Bible into verse, but this opinion is by no means well founded. Even the Author of the memoir of Boyd in the *Christian Instructor*, has been so rash as to write this, "It is well known that Zachary Boyd translated the *whole Bible* into some thing like English verse." So far from translating the whole, Boyd has translated but a small portion of the Bible, and the only part that remains in MS. is his translation of the four Gospels. His other translations were published by him before his death. The work which he calls '*Christian Poems for Spiritual Edification*,' is a collection of Scripture Histories, such as, '*the Fall of*

*Man*,' '*the Flood of Noah*,' '*Sodom*,' '*Joseph's severe Trial*,' &c., paraphrased and rendered into dialogue something after the manner of the ancient Mysteries. As a writer of prose, Zachary Boyd may stand a comparison with any of his countrymen of the same age. He did not entirely escape from the conceits and the affectation of quaint illustrations, so prevalent in that age; but he is in general a serious writer; his exhortations are pious, earnest, vehement and forcible, and it may be said of him, as of some other writers, that his prose is more poetical than his verse."—(*The History of Glasgow*, by John M'Ure, Edit. by D. M'Vean, Glasgow, 1830, p. 359.)

## NOTE 15.

"Mr. Boyd, the famous preacher in Clydesdale, finding in the forenoon, that several of his hearers went away after the forenoon sermon, had this expression in his afternoon prayer, "Now, Lord, thou sees that many people go away from hearing the word, but had we told them stories of *Robin Hood* or *Davie Lindsay*, they had staid, and yet none of these are *near so good* as the word that I preach."—(*Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed*, Edit. 1786, p. 124.) The popularity of the poetical Works of Sir David Lyndsay, of the Mount Lyon King at Arms, is said to have been so great that they were read by every man, woman, and child in the country, and it fell into a proverbial expression on hearing any extraordinary piece of information, "*there's nae sic word in a' Davie Lyndsay*,"—or as we have heard from old people, "*it is as true as Davie Lyndsay, an' Davie Lyndsay is as true as the Bible*."

## NOTE 16.

Mr. Zach. Boyd's verses. He was a Poet—he paraphras'd or rather burlesqu'd several Places of Scripture, probably that was owing more to ignorance than design. ("The Whiggs Supplication," or, the Scotch Iludibras, a Mock Poem," by Sam. Colvil, Edit. Belfast, 1741, p. 46.)

## NOTE 17.

From passing notices in his MS., "The English Academie," of the religious troubles in Scotland in the reign of Charles I, it is probable that our Author had the composition of this work on the anvil about the time he published "The Battle of Newbyrne," 1640-3. The MS. seems a first draft, and has subsequently received numerous emendations from his hand. For the extensive field which it occupies—for the quaintness of its sentiment and remark, and for the originality of a great deal of its versification, it is worthy of being printed as a literary curiosity by some of our antiquarian Book Clubs. A Poem, "Some few Christian Precepts," in a similar style,

will be found in Appendix, p. xii. It is likely that he had intended this work as a sort of system of truths, natural, medical, moral, and religious, for the guidance and improvement of the people, and to accompany his Bible translations.

## NOTE 18.

As occasionally a few curious rays are emitted from the gems of parody, we may be excused for quoting first in order, *two specimens* given by Colvil, and next those still floating on tradition, with the *true readings* placed opposite. It will be seen how shamefully "Mr. Zachry" and his writings have been abused, and held up as a laughingstock to the world.

## PARODIES.

There was a man called Job,  
Dwelt in the Land of Uz;  
He had a good gift of the Gob,  
The same case happen us.

(Colvil.)

## TRUE READINGS.

In Uz a man cal'd JOB there was,  
both perfect and upright;  
Who feared GOD, and did eschew,  
evill even with all his might.  
("Garden of Zion," Vol. 2, p. 2.)

Absalom hang'd on a Tree,  
Crying God's Mercy;  
Then Joab came in, angry was he,  
And put a Spear \* \* \* \* .

(Colvil.)

There Absalom a Rebell and a Foole,  
Among the rest was riding on a Mule;  
By his long haire a branch caught him  
that day,  
There he did hing when the Mule went  
away;  
Then Joab with his three darts came  
anone,  
And thrust them through the heart of  
Absalom.

("Garden of Zion," Vol. 1, p. 179.)

Job's wife said to Job,  
Curse God and die;  
Oh no, you wicked scold,  
No, not I.

Then said his wife, Retain'st thou still  
thine old integritie;  
What meanest thou, O foolish man,  
now curse thou GOD and die;  
But he againe said unto her,  
his witlesse wife to schoole,  
Thou speakest now thou knowes not what,  
thou speakest like a foole.

("Garden of Zion," Vol. 2, p. 8.)

Jeshurun waxed fat,  
And down his paunches bang;  
And up against the Lord his God,  
He kicked and he flang.

But Jeshurun, who should have beene  
most righteous, did kick;  
Thou art exceeding waxed fat,  
thou art also grown thick;  
Thou covered art with fassnesse, then  
His Maker he forsook,  
And of his sure salvation's rock,  
no care at all he took.  
("Garden of Zion," Vol. I, p. 67.)

Rebekah was very blythe and bonnie,  
And pleased Isaac's wanton e'e;  
He took her to his mother's tent,  
He begat Esau and Jacob.

Rebekah fat and in body lusty,  
A wife for Isaac, pleasant to the eye:  
Bethuel's Laban's father's brother's love,  
Her heart to stay from Isaac could not  
move;  
Heare now said they, the Damsells yea  
or no,  
I will, said she, most gladly to him go;  
She meeting Isaac in the evening tide,  
Under a vaile her comely face did hide.  
("Garden of Zion," Vol. I, p. 32.)

And Jacob made for his wee Josie,  
A tartan coat to keep him cosie;  
And what for no, there was nae harm,  
To keep the lad baith saft and warm.

Jacob to Rachel.  
Yea for your sake this little Joseph more,  
I love then all that born were him before;  
A lovely lade hee is, also his very birth,  
Unto us all presaged holy worth;  
He surely is the darling of mine age,  
He of our love is a most sacred pledge;  
Him I doe count from Heav'n to be our  
lot,  
Let us him make a particolour'd coat.  
("Zion's Flowers," MS., p. 403.)

And was not Pharaoh a wicked and  
harden'd rascal,  
Not to allow the men of Israel with their  
flocks and herds their wives and their  
little ones to go a forty days journey  
into the wilderness to eat the Pascal.

Thus afterward these noble brethren two,  
Went on and stood before the great Pharo;  
Commanding him with great authoritie,  
To free God's people from captivitie;  
Because this King thus hardened his heart,  
Of ten great plagues his Kingdome felt  
the smart.  
("Garden of Zion," Vol. I, p. 53.)

The Reader, after perusing the foregoing,  
will, we think, have no objection to be of  
the same opinion as the late eminent Dr.  
Jamieson, when he says, "It is astonish-  
ing what liberties have been taken with

the memory of one of the principal bene-  
factors of this University, good *Zachary  
Boyd*, in the extracts pretended to be  
given from the MS of his Poetical  
Works preserved in the College Library.



Unpolished as many of his expressions are, they have been grossly exaggerated."—(Slezer's *Theatrum Scotia*, 1814. Edited by Dr. J.)

## NOTE 19.

"In the possession of the College is a very singular version of the Bible, by the Rev. Zachary Boyd, a worthy, learned, and pious divine of this City, who lived about a century and a half ago, and dying, bequeathed to this Seminary of knowledge his fortune and all his MSS., but not on condition of printing his poem as is vulgarly imagined. It is probable that he had adapted his verse to the intellects of his hearers, the only excuse for the variety of gross imagery of which part of the Soliloquy of Jonas in the fishes belly, will be thought a sufficient specimen." (The quotation will be found at p. 22, "Historie of Jonah.") (*Pennant's Tour in Scotland*, Edit. 1776.)

## NOTE 20.

"His translation of the Scripture in such uncouth verse as to amount to burlesque, has been often quoted, and the just fame of a benefactor to learning has been obscured by that cloud of miserable rhymes, candour will smile at the foible but applaud the man." (*Portraits of Illustrious Persons*, by Pinkerton, Ed. 1797.)

## NOTE 21.

"Mr. Zacharias Boyd, Minister of the baroury church of Glasgow, left twenty thousand pounds Scots to the college, who erected his Statue in Marble, from the breast upwards, with an open Bible in his hand." (The History of Glasgow, by John M'Ure, 1736. Edit., Glasgow, 1830, p. 182.)

## NOTE 22.

"Deeds Instituting Bursaries, &c., in the College and University of Glasgow.—Glasgow, 1850." To the Memoir of Mr. Boyd in this elegant volume, we owe much useful information, of which liberal use has been made with thankful acknowledgments.

## NOTE 23.

From a valuable Work in four volumes, newly issued by the Maitland Club of Glasgow, entitled "*Munimenta Alme Universitatis Glasguensis*, Records of the University of Glasgow from its Foundation till 1727—Glasgow, 1854," we are enabled unexpectedly to present our readers with a full copy of the Deed from which this Extract is taken, and with other matters relating to Mr. Boyd.

"Mr Zachary Boyd's mortificatione"

"Be it kend to all men be thir present lettres, Me Mr Zacharias Boyd minister at the Baronie Kirk of Glasgow for my guid affectionne to the advancement of pietie and learning and my singular respect to the florisching of the universitie and colledge of Glasgow to hawe mortified and disponsit and be thir presentis mortifies and dispones to the said colledge of Glasgow, principall professoris and maisteris thair of and thair successoris in office for the use and behuiff of the said College the particular bands contracts debtis sowmes of money and utheris eftir mentionat adebitit and belonging to me to wit the sowme of sax thousand merkis money usuall of Scotland principall, ane thowsand merkis penaltie and yeirle annuelrent for the said principall sowme adebitit and awand to me be John Lord Lowdounne principall, unquhill David Dunbar of Entirkein Jhon Lockhart of Bar Hew Dumber of and Mr Andrew Dalrimple of as cationaris for him conforme to thair band of the dait the seventh day of Juine j<sup>m</sup> vj<sup>o</sup> threttie sex yeiris; and the sowme of fywe thousand merkis money fairsaid principall four hundreth punds penaltie and ordiner annuelrent for the said principall sowme adebitit and awand to me be Williame Erle of Glencarne as principall, James Lord Boyd Williame Lord Cochrane then styllit in the band Sir Williame Cochrane of Cowdone knycht and Sir David Conynghame of Robertland knycht as cationaris for him, conforme to the band mad thairanent of the dait the xxij day of Februar j<sup>m</sup> vj<sup>o</sup> fourtie fywe yeiris; and als the sowme of aucht thowsand merkis money fairsaid principall and ordiner

yeirle annuelrent thair of and penalties obleist thairfoir adebtit and awand to me be Sir Wm. Muir elder of Rowallane knyecht, with consent of Sir Wm. Muir his sone conforme to ane contract and infetment following thairupone of the baronie of Rowallane maid thairanent of the dait the first day of Apryll j<sup>m</sup> vj<sup>e</sup> fourtie fyve yeiris; as als the sowme of thrie thowsand merkis money fairsaid principall with ordiner annuelrent thair of and penaltie obleist thairfoir adebtit and awand to me be Sir George Maxwell of Nethir Pollok knyecht conforme to ane contract and infetment following thairupone of the four pund land of old extent of the Maynes of Nether Pollok houses biggings and haill pertinentis thair of quhatsumewer of dait the aucht day of October j<sup>m</sup> vj<sup>e</sup> and fyftie twa yeiris instant; and sicklyke the sowme of fyve hundrethe punds money fairsaid principall with annuelrent and fourtie punds penaltie adebtit and awand to me be George Ros of Broumehill conforme to the band grantit thairupone of the dait the sevint day of December j<sup>m</sup> vj<sup>e</sup> fyftie twa yeiris instant; and the sowme of nyne hundrethe merkis money fairsaid adebtit and awand to me be the Estaitts of Scotland conforme to ane band grantit thairanent subscryvit be the Marqueis of Argyll, Erles Cassils, Burlie, Finlator, George Gardiner, of the dait the first day of July j<sup>m</sup> vj<sup>e</sup> fourtie sex yeirs, all of the daits fairsaid or of quhatsoewer dait or daits the same be, togidder with all uther debtis sowmes of money bands obligatounes books guidis or geir quhatsumewer pertaining to me or that sall happine to perteine to me the tyme of my deceis, and be thir presentis maks and constitutis the said Colledge principall professoris and maisteris thair of and thair successoris in office for the use and behuiff of the said Colledge my lawfull cessioners and assigneys in rem suam, in and to the foirnamet bands obligationes contracts chartoris and infetmentis following thairupone sowmes of money principallis annuelrentis and penalties thairin contenit and obleist bypast and tocome, haill effect substance and tennor thair of, and all other debtis

sowmes of money bands obligationes bookis guidis and geir quhatsumewer pertaining to me, or sall appertin to me the tyme of my deceis, and turnes and transfferes my richt and tytill of the samyne in the persone and favoris of the said Colledge principall professoris and maisteris thair of and thair successoris in office for the use and behuiff of the said Colledge quhome I be the tennor heirof surrogat substitute and imputte in my full richt tytill and place of the samyne, with full power to them to uplift and resawe the foirnamet sowmes principallis annuelrentis and penalties abowewrittine contenit in the foirnamet bands and contracts fra the fairsaids persones principallis and cationaris conjunctlie and severallie thairin obleist conforme to the tennoris thair of, and giwe neid beis to caus registrat the samyne and to caus raise and be executt thairon all lettres and executiorials neidfull, and the samyne to finall executione caus putte, and to giwe acquittances and discharges on the ressaist of payment, and to do all uther things neidfull thairanent als ample in all respects as I might do my self at or befor the making theirof. Quhairat I obleis me and my airis to abyde firme and stable but reclamatioune; and in caice any of the foirnamet sowmes beis upliftit be me in my lyf tyme, I bind and obleis me and my airis to mortifie and dispoine the same of new againe to the said colledge in maner fairsaid. Reservand allwayes to me the annuelrent of the haill foirnamet sowmes quhilk sall happin me to uplift during all the days of my lyf tyme allanerlie, and als reservand to Margret Muir my spous hir lyfrent of all sowmes of money prowdyit to hir ather be hir contract of mariage or be bands quhairintill hir name is insert and contenit during all the dayes of hir lyf tyme, as als reservand to hir the sowme of thrie thowsand merkis principall annuelrent and penaltie obleist therfoir adebtit and awand be Sir Williame Muir younger of Rowallane knyecht conforme to the band or contract maid thairanent and infetment following thairupone and that in full contentatioune to hir of the lyk sowme of hir tocher obleist to be

refundit to hir be our contract of mariage; and sicklyk reservand libertie and power to me to leiwe legaciea in my testament and lattre will to any persones I pleis, the samyne not exceeding ane thowsand merks Scotts in haill, as also exceptand and reservand furth of this mortificatioun and assignatioun the sowme of ane thowsand pundis money adebit to me be the Laird of Cauldwall and assignit and disponit be me of befor. Lykas it is heirby speciallie prowdyt that out of the reddiest of the haill foirnamet sowmes ther be debursed be the said principall professoris and maisteris and thair successoris as much money as will suffice to print in one volum in folio consisting neirly of four hundreth sheets of paper, my works quhillk ar alreddie printed in severall peices, together with dyverse sermones and other treatises quhillk I hawe besyde me yet unprinted to be addit therto eftir the same is revised be the persones heir-after designed referring to the said revisers to mak choose of such of my works ather alreddie printed or lying besyde me unprinted as they sall thinck fitt to be published in print: And for this effect I appoynt Doctor Johne Strang and Mr Robert Bailie professor of divinitie in the said college conjunctlie and severallie to revise my foirsaid works, and failling of them, it is heirby prowdyt that the rector of the said universitie, dean of facultie, and the principall professoris and regentis of the said colledge and the other assessoris nominat and chose ane or more able godlie and learned man or men to revise my said work to the effect abovespecifeit. Lykas it is also heirby expreslie prowdyt that the said Doctor Johne Strang and Mr. Robert Bailie and failling of them any one or moe who be directione foirsaid sall revise my said works to the effect abovespecifeit sall have for ther paines pro rato for thair awine propper use and benefeitt the haill books to be printed, quhairof I appoynt and ordaine that ther be a thowsand coppies; and thaireftir all the rest of the foirnamet sowmes I appoynt and ordaine to be employed for building of new buildings in the said college and for no other use,

quhairof he that is cheiff of the name of Boyd sall hawe his choyce of the best two chalmers it sall pleis him to choyce, and that he hawe power of the keyes to bestow them upone any he pleaseth, they being studentis in the said colledge. Recommending the owersicht of thir presenttis to my Lord Boyd, Mr Robert Dowglas minister at Edinburgh, Williame Muir of Glanderstone and to the magistratis and ministers of Glasgow and of the Baronie to sie the samyne fullfilled and performed in maner abovespecifeit, and last reservand full power and libertie to me to annull thir presenttis at any tyme quhen I pleise except on my death bed utherwayes to stand in full force and effect; and binds and obleisses me my airis and executoris and assignayes to warrand thir presentis fra all inconvenientis quhatsumewer at all hands and aganes all deidlie. And for the mair securitie I am content thir presentis be registrat in the buiks of Counsell and Sessiounne, commissaris or toune court buiks of Glasgow, thairin to remayne ad futurum rei memoriam. And that executorialis of horning pyonding and warding may heirupone pas on ane simple charge of sex dayes, and to that effect constitutis procuratoris conjunctlie and severallie. In witnes quhairof thir presentis writtine be Mr. Johne Herbertsone noter in Glasgow ar subscrivyt as followes, at Glasgow the nynt day of December j<sup>m</sup> vj<sup>o</sup> fyftie twa yeiris. Befoir thes witnesses Williame Selkrig, Johne Stewart and James Strang studentis in the said Colledge, and the said Mr Johne Herbertsone writer heirof. M. Zachary Boyd

Mr J. Herbertsone witnes W. Selkrig  
witnes J. Stewart witnes James Strang  
witnes"

"The testament of Mr Zachary Boyd.  
"At Glascow the tenth of Januar a thousand six hundreth fifty two yeirs, I M. Zachary Boyd minister at the Baronie Kirk of Glascow being in health of body and spirit and of perfect memory by God's grace, knowinge that there is no tyme

more uncertaine than the hour of death recommend my soule to God Almighty and my body to be buried with the faithfull to rest till the day of the resurrection. As for my worldly businesse I by these presentis make nominate and constitute my spouse Margaret Mure and William Mur of Glanderstoun with the principall and professoris of divinitie of the college of Glascowe my executoris and universall intromettoris with my goods and geir whatsoever giving them full power to upgive the same as if they were given by mine owne mouth."

## LEGACIES.

"I appoint of the first and readiest of any silver I have a hundreth pund for correct writing of my workis. I leave to my spouse the use of all my moveable goods as bedding boords and other inspreth for hir hous in condition no annuel rents be required by hir contract but as they are ordinarily payed to all the rest of the kingdom. I leave to Margaret Flemin to Jonet Flemin, Katharine Vallace and Mr Zachary Wilkie, to every one of them a hundreth merkis, and to my two servandis twenty pundis. These I have written and subscribed with my hand, at Glascow the tenth of Januar a thousand six hundreth fifty two yeirs. M. Zachary Boyd."

"I do heirby declare that quhair by this testament I nominate the principall and professor of divinity to be my executoris with my wif and Glanderstone, that I mean the principall and professoris that salbe exercising thes offices in the tyme of my decease or any time thereafter, as witness my hand this eleventh of March j<sup>m</sup> vj<sup>e</sup> fiftie three yeiris. Subscribed in presence of Tho. Robiesone witnes, and W. Fisher witnes. M. Zachary Boyd."

"A memorandum of dettis dew to Mr Zachary Boyd the 10 of Januarie 1653.

"Rewallan on anc band eight thousand merkis In another band, three thousand merkis which belong to my wife as being hir tocher which comes to hir after my deceis.

Glencarne owes to me five thousand merkis

The Chanceler six thowsand merkis

The States six hundreth pund

George Ross a thowsand merkis in a band

The Laird of Neither Pollok three thousand merkis

Caldwell a thowsand pund

The towne of Glasgow owe me a part of the fifty yeiris stipend and the wther fiftie one and fifty two yeiris stipend; and to the session they owe twelve merkis, and for the communion elements for the yeirs 47 48 49 50 51 52"

"Anwellis due to me at Mertimes 1652

"Rewallan owes to me a yeiris rent of eleven thousand merkis

Glencarne at Lambes last owes eleven hundreth merkis and now at Candlemes half a yeiris anwel more

The towne of Glasgow 1652 owes to me the anwels of thre thowsand merkis. All this is now payed by John Hill for the towne.

The Chanceller at Mertimes last owes me the anwel of six thowsand merkis for two yeiris

Coldwel at Mertimes last owes the anwel of a thowsand pund for the half of a yeir"

Follow—"Retour of Marion Boyd Spouse to Charles Hall (writer) in Newmilnes and Zacharias M'Callume eldest lawful son of Mr. Archibald M'Callum (minister at Glasgow) and of the deceased Janet Boyd in Kirkdyk of Kilmarnock as nearest and lawful heirs portioners to the deceased Mr. Zacharias Boyd Minister of the Barony Kirk of Glasgow &c., Within the Tolbuith of Glasgow, 17 January 1654."

"Submission be Marion Boyd Zacharias M'Callum and Charles Hall to the Colledge of Glasgow"—"We Marion Boyd and Zacharias M'Callum aires portionairis to umquhill Mr Zacharias Boyd of the Barronie Kirk of Glasgow, uncle to me the said Marion Boyd, and grand uncle to me the said Zacharias M'Callum, and Charles Hall spous to me the said Marion for his entress" &c. At Glasgow the sextine day of Januare j<sup>m</sup>



vj<sup>e</sup> fiftie four yeiris: Befoir thir witnesses Albart Nisbett of Scheillis and William Mwirheid burges of Glasgow, and John Neill writer in Glasgow."

"Award of the College upon the submission to them of Zachary Boyds heirs"—"At Glasgow the 20 of Januar 1654. The moderatores of the University of Glasgow taking into consideratione the offer made to them by (the above named persons) and being willing to deale kindly with the nearest of kine and aires of the said umquhil Mr. Zachary \* \* \* appoint ane thousand merks (£55 . 11 . 1 Sterling) to be paid to the said aires portioneris equally betwix them out of the first and readiest of the said colledge part of the said Mr. Zacharias moveables &c—signed "Patrik Gillespie principal, R. Baillie, Jo. Young, Ja Vetch, Patrik Young, Robert M'Cuard, An. Burnett."

"Ratificatione and dispositioun be the aires of Mr Zacharias Boyd to the Colledge of Glasgow "dated the 9th and 10th June 1654 yearis."—(*Munimenta*, Vol. I., pp. 306—17.)

## NOTE 24.

"In the end of 1652, he (Mr. Boyd) crowned all by a Deed of Mortification in their favour (the College), in which, reserving the life-rent, after his own death, to his spouse, he conveyed to the College almost the whole of his property. —(*Blackhouse's Inventory*, No. 474, and *Dillon's*, C. 1, s.)

There are some points connected with this deed, on which contradictory statements have been made, that it would be desirable, if possible, to clear up; and first what was the actual amount of benefit which the College derived from it. The sums enumerated in his Deed of Mortification, as ultimately to fall to the College, are the following:—

A Bond by the Earl of Loudoun	
for - - 6000 Merks principal,	
and 1000 - - interest.	
Do. Earl of Glen-	
cairn, - 5000 - -	
Do. Sir Wm.	
Muire, Row-	
allan, - 8000 - -	

A Bond by Sir Geo. Maxwell, Neather Pollok, for 3000 Merks principal.

Do. The Estates of Scotland, 900 - -

Do. Ross of Broomhill, (£500) - 750 - -

making in all a sum of 24,650 merks Scots, or about £1370 sterling.

In the Records of the College, of date 24th February, 1655, (Clerk's Press, No. 7, p. 95), is a resolution declaring Mr. Zachary Boyd to have mortified towards the building of the University, the sum of 17,000 merks, in bonds due by Glencairn, Rowallan, and Neather Pollok, in all 16000, and by Caldwell, 1000. In this enumeration, it is obvious, Caldwell's 1000 merks is substituted for Broomhill's £500; while the bonds of the Estates of Scotland and of the Earl of Loudoun are altogether omitted. Of the omission of Lord Loudoun's bond, we shall presently have occasion to speak more particularly. That of the bond by the Estates of Scotland, which bears date 1st July, 1646, (*Dillon's Inventory*, C. 1, 5), derives a ready explanation from the history of the period.

It has been said that Mr. Boyd's property in money was divided, in terms of his Will, between his relict and the College. This statement, however, except in so far as regards the moveables, —(see Account of Executrie and Moveable Goods printed by Mr. Neil, p. v. of Appendix,)—is erroneous, both as regards the terms of the Will, and the actual arrangement. The resolution of 24th Febr., 1655, above referred to, explains the reasons why it was thought advisable, instead of adhering to the terms of the mortification, by which the widow was to have had the life-rent of the whole 17,000 merks, to pay her down seven years' purchase of her life-rent, out of Rowallan's bond; and accordingly a contract to this effect was regularly executed.—(*Dillon's Inv. Co* 1, 12.) As the value of the seven years' purchase amounted to 7150 merks, there would remain over for behoof of the College, the sum of 9850 Merks. No time was

lost in applying this sum to the re-edification of the College. The author of the memoir already referred to, says that "to Mr. Zachary's splendid legacy we appear to be chiefly indebted for the present elegant buildings of the College, which were mostly erected under the care of Principal Gillespie during the period of the Commonwealth." But, though Mr. Boyd's legacy certainly constituted a very large item, it cannot, with truth, be said, that it was the chief means of carrying on this work. In the "Count of the moneys bestowed upon the building of the College of Glasgow, in the years of God 1655-56," (No. 15 of Clerk's Press, p. 1), the following items of charge appear as left by "umq. Mr. Z. Boyd," viz.:

Addebted by Earl of			
Glencairn, -	£3333	6	8
" Sir George Maxwell, -	2000	0	0
" Laird of Caldwell, -	666	13	4
" — of Rowallan, -	660	0	0

which makes a total of £6659 . 19 . 8 out of a whole charge of £23326 . 10 . 8 received during these two years alone, independently of large previous and subsequent contributions.\*

## NOTE 25.

"By the 21st of April (1653) the College is found actively engaged in the legal measures which had been recommended as necessary or expedient for securing its succession to Mr. Boyd's property.—(See "Summons, the Principal, Professors and Regents of the Universitie of Glasgow ag<sup>st</sup> the Heirs of Mr. Zacharie Boyd," of date above mentioned, and "Inhibition," &c., of date a few days later, among un-inventoried papers.) And in a receipt by Margaret & Janet Fleming, & Kathrine Vallance, &c., for legacies bequeathed to them by Mr. Boyd, bearing date 17th Dec., 1653, (same bundle,) his reliet is already design-

\* "From No. 15 of Clerk's Press, p. 262, of date 2nd December, 1658, it appears that up to that time the Building account stood as follows:—Total Charge, £35862; Discharge, £35857; Rests, say £5."—(Deeds Instituting Bursaries, &c., pp. 35-36.) (We think these sums for building refer to Scots money.—Ed.)

nated "spouse to Mr. James Durham." In the January following, the arrangements by which Mr. Boyd's heirs portioners were induced to take the requisite legal steps for corroborating the College's right to the succession, were adjusted.—(*Dillon's Inventory*, C. 1, 9-10.) (Deeds Instituting Bursaries, &c., p. 39.)

## NOTE 26.

"Account of Executry and Movable Goods, &c.

Jany. 24, 1655. Account of Mr. Zachary Boid's Executry and Movable Goods, as the same was divided in two equall halves, betwixt the Colledge and his reliet; besides his Bookes, which were left to the Colledge, and the household plenishing, which was left to his reliet.

<i>Imprimis</i> , Of byrun sti-	<i>lb.</i>	
pends owing by		
the town of Glas-		
gow, preceding		
the crop 1653,	2198	00 00
Item, The stipend of the		
crop 1653, -	0576	00 00
Item, One year's annuell		
—of eleven thou-		
sand merks, ow-		
ing by Rowal-		
land, - -	0440	00 00
Item, Bygon annuels of		
the sum of five		
thousand marks,		
owing by the		
Earle of Glen-		
cairn, - -	0833	06 08
Item, Two years' annuell		
of the sum of six		
thousand merks,		
owing by the		
Earle of Lon-		
don, - -	0480	00 00
<i>Suma totalis</i> of the		
movables, -	4527	06 08
CHARGE,.....Inde		
the Colledge half		
is, - -	2263	13 04

Of the sum of 2263 <sup>lib.</sup> 13 <sup>sh.</sup> 4 <sup>d.</sup> the Colledge have received payment of the particulars hereafter mentioned.					
<i>Imprimis</i> , Half of the bygon stipends owing by the toun of Glasgow,					
<i>Inde</i> , - -	1099	00	00		
Item, Half of the stipend, crop 1653, <i>Inde</i> ,	0288	00	00		
Item, Half of the annu-els, addebtet by Rowalland,					
<i>Inde</i> , - -	0220	00	00		
<i>Suma</i> , -	1607	00	00		
Payed 412 <sup>lib.</sup> 10 <sup>sh.</sup> Item,					
There rests owing by the Earle of Glencairne,	0416	13	04		
Item, There rests owing by the Earle of Loudon,	-	0240	00	00	
<i>Suma</i> , -	0656	13	04		
DISCHARGE.					
<i>Imprimis</i> , Halfe of the expenses de- pured in legall pursute, conform to an particular accmpt, extend- ing to 74 5 0.					
<i>Inde</i> the half is,	37	02	6		
Item, To Mr. Iohn Spreull, for his paines in attend- ing and pursuing the payment of the bygon sti- pends, - -	66	03	4		
Item, Half of an accmpt owing by the defunct to Iohn Luke, extending in whole to 66 <sup>lib.</sup> 13 4. <i>Inde</i> the half is, - -	33	06	8		
Item, Half of the pittie compts depured by the relict, ex- tending in whole to 192 <sup>lib.</sup> 6 8. <i>Inde</i> the half is,	96	03	4		
Item, The legacies to Mr. Zachary his two servants, -	36	00	0		
Item, The legacies payed to Jonnet and Margaret Fleem- ing, to Catharin Vallance, and Mr. Zachary Wilky, to each of them four, an hundreth merks. <i>Inde</i> , - -	266	13	4		
Item, A bond of 400 <sup>lib.</sup> to Glanderstoun,	400	00	0		
Item, Given by the Col- ledge, in com- position to the Airts portioners of um <sup>lo</sup> Mr. Zacharie Boyd, for their good will, and enter- ing Aires to cor- roberat the Col- ledge right, -	666	13	0		
Item, Given to them for charges of the service and re- tures, - -	030	00	4		
Item, Given for annuell of 500 merks, from Whitson- day 1654 to Candlemas 1655, to Charles Hall, till his composi- tion was payed, conform to the Colledge band, -	015	00	0		
Memorandum, that the whol is to repay to the Col- ledge, the half of the above men- tioned 66 <sup>lib.</sup> 03 <sup>sh.</sup> 4 <sup>d.</sup> given for Mr. Ion. Spreules paines.					
<i>Summa</i> , 1647	02	6			
Neather Pollok Rector. Patrik Gillespie, R. Bailie, Io. Young, Ia. Vetch, Pat. Young, Stn. Burnet, Geo. Sanclar.					

Whilk soume of 1647<sup>lib.</sup> 02<sup>sh.</sup> 06<sup>d.</sup> being deduced from the total of 2263<sup>lib.</sup> 13<sup>sh.</sup> 4<sup>d.</sup> ther rests 616<sup>lib.</sup> 10<sup>sh.</sup> 10<sup>d.</sup> free money, made of Mr. Zacharia's executrie, to be given in, when it shall be payed to James Lees, together with the 33<sup>lib.</sup> 06<sup>sh.</sup> 8<sup>d.</sup> resting by the relit; in whole 649<sup>lib.</sup> 17<sup>sh.</sup> 6<sup>d.</sup> which is to be charged upon the account of the money applied to the wall building.

*Memorandum*, that after \* \* \* of Mr. Zacharia's Discharges to the Erle of Glencairne, there will be resting by him only 825<sup>lib.</sup> so that there is to (be) deduced from the soume totall 8<sup>lib.</sup> 6<sup>sh.</sup> 8<sup>d.</sup> *Inde*, to be deduced of the Colledge halfe, 4<sup>lib.</sup> 3<sup>sh.</sup> 4<sup>d.</sup>—(*Printed from the original MS. in the Archives of the University.*—App. prefixed to "Last Battell of the Soule," 1831.)

## NOTE 27.

"Assignment to four thousand merkes in Loudons hand for printing my workes.

"Be it kend to all men be thir present lettres me M. Zachary Boyd minister at the Baronie kirk of Glasgow forsameikle as by a band of the dait of six hundreth threttie six wherin the most noble John Lord of Loudon with his cautioneres David Dunbar of Enterkin John Lockhart of Bar Hew Dunbar Mr Andrew Dalrumple owe to me the sume of six thousand merkes, I by thir presentis assigne and dispone four thousand merkes thirof to the Colledge of Glescow for the printing of my workes, and that this be done faithfully by the sight of the Facultie; for this end I give my full power unto the Facultie of the Colledge for to uplift the fairsaid sume of four thousand merkes, and that all the books that shall be printed belong to him whom the Facultie shall find fittest to revise the workes; Reserving always full power to annul the same when I please except on my death bed . . . In witness wherof I have writen and subscribed these presentis with my hand at Glescow the sixteenth day of Januar a thousand six hundreth forty eight yeiris. M. Zachary Boyd."—(*Munimenta*, Vol. I., p. 293 )

## NOTE 28.

"For the Colledge of Glescow—Glenearnes band.

"Be it kend to all men be thir present lettres me M. Zachary Boyd Minister at the Baronie Kirk of Glescow, forsameikle as by a band of the daite of the yeare of God a thousand six hundreth fourtie five yeares wherein the right noble Earle of Glenearne with his cautioneris the Lord Boyd, the laird of Robertland, Sir William Cochran of Coudon owe to me the sume of five thousand merkes, I by thir presentis assignes and disposes these fyve thousand merkes to the Colledge of Glescow for to be employed by them for printing of my workes, and that by the sight of my Lord Boyd and of the Ministers of Glescow and of the Baronie and of my brother Glanderstoune, and for the like effect I give them full power to uplift all that belongs to me undisposed to otheris after my decease and the decease of my wife whom I intend not to hurt in any thing that is due to her by her contract of marriage. My will is that the colledge dispose upon all the bookes according to their pleasure in rewarding him who shall be appointed by them to revise my workes . . . In witness wherof I have writen and subscribed these presentis with my hand at Glescow the eleventh of December a thousand six hundreth fourtie eight yeires. M. Zachary Boyd.

My desire is that every one of the foresaid persones get one of the bookes after they are printed. M. Zachary Boyd."—(*Munimenta*, Vol. I., p. 294.)

## NOTE 29.

"Assignment be Mr Zachary Boyd of Eight Thousand Merkes to be employed in building the Fore Pairt of the Colledge.

"Be it kend to all men be thir present letters, me Mr Zachary Boyd Minister at the Barronie Kirk of Glasgow, forsameikle as by contract mad betwixt the Laird of Rewallan elder on the one part, and me and Margaret Mure my spouse on the other part, the said Laird wodset sold and disposed to us our heirs and



assignayes the lands of the barronie of Rewallan under reversion alwayes redeemable from us by the said Laird his heirs or assignayes by payement of the summe of Eight Thousand Merkes, And now for the love and affection I have to the Colledge of Glascow I have assigned and disposed by thir presents.....the foresaid summe of Eight Thousand Merkes after my decease and my wives, to be employed in building the Fore Pairt of the Colledge above the Gate of the Second Entrie whereby we enter into the Secund Cloiss; and give the said Colledge full power to uplift the same, and graunt lawfull redemption of the forsaid lands, and so oft as the forsaid summe shall be uplifted I graunt the same pairt to the foresaid Colledge, and this on condition that thir be no heirs begotten of mine owne body, and also that I may annull the same at any tyme I please except on my deathbed. And also it is here provided that the two severall chambers of the said building shall be at the dispositioun of him who is the chiefe man of the name of Boyd, and therefore desires that he see the premisses well effectuate.....In wittenesse whereof I have written and subscribed these presents with my hand at Glascow, the ninth of November a thousand six hundreth fourtie six yeeres. M. Zacharie Boyd."—(*Munimenta*, Vol. III., p. 489.)

## NOTE 30.

This reviewer farther states—"Many particulars of Mr. Boyd's history might, we think, be discovered by a careful examination of the private papers of some branches of the Pinkill family. This, we submit, is matter of sufficient importance to warrant a search by those who have access to such documents."—(*Ayrshire Advertiser Newspaper*, 1832.) Wodrow had collected materials for a life of our Author, but did not live to undertake it.

## NOTE 31.

The Boyds of Pinkill and Trochrigg were descended from Adam Boyd, third son of Alexander, the second son of Lord Robert Boyd the famous chamber-

lain of Scotland in the minority of James III. Mark Alexander Boyd a Latin Poet of considerable eminence born 13th Jany 1562, and died April 1601, was a son of Adam Boyd of Pinkill. Mr. Baillie says "Marcus Alexander Bodius that excellent Poet as I knew it of his brother and nephewes was, I suppose, born near to us and bred with us,"—"29 Sept. 1631 Adam Boyd of Pinkell" appears a donor towards the new buildings of the Colledge and Library 20 *lib*.

## NOTE 32.

One writer (M<sup>r</sup> Vean) states Mr. Boyd's birth "as *sometime before the year 1590*," a second, (Neil) as "*considerably previous to 1590*," and a third, (Deeds Instituting Bursaries, &c., p. 33) "that he must have been born *shortly before 1590*." All these conjectures must now, however, give way to his own statement. In his Dedication of the first volume of the "Garden of Zion" to "Charles Prince of Wales," dated from "Glasgow, the 28 of May, 1644," he says, "*Accept of this little with my blessing, an Old Servant of God now drawing neere my threescore*." It may reasonably be presumed from the expression, "*drawing neere*," that he was then, at least, 58 years of age, and having died in 1653, makes his entire age 67, and throws back the date of his birth to 1586—with the most probability, it may be fixed in the year 1585, as the writer has assumed.

## NOTE 33.

"Zachary Boyd studied in the University of St. Andrews, from the year 1603 to 1607, when he took the Degree of Master of Arts."—(*Miscellany of the Maitland Club*, 1840, Part II., vol. ii., p. 123.) A letter to Principal Boyd of Trochrig, from David Boyd in 1605, mentions, "There is a friend of yours Zacharie Boyd who will pass his course at the Colledge within two years."—which must be understood of the University of St. Andrews, not that of Glasgow as formerly.

## NOTE 34.

In a paper ascribed to the late Rev. Dr. Porteous, Minister of St. George's Church, Glasgow, written about 65 years ago, he says—"Prior to the Reformation this town derived its consequence chiefly from being the seat of an Archbishop, and from the Cathedral Church, to which a number of dignified Clergy belonged. After it was deprived of the splendour of the ancient religious establishment, Glasgow was reckoned but an inconsiderable place, inferior in point of wealth, and perhaps of population to several towns in Scotland. For more than twenty years after the memorable change in the religious establishment, the whole inhabitants within the royalty, and those of the barony formed only one parish, and assembled all in one place for religious worship on Sunday. In the *NOVA ERECTIO* of the College by King James VI. in 1577, we find the phrase the *minister of Glasgow*, which implies there was then only one clergyman in it. This, as appears from an authentic record, was Mr. David Weems, who had the sole charge of the town and country parish till 1587, when Mr. John Couper was appointed his Colleague."

About the year 1590, it would appear that the parish had become too populous for one church, for the magistrates, in concert with the prior of Blantyre, (the predecessor of the noble family of that title), who was then titular of the teinds in virtue of a grant from the crown, agreed to have a minister established in the Tron Church, and Mr. John Bell, a regent of the College, was accordingly ordained to that charge in 1592, and continued in it to a very great age. By desire, he preached at the opening of the famous Assembly held in Glasgow in 1638, and died in 1641. Not long after Mr. Bell's appointment to the Tron Kirk, the inhabitants of the "Paroch of Glasgow, without the town and territory of the samen," applied to have a minister of their "awin for their weale." This application was granted "by the synodal assembly of ministers holden in Glasgow for causes contained in their act." In consequence thereof, Mr. Alexander

Rowat was admitted minister of the barony in July, 1595, and preached to his congregation in the "laigh barony Kirk."—(App. to M'Ure's Hist. of Glasgow, p. 331.) The interior of this Church, as it was seen in John M'Ure's days, in 1736, is thus described by him:—"The baronry Kirk, which is exactly under the inner-Kirk, in time of popery, was only a burial place, in which it is said St. Mungo the founder is buried; it is of length 108 foot, and 72 foot wide; it is supported with 65 pillars, some of which are 18 foot in circumference; the height of each pillar from the floor to the roof of the baronry kirk, is 18 foot; it is illuminated with 41 windows, and is accommodated with three lofts, and 69 pews or seats, each containing six, seven, or eight persons for conveniency to hear sermon." Pennant notices it, in 1769, in the following terms:—"Deep underground is another, in which is also divine service, where the congregation may truly say, *Clamavi é profundis* (Out of the depths, O Lord, have I cried unto thee). The roof is fine, made of stone and supported by pillars, but the beauty much hurt by the crowding of the pews." An aged person speaks to the "best of her recollection, of the pulpit having been situated at the south side, and immediately west of the south door of entrance to the Church." Probably little or no change had occurred in the internal arrangements, from the time of being set apart as a place of worship, till it was abandoned in 1801. An extract from one of our Author's Sermons, preached on 3d May, 1628, affords us a little specimen of the sentiments which were then echoing amongst its pillars and arches:—"Tell me, I pray you, if his Majestie should cause proclaime at your crosse, that who in Burgh and Baronie should come to the *church yard* at such an houre, they should have both their houses and lands made free for their lifetime, and that without any cost; and that who came not should be deprived of the gift.—Alas! who amongst you would be absent? The creples who haunt not the Lord, his house would clinch out upon their stilts. The blind

would be feet to the creples, and the creples would be eyes to the blind. O what a congregation should be seene. I think that neither *church* nor *church yard* should be able to containe the multitude." From several allusions in his works, he had preached there by the "*houre glasse*." As well as a place for public worship, it appears to have been used as a kind of Sabbath lounging retreat, which had become so notorious as to attract the attention of the Presbytery, who issued in 1644, "An Act discharging to go to the Barony Kirk on the Sabbath day, and Mr. Zachariah Boyd desired to inhibit them also." Again, in 1652, July 16, it is appointed "for one of the Session to wait on the Barony Kirk to notice the Town Boys that wander behind the pillars," who had probably discovered, that amid their mazes it was excellently adapted for playing at "*hide and seek*." For 206 years this portion of the Cathedral known as the *Crypt*, had served as a temple for the living instead of a receptacle for the dead.

## NOTE 35.

"Mr. Andrew Boyd, who was afterwards bishop of Argyle, this worthy man was the natural son of Thomas Lord Boyd, he was bred to the Church, and being ordained to the ministry, was settled at Eaglesholm upon a presentation from the earl of Eglinton, and was parson of Eaglesholm, and a member of the General Assembly of Glasgow anno 1610. In the year 1613 he was prefer'd to the bishoprick of Argyle. When he came to the see he found his diocess (says our countryman bishop Burnet in the preface to bishop Bedle's life, published by that learned prelate anno 1684), over-run with ignorance and barbarity, so that in many places the name of Christ was not so much as known, but he went about the apostolical work of planting the Gospel with a particular industry, and almost with equal success he got churches and schools rais'd, and endowed every where, and lived to see a great blessing on his endeavours. He died in the eighty year of his age, on 21st December, 1636, and was inter'd in the churchyard of Dunoon,

where a plain monument was erected over his grave, bearing the inscription that he was thus inter'd."—(*M'Ure's Hist. of Glasgow*, 1736. Edit. M'Vean, p. 196)

## NOTE 36.

Wodrow has written an ample biography of this eminent Divine and Principal, Mr. Robert Boyd. He was born at Glasgow in 1578, and was the son of James Boyd, Archbishop of Glasgow, and Margaret, daughter of James Chalmers of Gaitgirth, chief of that name. After pursuing his studies chiefly at the University of Edinburgh, he repaired to France, where he simultaneously discharged the duties of Pastor and Professor at Saumur. King James heard of his worth and talents, and offered him the Principalsip of the University of Glasgow. On account of the difficulties relating to Episcopacy, he demitted office in 1621, was elected the following year Principal of the University of Edinburgh and one of the City Ministers, but dismissed by the tyrannical orders of King James. He seems to have spent the last years of his life in retirement, and died at Edinburgh, on 5th January, 1627, in the 49th year of his age. He was an extensive writer, but few of his works have been printed. That which is best known is his "*Prælectiones in Epistolam ad Ephesios*," which was published at London, 1652, folio, with a preface by Baillie. His merit as a Latin Poet justifies the opinion that, had he devoted himself more to this particular branch, he would have been one of the most elegant.

## NOTE 37.

Dr. John Strang was born at Irvine in 1584, and at 12 years of age, was sent to St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews, where he was placed under the care of his kinsman, Principal Wilkie. In 1613, he became Minister of Errol, and in 1617, had the Degree of D.D. conferred on him by King James. In 1626, he was translated to Glasgow as Principal of the College. His conduct at the General Assembly of Glasgow in 1638, exposed him to the suspicions of the Presbyterian party, and who seem also to have unjustly alleged

against him some charges of being unsound in the faith. In consequence of which, he resigned his office as Principal on 19th April, 1650, and devoted the remainder of his life to preparing his own works for the press. He died at Edinburgh on 20th June, 1654, in the 78th year of his age. In his Testament, dated 21st March, 1654, he left Mr. Baillie as the literary adviser of his executors to oversee the printing of his works, and the "soume of one thousand pundis (or £83 6s. 8d. sterling) to advance the printing thereof, and should this sum be insufficient, his executors were enjoined to supply the deficiency." These works were "*De Providentia, seu Voluntate Dei circa Peccatum, libri IV.*," Amstelodami, 1657. "*De Judice Controversiarum et Perfectione Scripturæ, cum Auctoris vita* (by Baillie), et *Opusculis Variis*," Rotterdami, 1663, 4to. He is represented by his Biographers as a man of great modesty and learning. He was thrice married, and had a numerous family, but only four daughters survived him, who, according to Baillie, were "eminent patterns of piety, prudence, and other virtues." The "Presbytery and Sessions" of Glasgow, "March 23, 1626, (the year he was installed Principal), Grants leave to Dr. Strang to build a seat for his wyfe in the Laigh Kirk."

## NOTE 38.

Robert Baillie, D.D., was born in the Saltmarket of Glasgow, on Friday, 30th April, 1602. His father, Thomas Baillie, was a burgess, and probably a merchant in the City, and was a younger son of Robert Baillie of Jerviston, near Hamilton. His mother, Helen Gibson, was a daughter of Henry Gibson and of Annabella Forsyth. He was twice married; first, to Lillias Fleming of the family of Cardarroch, in the parish of Cadder, and second to Helen Strang, widow of Robert Wilkie, one of the Ministers of Glasgow, and daughter of Principal Strang. Having qualified himself, he was inducted minister of Kilwinning about 1631, and appointed joint Professor of Divinity in

1642, in the University of Glasgow, and promoted to be Principal on 23d January, 1661. He died at Glasgow towards the end of August, 1662, in the 61st year of his age, thus enjoying only for a short time the honour to which he had aspired. Of him, Wodrow says, "He may most justly be reckoned among the great men of this time, and was an honour to his country, for his profound and universal learning, his exact and solid judgment, that vast variety of languages he understood to the number of twelve or thirteen, (among which were Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Samaritan, Arabic, and Ethiopic), and his writing a Latin style which became the Augustan age. He had been employed in much of the public business of the Church since the year 1637, and was a worthy member of the venerable Assembly at Westminster and London almost all the time of it, and hath left behind him a very large account of matters, both of Church and State." These extensive collections of MS. Journals and Letters have been ably edited by David Laing, Esq., and printed in three volumes, Edinburgh, 1841-2, which are a mine of valuable information to the student of Scottish history relating to that period. One little modest flower may be culled from a scarce Pamphlet (*Memoirs of the Life of James Mitchell of Dykes, in the Parish of Ardrossan, Edit. Glasgow, 1759, p. 88*), to deck the grave of Baillie.—"June 11, 1644. It pleased the Lord in great mercy to call to himself by death my dear and gracious son Mr. James, being Tuesday, in the morning about an hour after the sun-rising, in the year of his age twenty-three years; he was made master in Glasgow in the eighteenth year of his age—the Lord blessed his pains and diligence in a good measure. Mr. Robert Baillie, Minister in Kilwinning, shewed him great kindness, both by the loan of his books, by his counsel, and by an ordinary and frequent account taken of his studies."

## NOTE 39.

Dr. Dibdin remarks, "It should seem from Dr. Lees' report, that in the year



1563, the whole establishment (of the College) is described in Queen Mary's Charter as presenting a very mean and unfinished appearance. In 1630, perhaps under the stimulating energies of Zachary Boyd, a most decided onward improvement was made, from the purses of private individuals." (*Bibliographical Tour*, p. 709.) About the latter date, the early structure had likely become much dilapidated, and no doubt inconvenient for the purposes required. The necessity, therefore, existed for some active measures being taken, and during the course of about 30 years from 1630, the new buildings appear to have been erected, seemingly in their most important parts, under the Principalship of Gillespie, 1652-60. Baillie, who had been a spectator of the operations, writes "Dec. 1, 1655, (about two years and eight months after Mr. Boyd's death) Mr. Patrick Gillespie before the end of the year dyed, two or three hours something on the first of Ezechiel; but his maine task was, that which he goes about very weell, the building of a very fair house on *Mr. Zacharie Boyd's legacie*; this he does so that no man can do it better." An Act of the Moderators, 14 January, 1656, empowered them to borrow to the extent of five thowsand markes "for the payment of waiges or anie other necessar materials and requisites to the buildings." Some of Principal Gillespie's building proceedings had given Mr. Baillie much offence. In a letter to Spang, 1658, he says, "For our College we have no redress of our discipline and teaching. Mr. Gillespie's work is building and pleas. With the din of masons, wrights, carters, smiths, we are vexed every day. Mr. Gillespie alone for vanity to make a new quarter in the College, has cast down my house to build up another of greater show, but for worse accommodation. In the meantime, for one full year I will be and am exceedingly incommode, which I bear because I cannot help it, and also because Mr. Gillespie had strange ways of getting money for it by his own industry alone. An order he got from the Protector of 500 pound sterling, but for an ill office in the country. His delation of

so much concealed rent yearly of the crown, also the vacancy of all churches wherein the College had interest; this breeds clamour as the unjust spoil of churches and incumbents—upon these foundations are our palaces builded, but withal our debts grow, and our stipends are not paid, for by his continual laying our rent is mouldered away." The Principal had pushed measures the length of changing the economy of the bursars' tables, and in 1658, "when *Mr. Zacharia's three* were turned to two, they would be but 90 pounds a piece." Mr. Baillie, after further dilating on some instances of the Principal's exertions to raise funds, mentions, 31st January, 1661, "We should have been glad he (the Principal) had rested here, but his nixt motion was to pull down the whole forework of the Colledge, the high Hall and Arthurlie, very good houses, all newly dressed at a great charge. I was very grieved at this not only totallie needless but hurtfull motion, and got the most of our number to be in my mind, though he offered to get it builded without any cost to the Colledge out of the remainder of *Mr. Zacharie Boyd's Mortification, eight thousand merks* in my Lord Loudon's hands, the vacancies of kirks, and other means he would procure." The seeming distress into which the Principal had plunged the Moderators and all concerned is pathetically represented by Baillie in a letter to Sharp, 1661, "For the time there be two favours I entreat from you, first, that you would help our College in its very great necessity. This year we kept no table, not one master of us has got a sixpence of stipend, nor will yet in haste; For our last years table a thousand pound is yet auchtand, and the prodigal wastery of Mr. Gillespie has put us above 25000 merks of debt. Dear James, help your old friends out of beggary and dyvoury if you can." Notwithstanding Mr. Baillie's dolorous complaints and the temporary embarrassments which were the consequence to him and to his colleagues, the probability is that it was only Principal Gillespie, of enterprising and so far reckless dispositions, who was capable of conceiving and carrying on the

magnificent project of the erection of a new University, and to his efforts posterity may, in a great measure, consider themselves indebted for that august pile of building which has so long resisted the tear and wear of the elements. Who was its architect? if ever it had any regular one, is not known. The Royal Arms, above the arched gateway fronting High Street, bear C(harles) R(ex) 2, which must have been set up after the Restoration.

## NOTE 40.

"The Laird of Glanderstone left two sons—William his successor, and James of Ballybregach, in the County of Down, who was a Captain in his uncle Clanboyes' regiment of horse in 1642. He also left six daughters, all of whom were married. Of these, Janet was the wife of the Rev. John Carstairs, who attended the Laird of Caldwell on his disastrous expedition in 1666. She became the mother of the celebrated William Carstairs, Chaplain and Scottish Secretary to King William III., principal adviser of that Monarch in settling the affairs of Scotland at the Revolution, and one of the ablest and most patriotic of Scottish statesmen. The other daughters were Ursula, married to William Ralston of that ilk; Jean to John Hamilton of Hallcraigs, nephew of Lord Clanboyes, and her first cousin; Margaret, who married first, the Rev. Zachariah Boyd, minister of the Barony of Glasgow, one of the most distinguished divines of that eventful age of the Scottish Church; secondly, the Rev. James Durham, a little less celebrated minister of the same church; Agnes married William Porterfield of Quarrelton; Elizabeth, married the Rev. Alexander Dunlop, her son, by whom was William Dunlop, Principal of the University of Glasgow." (Selections from the Family Papers preserved at Caldwell, Part I., p. 25.—Glasgow, 1854. Presented to the Maitland Club, by William Mure of Caldwell.)

## NOTE 41.

"Item. Novr., 1647, payit to Mr. Zachary Boyd the annuel rent of ane

thousand lib, for ane Zeir and ane half preceeding Mertimes, 1647, 100 0 0." "Such entries alone, (in reference to the Caldwell affairs), either relative to principal or interest, have here been noted as seemed to illustrate the value of money at this period. The ordinary rate of interest or "annuel rent" as it is here called, appears to have been from 6 to 7 per cent." (Selections from the Caldwell Papers, Part I., p. 128.)

## NOTE 42.

Baillie writes, 4 June, 1658, "Good Mr. Durhame has kept his chamber above these four moneths, and his bed more than this moneth of a lent (slow) feaver and defluxion that puts his life in great hazard."—(Letters, Vol. III., p. 368.) Baillie, who had a high respect for Mr. Durham, was a hearer of his Lectures on the Revelation, and assisted in passing through the press, three or four months after Mr. Durham's death, the "Commentarie upon the Book of the Revelation," &c.—London, 1658, folio.

## NOTE 43.

This interesting relic was in 1831 in the possession of Andrew Ranken, Esquire, Merchant in Glasgow.—4to., London, printed by John Field, 1648, with a "brieve Concordance or Table to the Bible of the Last Translation, carefullie perused and enlarged, by Mr. John Down-name, B. in Divinitie, London, printed by the Assignees of Clement Cotton"—and Psalms "Printed at Edinburgh, by George Mossman, MDCXCIII." On title page, "*emptus 8 lib.*" and some Greek, the translation of which is, *God is the beginning and end of all*—*M. Zacharias Bodius*. The text of the Bible is liberally interspersed with MS. Critical Notes, Comments, and various readings of the translation, and at the end of the Concordance is a large supplement of observations on particular passages of Scripture. From an inscription on the Book, it appears to have been the gift of Miss Paisley, to the late Rev. Dr. Ranken, Minister of the North-West Church, Glasgow.

## NOTE 44.

"The Dean of Faculties is elected annually, on the 1st of May, by the Senate. His office is usually held for two years, and by virtue of it, he is to give directions with regard to the course of study, and to judge together with the Rector, Principal and Professors, of the qualifications of those who desire to be created Masters of Arts, Doctors of Divinity," &c. (University Calendar, 1844-5, p. 12.)

## NOTE 45.

"The Rector is annually elected by the Dean of Faculties, the Professors and the Matriculated Students of the University. \* \* \* It is the duty of the Rector to preserve the rights and privileges of the University, to convoke those meetings in which he presides, to enforce discipline, and with his Assessors to exercise that academical jurisdiction amongst the students themselves, or between the students and citizens, which is bestowed upon most of the Universities in Europe." (University Calendar, p. 10—11.)

## NOTE 46.

These Visitations on which Mr. Boyd was appointed along with a Committee of Noblemen, Gentlemen, Ministers and Elders, were generally for the purposes of investigating the secular affairs of the University—taking cognizance of the Teachers therein, and suggesting improvements on its educational systems.

## NOTE 47.

"The Officer of the highest dignity in the University is the Chancellor, who is elected by the Senate. The Chancellor is the head of the University, and by himself or his deputy, has the sole privilege of conferring Academical Degrees upon persons found qualified by the Senate. His office is held during life. During the establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland, it was held by the Archbishops of Glasgow."—(University Calendar, p. 10.)

## NOTE 48.

"In 1653 Mr. Zachary Boyd founded three Bursaries for Students in Divinity. They are tenable for two or for four years—value £5 per annum each. The Patrons of two are the Members of the City Council, and the appointment of the third is vested in the Merchants' House of Glasgow."—(University Calendar, p. 48.) The Deeds constituting these Bursaries will be found at length in "*Deeds Instituting Bursaries*," &c., pp. 40—47.

## NOTE 49.

"Glasgow the second of the Universities of Scotland, was founded in 1450—1, forty years after St. Andrews, and about the same length of time before Aberdeen. It had the Papal privilege of a *Studium Generale*, the then technical term for a University, and a foundation by the Pope after the mode of his own ancient University of Bologna."—(Munimenta, Vol. IV., p. 12.) "The Library of the University was founded a few years after the Institution itself. Its beginnings were exceedingly small, and it was not until the seventeenth century that it assumed form or shape. The total collection now amounts to more than 60000 volumes, including many exquisite editions of the Classics, and some valuable manuscripts and curiosities. Among the latter is the manuscript paraphrase of the Bible, by the well known Mr. Zachary Boyd, who was a great benefactor of the University, and whose bust surmounts one of the gateways in the inner court of the College. Amongst the names of its early benefactors is found that of George Buchanan, who, it appears, presented to the College twenty volumes, chiefly of the Greek Classics."—(Sketch of the History of Glasgow, by James Pagan. Glasgow, 1847, p. 121.)

## NOTE 50.

"Mr Zacharie Boyds Disposition of his Books to the Colledge of Glasgow.

"I Mr Zacharie Boyd, preacher of God's word at the Barronie Kirk of Glasgow, for the care I have of the advancement of learning, and my singular love

and respect to the seminarie of good letters in the Colledge of Glasgowe, have doted and given, likas I by thir presents dotes and gives to the said Colledge of Glasgow, my bookes and volumes, as Arias Montanus Hebrew Bible;—Junius Bible;—A French Bible;—Two English Bibles, one of Andro Harts impression, the other printed at London;—Perkins Works;—Chemnitius Harmonie;—Synopsis Physicae;—Bellarmins Controversies;—Bellarmini Opuscula;—Bezas Grit New Testament in Greek and Latin with Notes;—Rhemes New Testament;—Aretius upon the New Testament;—Chemnitius upon the Council of Trent etc. and all other bookes that it shall happen me to have at my decease: The whilk books I ordaine and dote to be given unto the Colledge of Glasgow by my heirs or executors; I reserving always to me in mine owne hand to anull or dispose of the said bookes at my pleasure in any time coming except it be on my death bed. In witness wherof I have writen and subscribed thir presents, At Glasgow, the fifteen day of November a thousand six hundreth thirtie sevin yeirs. M. Zacharie Boyd.”—(Munimenta, Vol. III., p. 423.)

## NOTE 51.

[“Act of the Moderators anent Mr Zachary Boyds Bequests and ordaining a Marble Statue of him to be erected.]

“At the Colledge of Glasgow, the 24th of Februarij, j<sup>m</sup> vj<sup>o</sup> fifty fyve: The Moderators of the University of Glasgow taking to their serious consideratioune, that whereas the deceast Mr Zachary Boyd, Minister of the Barony Kirk of Glasgow, hath mortified towards the Building of the Fabrick of the said University the sowme of Seavintene Thowsand merks, quhair of thair is adebted by William Erle of Glencairne, fyve thowsand merks; by the Lairds of Rowallane, aught thowsand merks; by the Laird of Nather-Pollok, thrie thowsand merks; by Caldwell, ane thowsand merks, with power to Margaret Mure his relict to uplift the principall summs during hir lityme, shoe being also provided to the lyferent thair of: And yet in regard thair occurs at this tyme more

than ordinary haisard in the security of moneyes throw the irresponsablnes of debtors and other incidences of the like nature, to which the aforesaid mortified sowmes are like to be more lieable throw the exchange of security that may hap-pine; And being most desireous not to frustrat the laudable and exemplary intentione of the Benefactor by exposing the sowmes mortified to so great uncertaintyes and haizards; And considering that the Old Buildings of the Colledge ar so ruinous as that they are not only vastly expensive to be upheld bot likely every winter to fall to the ground; And that thair is also mortified towards the same use of building the sowme of two thowsand merks by Johne and Robert Flemyns, quich by the will of the mortifiers comes not to be payable untill the New Building be advanced: THEREFORE the Moderators forsaid doe declare thair resolution and purpose to goe on to ane present applicatioune of these mortified sowmes towards the Building and Fabrick aforesaid: And because the relict aforesaid hes right in liferent to the haill sowmes, therefore the Moderators aforesaid doe hereby condiseend to allow the Laird of Rowallane his band quhilk is ane pairt of the aforesaid seavintene thowsand merks, being seavine years purchase for hir liferent, shoe paying into the Colledge the superplus of quhat is contained in that band over and above seavine years purchase: And it is hereby appoynted that the Superplus of Rowallans bond, being aught hundred and fifty merks more than payeth the composition with the relict for hir liferent, be uplifted together with the rest of the sums fore-mentioned, and applied for New Buildings in the Colledge, which the Moderators foresaid have resolved to beginne this spring. The Moderators further ordaine that the Statue of the said Mr. Zacharias Boyd done on marble be set up in some convenient place of the said New Building with an Inscriptione in good letters bearing the munificence of the said Mr. Zacharias towards this University. G. M. Neatherpollok, Rec-tor; Patrik Gillespie, R. Baillie, Jo.



Young, Ja. Vetch, Patrik Young, An. Burnet, Geo. Sinclair."—(Munimenta, Vol. III., p. 492.) The bust referred to as a work of art may be considered but an ordinary production, though, after having stood exposed now exactly 200 years, time has, without doubt, blunted much of its effect. It may, however, be yet esteemed as a memorial possessing great interest.—(See *Frontispiece*.)

## NOTE 52.

"Cowcaddens and Cow Lone—It was by this lone that Oliver Cromwell marched his troops into Glasgow by the old Roman road, now called Dobies Lone, after he heard that the Loyalists, then called Remonstrants, had filled the vaults of the Archbishopal Palace with gunpowder, &c., on purpose to blow up his army, as they passed the wall of the Castle, then in a state of defence."—(*History of Glasgow*, by Andrew Brown, Vol. II., p. 86.)

## NOTE 53.

The Ministers of Glasgow had not soon recovered from the panic of their flight at Cromwell's first visit. He paid them a *second*, about six months afterwards, and their faith appears as weak as on the first occasion, only they had not time to withdraw from the City. The following may be quoted entire as a curious document, shewing the state of feeling of both parties as it existed—Letter—"From your brethren the Ministers of the place, For Mr Robert Douglas, April 22, 1651. For preventing of mistakes we have thought meet to advertise you that Cromwell having come to Hamilton on Friday late, and to Glasgow on Saturday with the body of his army, sooner than *with safety we could well have retired*. On Sunday forenoon he came unexpectedly to the High Inner Church, where he quietly heard Mr. Robert Ramsay preach a very good honest sermon pertinent for his case. In the afternoon he came as unexpectedly to the High Outer Kirk, where he heard Mr. John Carstairs lecture, and Mr. James Durham preach graciously and well to the time as

could have been desired. Generally all who preached that day in the town gave a fair enough testimony against the sectaries. That night some of the army were trying if the ministers would be pleased, of their own accord, to confer with their general. All of us did meet to advise, and after some debate we were content all to go and hear what would be said. When we came, he spoke long and smoothly, shewing the scandal himself and others had taken at the doctrine they had heard preached, especially that they were condemned, 1, as unjust invaders; 2, as contemnners, and trampers under foot of the ordinances; 3, as persecutors of the ministers of Ireland. That as they were unwilling to offend us by a public contradicting in the church, so they expected we would be willing to give them a reason when they craved it in private. We shewed our willingness to give a reason either for these three or what else was excepted against in any of our sermons. The time appointed for this was this day at two o'clock, at Cromwell's lodgings; but this morning he sent us word it would be to-morrow at that same time and place he would attend us. We trust, by the grace of God, not to speak for the disadvantage of the truth and cause in hand. Let the Lord make of this what he will, *we had no will to begin*, and have no pleasure to continue any conference with any of these men, but all of us conceive it was unavoidable, without a greater scandal to do what we have done. The Lord be with you." The result of this meeting is given in a letter by Baillie, who says, "How our conference with Cromwell was contrived, or for what ends, I may well guess, but can affirm nothing. It was put on us that we could not decline it. You will see the sum of it drawn by Mr. James Guthrie and Mr. Patrick Gillespie, the main speakers, *we had no disadvantage in the thing*." Cold comfort this, indeed, to the ministers' hopes and fears, who had probably found Cromwell and his officers as good debaters and skilful theologians as they were themselves. Cromwell was inclined to be favourable to the ministers of Scotland, whom, as a

body of men, he respected for their piety and intelligence, but whose prejudices made them look upon him, being a "Sec-tarie," or Independent, as a species of wild animal. To the antiquary, the house named "Cromwell's lodgings," in which these conferences took place, can now only be mentioned, it having been pulled down about 30 years ago, to widen and improve the street. It was situated in the Salt-market, opposite the entrance to Bridge-gate. From its once local celebrity, the following tracings of its history now become interesting. "We have every reason to believe that this house was built about two centuries ago, by Robert Campbell of Silvercraigs, formerly "of Elie," who married a daughter of James Stewart of Floak, and to whose son it belonged in 1664—this opinion, indeed, is, it may be said, confirmed by knowing that conspicuous on its front were placed, surmounted by the national arms, two sculptured shields, one of which bore the gyron quarterings of the family of Argyll, and the other the cognizances of the houses of Campbell and Stewart *party per pale*. The following brief history of the buiding, after it had passed out of the possession of the Campbells of Silvercraigs may be thought worthy of notice. We find that in 1703, it belonged to *Walter Scott, brother to the Laird of Roxburn*; in 1710, to *Sir Robert Pollock of Pollock*; in 1714, to *Alexander Hamilton of Cranskeath or Grange*; in 1716, to *James Montgomerie of Perston, late Bailie of Glasgow*; in 1734, to *Patrick Montgomerie, his heir*; in 1758, to the *Partners of the United Companies of the Wester and King Street Sugar Houses*; in 1766, to *Archibald MacGilchrist, Town Clerk of Glasgow*; in 1781, to *Donald MacGilchrist, his Son*; and in 1803, to *Mrs. Catherine MacGilchrist, Spouse of the Rev. Dr. Balfour, one of the Ministers of Glasgow, and others as heirs portioners of the said Donald MacGilchrist, their brother.*"—(*Views and Notices of Glasgow in Former Times*, by Robert Stuart. Glasgow, 1848, p. 99.) In addition to the particulars given, reminiscences carry back to the time, when, at a short distance to the eastward of the

house, there was a spacious garden well stocked with fruit trees, a handsome sundial in its centre, raised on a circular flight of steps, and all around, from the vicinity of the situation to the public Green, bore the appearance of much rural beauty. This garden had been originally part of the property attached to the house. The latter was, at the period referred to, entirely possessed by a tall stately independent looking gentleman, known from his legal office as "Clerk" MacGilchrist, to whom, in that quarter, all of inferior note paid some outward mark of respect, and who, with the true antiquarian spirit, would not permit an atom or vestige of its ancient features to be mutilated or impaired. This gentleman may be said to have been the latest occupier of the house worthy of it, which after his death was let out in portions to a variety of tenants, and made subservient to the ignoble purposes that degraded the last days of its fallen fortunes in being filled with second hand furniture, and other gatherings of brokers' merchandise. The building was of two stories, with high garret windows, massive and durable in its construction, and might have braved many centuries of time. While being pulled down, the writer had the curiosity to watch the progress of the demolition. Its chief beams and a great proportion of the interior linings, &c., were of excellent oak. The principal apartment where Cromwell must have held his *levées*, was large and commodious, and richly ornamented on the roof with stucco work. Modern improvements are gradually depriving us of such relics of antiquity, yet with some regret may we be permitted to cast a "longing, lingering look behind."

NOTE 54.

Mr. Gillespie was the first Minister at the opening of the Outer High Church, and was in high favour with Cromwell. When the latter visited Glasgow in 1650, he sent for the preacher, and entertained him hospitably, with the adjunct of a long prayer, which had such a marvellous effect in converting him, that he immediately gave out that Cromwell was surely one

of the *elect*. Baillie, and a few of his colleagues do not, however, appear to have viewed matters in such a favourable light. He says, (Letter to Spang, 19th July, 1654,) "After much whispering with the English, at last an order and command was presented to us by our Rector from the English Judges, to accept Mr. Patrick (Gillespie,) whom they, according to their power, had appointed our Principall. Mr. John Young, Mr. James Veitch, and Mr. Richard Robertson were willing to doe what was desired; but the most part of the Facultie, Mr. George Young, Dean, Mr. Zacharie Boyd, Vice-Chancellor, I, and Mr. Patrick Young, dissented and protested," &c. Gillespie was ejected from office at the Restoration in 1660.

## NOTE 55.

Extracts from "*The Presbytery and Session Records of Glasgow*"—1624, April, 1. Prayers to begin at 7 morning and at 5 night—1626, Aug. 3. All the Travellers in town are summoned and accused for travelling on Sabbath, and yet not travelling on Zuil day though a week day—1627, Feb. 15. Intimation than none go to the North of England to be married under the pain of one hundred pounds, and craving marriage of the Kirk, and if they have not money they will be banished this congregation perpetually—1628. Searchers appointed for Monday, to go through the town to see who Bann or Swear—1635, Jan. 1. An act lamenting the great profanation of the Sabbath and strict orders anent it, and declaring the Sabbath to be from 12 on Saturday night to 12 on Sunday night. Oct. 22. Compear two married persons, and declare that they are content to separate one from the other, till God send more love into their hearts—and the man promises to give his wife so much yearly. Dec. 5. Mention of a Correction House—1637, April 27. Discharged the working or making of Bonnets on Sabbath, from 5 in the morning till 8 at night—1639, Dec. 8. That each family by order of the General Assembly, is to buy a little book called Family Exercise—1640, July 23. A Reader appointed to read each Thursday

and Tuesday, from the Second Bell till the Minister come in. July 30. The Session considering the great disorder that hath been in the Kirk by women sitting with their heads covered in time of Sermon, sleeping that way, ordains intimation to be made, that afterwards none shall sit with their heads covered with plaids in time of sermon. Aug. 18. That the Ports be shut on Sabbath at 12, and to observe none go out or come in travelling, and watchers set where there are no Ports. That Masters of Schools as well English as Latin, cause their Scholars convene after the afternoon sermon, and instruct them in the grounds of the Christian Religion. None to keep schools but such as the Magistrates approve of—1641, Jan. 8. In pursuance of an Act of Assembly at Aberdeen, the taking away of Superstitious Monuments recommended to the Council. Jan. 17. Appoints a number to go to see what of these are in the High Kirk, and abolish them—Next day they reported that they found only three that could be called so. The five wounds of Christ, the Holy Lamb, and Quintigerne ora pro nobis. Mar. 11. Requests the Magistrates to have them down through the town, viz.: all superstitious pictures, crucifixes, &c. Mar. 25. A long set recommending this to all the inhabitants to take them away out of their private houses. April 15. One stands before the pulpit for absence—1642, May 19. A marriage stopped till the man learn the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and Belief—1643 July, 20. That none win to the Sessions lost till the Sessioners be placed, and also to raise out of the four seats all that wear blue bonnets. Aug. 3. A woman for giving the searcher ill language and for being absent from the Kirk on the fast day to pay 5 pds., and appear on the Form and be rebuked—1645, Dec. 4. That no horse meat, nor any other thing be cryed through the Streets on Sabbath, and that no water be brought in after the first Bell, to the forenoon sermon. No persons to frequent Lyke wakes under the highest pains of the Session—1646, Jany. 8. Intimation that all come to

Sermons in due time, and not in time of prayer and preaching, with certification. July 30. That women who appear on the pillar with plaids, and holds not down their plaids from their heads, it shall not be esteemed a day of their appearance. Penitents to enter the place of repentance as soon as the minister comes to the pulpit. Dec. 2. Compeared a Minister and Elder with a supplication from Perth, they being visited with the pestilence, (or Egyptian plague.) A collection for them on Sunday next. Mention of trenches that people walked beside on Sabbath. Grammar School to be visited—1647, May 27. Pillars and a place of public repentance to be made in the New Kirk and Blackfriars, and the Council to be applied to for erecting them. Intimation from the pulpits that every family have family worship, morning and evening, and those who have it not to be debarred from the Communion. Two hair gowns bought for the use of the Kirk—1648, April 18. The danger of it not altogether away, and some speak of what are on "*the Muir*," (for the pestilence)—1649. Intimation, that those who go out before the blessing be pronounced will be noticed and censured—1650, March 22. Such as will not pay their monthly maintenance for the poor to be debarred from the Communion. Recommend to the Ministers to consider of the word "*Mary*," usually spoken. July 6. Intimation, that any who knows any point of witchcraft or sorcery against any person in this Burgh, that they delegate the same to any of the Ministers—1651, April 25. Mention several times of the enemy's being in town, (Cromwell's troops)—1652. Resolved and thought meet that there be reading and expounding of Scripture weekly through all the days of the week at four hours at night in the Laigh Kirk, and the bell to ring a quarter of an hour till the hour chap. The dead Bellman censured, and continued in office, but ordained to omit the word

"Faithful," and to eschew the repetition of the name of God. May 6. The Ministers to speak to dying persons who are able to leave anything to the poor. June 19. The Session met on the occasion of the said Fire (in the Saltmarket, &c.,) on Thursday, June 17, at one afternoon, and continuing till the Friday near that time. They thought fit that Thursday next shall be a day of solemn humiliation.—June. There was a collection through the kingdom for Glasgow on occasion of the sad fire. Dec. 27. The whole roll of the poor is 437 lib. The Magistrates only stent the Town with 300 lib, and refer the rest to the ordinary collection."

## NOTE 56.

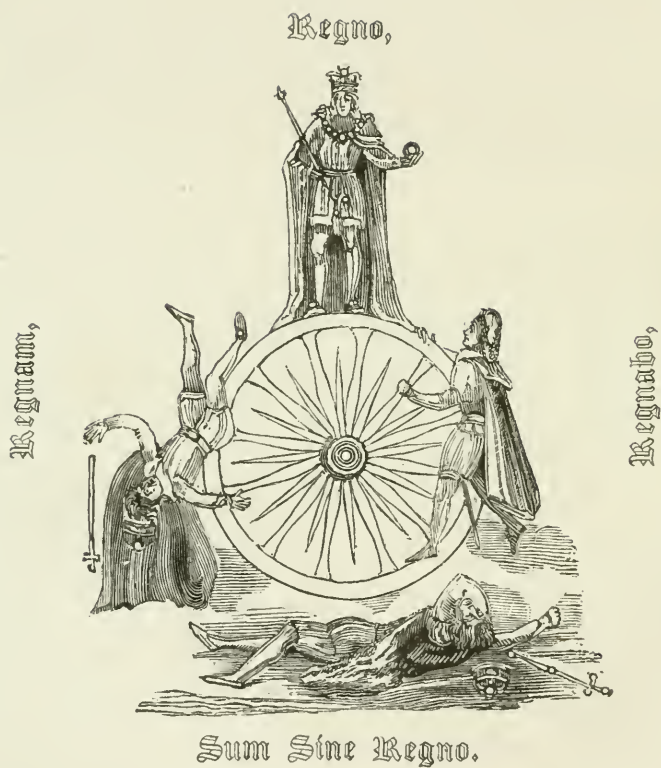
Whether this Portrait had been painted at private or College expense, does not appear. The following entry occurs, (Munimenta, Vol. III., p. 444, anno 1698,) "*Mr. William Dunlop, principall of the Colledge of Glasgow, gave in the Original Picture of Mr. Zachary Boyde, some time Minister of the Barronie Kirk of Glasgow, and Vice-Chancellour of this University, who had been a great benefactor to the same.*" The open Book in his hand is inscribed inside "*The Last Battell*," &c.

## NOTE 57.

After his recovery from fever, and on the publication of the "*Last Battell*" in 1629, his ministerial and literary friends crowd around him with their Latin panegyric Odes, as JOHANNES BELVS, (John Bell) *Glasguensis, Ecclesiæ Pastor et Academiae RECTOR* — JOHANNES STRANGIVS, (John Strang) *S.S. Theologix D. et Academiae Glasguensis Praefectus*—*Hoc amoris ergo scribebat Jo. Rayus*, (John Ray) *ludi publici litterarii Moderator, Edinburgi, &c.* The taste of the age allowed an Author to prefix such testimonies to his works without bringing him under the charge of self-glorification.







## The Historic of Jonah.

### THE SPEAKERS.

1. *The Lord.*   2. *Jonah.*   3. *The Shipmaster.*   4. *The Sailors.*   5. *The King of Ninive.*   6. *The Men of Ninive.*

### The Lord.

I PLAY with kingdoms as with Tenice Balls,  
 Some I fell downe, and some I raise that falls :  
 When cities great give ov'r them selves to sin,  
 They turn like mist uphaled by the sunne :  
 When strongest holds are batt'r'd by my strength,  
 They lose their ground and tumble downe at length ;  
 I heape up vengeance upon sinfull souls,  
 And write their sins upon most ample scrowles.\*

In *great Assyria* there's a city rare  
 Call'd *Ninive*, that is to say most faire.†

\* The eight opening lines of this Poem would do no discredit to the genius of some of our best Old English Poets.

† Nineveh was the Capital of the Assyrian Empire, and one of the most ancient cities of the world—*Mosul*, in the province of Dearbekir,

This Ninus Sonne of Belus by his might,  
 Did build most glorious in the worlds sight :  
 It is so large that who would bee't without,  
*Must have three dayes to compasse it about :*  
*Unto this day I have beene good unto it,*  
 But what I bid they doe decline to doe it :  
 This city's wealth doth make her wits to waver,  
 My wrath it burns, what men have force to save her ?  
 Some ruthlesse sword deafe to their shouts and cries,  
 Shall sack that city, and shall it surprize :  
 For all their crimes shall come without reliefe,  
 On young and old, most sable times of griefe :  
*They shall be charged with great charge\* of woes,*  
*'Gainst whom I'm wroth, they never want their foes :*  
*Their day comes fast, I will no more suspend,*  
*They sleepe in sloath unmindfull of their end :*

on the west bank of the Tigris, is generally supposed to occupy the same site.—This famous City is reported to have had walls *one hundred feet high*, and so *broad* that three chariots might run abreast upon them; and to have been in circumference at least *forty eight miles*—others compute the extent as enclosing an area of *seventy-five miles*, &c.,—part of which contained large pleasure grounds and cultivated fields, as well as dwelling houses and public buildings.—The population is variously estimated, as at *six hundred thousand souls*, and at *two millions five hundred thousand*.—After the visit of Jonah, dated A.M. 3142 B.C. cir. 802, it is said, that in consequence of the general repentance and humiliation of the inhabitants, the destruction of the city was postponed for *two hundred years*; but wickedness having risen to a height, in the third year of the siege by the combined forces of the Medes and Babylonians it was totally sacked and rased.—The discovery in late years of so many interesting relics of the magnificent Nineveh, must be considered a remarkable corroboration of the Scripture testimony, as to its magnitude and importance.

\* Load.



*This city's proud, she seemes the world's great Hall,  
 The Monarch's seat, high Court Imperiall,  
 A nest of vice, a dungeon deepe of devills,  
 A very forge house for all maner of evils ;  
 Her streets are fill'd with men who still blaspheme,  
 Who teare my titles and profane my Name,  
 At every word vile blasphemy they breath,  
 Yea and in scorne make Reth'rick of an oath :  
 They eate, they drink, they sleepe, and also whoore,  
 Their god's their bely, they neglect the poore :  
 Under heav'ns Baudrick\* no vile sinnes there be,  
 But they most rife doe reigne in Ninive ;  
 Their wickedness it is in such a store,  
 That high it's mounted and comes me before.*

*Yet sith I'm God I slow am to destroy,  
 Before I strike, some Prophet I'll employ,  
 To preach to them that they may judgment heare,  
 Some reck not mercy, but will judgment feare.  
 Amittais Sonne fites for what I intend,  
 I will in haste to Niniveh him send,  
 To cry aloud, that that infamous town  
 Shall bee destroy'd, and sack't, and batter'd downe.*

— *Ho ! Jonah, come and flee with wings of Dove,  
 To me your Lord now testify your love :  
 See that in you at all be no omission,  
 For to discharge what yee get in commission ;  
 I send you now, this yee must understand,  
 Not unto Jewes, but to th' Assyrian land,*

\* Zone or Canopy.

Whose wickednesse which groweth more and more,  
Is growne most high, and up come me before :  
Among those lands *profanenesse* most I see,  
In that great city called Ninive.

*Arise, be gone, it is not time to stay,*  
When God commands men should recke no delay :  
Blow loud thy trumpet ; if they ask thee why ?  
Say that the Lord commanded thee to cry ;  
Let not the beauty of their *buildings bleare*\* thee,  
Nor let the terroure of their Ramper† feare thee ;  
I send comforters,‡ others I with *charges*§  
Send with commission for to be Bourges,  
To thunder downe proud hearts with fiery flashes,  
Of threatening sermons full of loud menaces :  
Rouze up that city in their drowsie times,  
Lest vengeance find them sleeping in their crimes.  
Hye, hye thee soone to Ninive so mighty,  
And cry against that great and wanton city.

### Jonah.

This message strange doth seeme to me most bad,  
'Mong all the Prophets who the like have had ?  
Was't ever heard that Israel was neglected,  
That Gentiles roak't|| in sin might be respected ?  
In Israel Prophets have enough to doe,

\* Dim your eyes.

† Ramparts.

‡ Those who speak peaceable things.

§ Messages or "burdens" in Scripture phraseology.

|| Cradled and lulled.

They from their charge soe farre may hardly goe,  
To other lands where but miscreants dwell,  
Preach as wee please they proudly will rebell :  
Their hearts are hard, they sermons will not heare,  
And though we threaten, yet they will not feare ;  
Will I get accesse ? will my words get place,  
'Mong such who are a *stubborn rebell* race ?  
*I'll preach in vain, that city as I think,*  
Is like bad cloth which doth in wetting shrink :\*  
How can I think my wordes shall there succceede,  
Which are so loath'd by flocks I daily feede,  
In Israel which belongs unto the Lord,  
And daily have such plenty of his word ?  
If that the Lord can not make Israel mourne,  
How can greene wood be moved for to burne ?

Another thus affrights me by and by,  
Is that he bids me 'gainst the city cry,  
And threaten judgment, this I clearely kno,  
That though I should to Ninive now goe,  
And cry aloud, yet hee is so inclin'd  
To pardon sinners, and to change his mind,  
If they but weepe a little, so shall I  
Incurre a blot, and shame my prophecy.

Upon such thoughts I'm tossed to and fro,  
I would both stay, and also I should goe ;  
Some thoughts me urge that yet I would delay,  
And others some doe bid me flee away.

It's best I think that I myself bedight,

\* *Sc.* "*Wauks in,*" or becomes thicker by wetting.

With *what will fit* me for a hasty flight :  
 As I resolve I'le heere no longer stay,  
 I'le ship my self to seeke another way :  
 I'le skulk the place where God hath sent me to,  
 For Ninive I will to *Tarshish* go :  
 I'le chango my gowne now for a ship man's weede,  
 And from the Lord I will away with speede,  
 To Joppa, where I mind to goe aboard,  
 That I may flee the presence of the LORD.  
 Loe heere in Joppa at my coming hither,  
 I see a ship strong to abide the weather ;  
 As I perceive to saile they ready are,  
 Most willingly I'le pay *thereof the fare* :  
 I see the sailors drinking parting cup,  
 When that is done, the sailes they will hoyst up.  
 Now all's aboard ; the anchors they doe way,  
 The keele begins the Rudder to obey,  
 Wee leave the key behind us at our back,  
 There's great appearance wee'le good voyage mak,  
 No storme there is but a sweet gentle gale,  
 Which makes the canvas of our sailes to swell,  
 (*And see\* our vessel*) glide along the shore ;

\* In the course of this and the subsequent Poems, *one or more words* will be occasionally found enclosed within (*Parenthesis*) which have been supplied in consequence of the Manuscript being either *deficient* or *illegible*. This has been thought an improvement, rather than leaving blanks in the text, in order to assist the reader more readily to follow out the subject. In respect to these Supplements, the Editor cannot say farther, than that in his apprehension, according to the running of the rhyme and the spirit of the narrative, they may be supposed, as near as possible, to convey the meaning of the



Where winds well serve, there is no neede of oare :  
 Her motion's nimble, she outstrips the Tide,  
 Out braves the Billowes, and *on waves* doth ride ;  
 She plies that course her compasse sets her on,  
 If thus wee saile, wee'le Tarshish gaine anone.

### The Lord.

It is my mind to suffer for a space,  
 That seas be *calme*, and that the winds doe cease :  
 I'll let the Main saile flap against the yard,  
 So that no use of Compasse or of Card\*  
 Be for a space, that when the storme shall blowe  
 So suddenly, the sailors then may know,  
 That Heaven's in wrath against some wicked sinner,  
 That is aboard the ship, and lurketh in her.

O yee, my winds that hitherto your course  
 Have barred in, breake out with all your force :  
 To (*let them*) know my wrath is kindled hot,  
 Make (*seas*) to swell ev'n like a seething pot ;  
 Blowe hard (*untill*) to hellst† they downe be driv'n,  
 And (*mount againe*) up to the very Heav'n.

### The Shipmaster.

What *meanes this worke* ? *wee had a gentle calme*,  
 And now wee're quash'd and by a sudden (*qualme*) ;

original MS. Much difference of Orthography in the same words  
 will also be sometimes found, which was usual with writers of our  
 Author's period.

\* Sea Chart.

† Depths.

Ane houre agoe of compasse and of card  
 Wee *had no use, but still* against the yard  
 The flagging mainsaile flapt, but now at last,  
 The angry heav'ns doe blowe a wrathfull blast :  
 The winds before had barred in their course,  
*And now at length breake out with stronger force,*  
*Like one who in at first his breath doth draw,*  
 That out againe *hee may* it stronger blow :  
 While from the top mast I the heav'ns espy,  
 And see how sudden dark'ned is the sky,  
 With gloomy clouds, and see our ship so driv'n,  
 I tokens see of a provoked heav'n :  
 The mist growes thick, wee see not lesse or more,  
 If wee be farre or neare unto the shore :  
 Our Rudder failes, our ship's at randome driv'n,  
 All is obscur'd, wee scarce see sea or heav'n.

Hlo! sailors, see if yee can Land discern,  
 I'll endeavour for to hold fast the Sterne ;  
 Let each one keepe his place as I command,  
 At foredeck some, at hindeck some must stand :  
 The tackling's broken, riv'n is the Main-saile,  
 The sea doth roare, the surges up doe swell,  
 And which is worse, as I doe *understand,*  
 The force of seas hath broke the Rudder-band :  
 Except this storme anone begin to slack,  
 Wee can not saile, but shipwrack wee will mak ;  
 If that the mist bereav'd us not of day,  
 Wee neare this place might find some Rode or Bay,  
 Where *wee securely* might let anchor fall,  
 And ride at lee till paste this stormy brawl :

But all's *in vaine*, wee know not where wee goe,  
 Like locusts toss'd, wee roll both to and fro :  
 The winds above, the waters underneath,  
 Have both conspir'd *that* wee should dye the death :  
 Consider well before a leak begin,  
*It seemes I heare* the water wheesing in :  
 Cause ply the pump, set sprit saile to the wind,  
 Take quickly downe the Misen saile (*behind*) ;  
 Set up the Trinket, take the Bounets *downe*  
 From ev'ry saile, the welkin so doth *frowne*,  
 And Boreas blowes so fierce upon the mast,  
 Great danger is that ship and all be lost :  
 The wambling sea with waves our hearts doth wound,  
 The heav'n wee scale, and after fall to ground :  
 The sable aire doth muffle up the sky,  
 And 'gainst our face winds bluster by and by.  
 Wee heare no thing but belloweing of the wind,  
 Confused noise of men dismay'd in mind.

Our skill doth faile, wee worke in vaine this day,  
 Sith strength and skill doe faile, it's best to pray,  
 And cry unto our gods ; Let ev'ry man  
 Cry to his god, and doe the best hee can ;\*

\* The Author relates the following characteristic anecdote in one of his Sermons.—“In the time of the French Persecution, I came by sea to Flanders, and as I was sailing from Flanders to Scotland, a fearefull tempest arose which made our mariners reele to and fro, and stagger like drunken men. In the meane tyme there was a Scots Papist who lay neere mee. While the ship gave a great shake I observed the man, and after the Lord had sent a calme, I said to him, “Sir, now yee see the weaknesse of your religion ; as long as yee are in prosperitie yee cry to this Sainct and that Sainct ; in our great danger I heard you cry often Lord, Lord, but not a word yee spake of our Lady.”

If one will not, perhaps another will,  
 If one not knowe, another may have skill,  
 Among the gods as wee instructed be,  
 Some rule the lands, and some command the sea.

Yet, for all this, all darkness still about,  
 Wee'le light the burden and the wares cast out :  
 Spare not for price, cast out of ev'ry sort—  
 Who can this bee who I heare *highly* snort ?  
 I see a man that's in the lower deck,  
 Hard fast asleepe, not *fearing storme nor leek* ;  
 I with my fist will thump him on the brest,  
 And rouse this sluggard from his uncouth rest.

Oh how this *beast* my heart it doth disdaine,  
 Though I him jog and shake, its all in vaine :  
 If he not snor'd I sure would think him dead,  
 For all our cryes he stirres not feet nor head.  
 Unto this fellowe yet againe *I'le goe*,  
 And with my hand will *give* a shrug or two,  
 Till I him tug and pull, both breast and back,  
 No thing but force will cause this man *awake* :  
 While thus and thus I have ev'n thumped him,  
 He but begins for to drawe up a limme,  
 And stretch ane arme, and open up his oye,  
 As when at first wee men doe wak'ning see.

What mean'st thou sleeper ? hast thou not at all,  
 A God on whom thou usest for to call,  
 When troubles come ? arise and seeke releefe,  
 In open ruine on the Rocks of griefe :  
 O feele thy wants, and with sad showring eyes,  
 Cry to thy God to cure our Miseries :



If so that bee, God will us think upon,  
This is the thing that by *thee should be done* :  
The ship it must be crammed with impuritie,  
Sith that thou ly'st in such securitie.

Arise and cry, no more spend idle houres,  
Try if thy God *will rather help then ours* :  
What puffing rage is ? who ever did see,  
Such froathy waves with billowes on the sea ?  
Wee range about, and can not find the way,  
Both doubtfull where to goe, or where to stay :  
Within this ship there surely is a Devill,  
Or some that's guilty of some fearfull evill.

Wee'le call a parley *that wee* by and by,  
May find him out, or by the lots him try :  
It's best that wee to mind now call anone,  
The severall items of what wee have done :  
Till this bee done, sure nothing will asswage,  
Those rolling waves which swell with foamy rage :  
With floods of teares all blubber'd are our eyes,  
Yet all our gods are deafe to these our cries :  
It likely is that untill they be pleas'd,  
Cry what wee will, wee never will be eas'd,  
But at the last their wrath with great disdaine,  
Upon some Rocks will split our ship in twaine.  
There must be heere the cause of all our greefe,  
Some Atheist Dog, some (*halter 'scaped*) theefe.

Now cast the lots that wee among us all,  
May know for whom this *trouble* doth befall.

As wee desir'd the Pilot he hath done,  
The Lot wee see is *Jonah* fall'n upon ;

Wee hope the winds their bellowing will asswage,  
 And that we guiltlesse will escape their rage,  
 Sith wee have found the man that is the cause,  
 Of all those surges and most fearfull flaws.

### The Sailors.

Now is it so that from thy evil offence,  
 Our Spring-tyde sorrowes have their influence ?  
 From heav'n such blasts a ship did never thrill,  
 The waves that swell, the tempest rageth still :  
 Our ship can hardly with her Keele divide  
 Th' encountering waves of such a furious tide ?  
 Wake out of sleepe, tell us wee pray anone,  
 Who is the cause this ev'Il is us upon,  
 Whence comest thou now tell ? what is thy Nation ?  
 Declare to us what is thy occupation ;  
 What is thy country, wherein thou wast borne ?  
 And of what people, thou art so forlorne ?  
 Unhappy Catif, what was in thy thought,  
 A strange disaster thou hast on us brought.  
 Some greevous faults brought with thee to this In,\*  
 Of all the heav'ns eclipsed have the sin :  
 The clouds are black, the drops their froth doe fly,  
 Like darted hailestones from the cloudy sky :  
 The sea is rageing far beyond *its wount*,  
 Each wave doth seeme to be a froathy mount.  
 Goe to, Goe to, thou wretch, and tell us soon,  
 What is that fact so foule that thou hast done ?

\* Meant generally by our Author for any place of habitation.

Relate the whole that wee may understand,  
Both what thou art, and also in what land  
Thou hast been bred, and what it is that thus,  
Hath moved thee to come aboard with us.

### *Jonah.*

I am a man come of the Hebrew Nation,  
I am a Prophet, that's my occupation :  
I feare the LORD, the GOD of heav'n most hy,  
Who made the Sea, and als the Laud that's dry.

Hee with his word sent me to Ninive,  
But from his presence I in feare doe flee,  
And mind for Tarshish 'gainst the Lord's command,  
For mee therefore he hath lift up his hand ;  
Which makes the surges froathy for to swell,  
Whiles up to heav'n, and whiles wee goe to hell.

### *The Sailors.*

Thou seest those times are sable times of greefe,  
Though wee expect, yet get wee no releefe,  
The Ocean swells with a most furious tide,  
Ov'r froathy mounts our Barge is made to ride,  
We have no thing but death before our eyes,  
The ruthlesse billowes deafe are to our cryes ;  
By thy great sins thou hast provoked God,  
Who thee pursues with an enraged Rod ;  
Thou know'st the right and yet hast done amiss,  
What is the cause, and why hast thou done this ?  
Our wares are lost, upon the seas they float,  
And wee are all within a brittle boat,

Wee sure will perish in the same together,  
*(Under the heavy)* press of such a weather,  
*(In this sad)* strait no out gate wee can find,  
*(That much)* the thoughts disquiet of our mind :  
 The sable clouds are thicke, no light of day  
 Can usher us in such a misty way :  
 As wee percieve, let us doe what wee can,  
 Wee'le not be able now this ship to manne,  
 Our limbs are tyred, they wax faint and *lather*,  
 Our hearts are downe, our knees doe smit together :  
 The seas doe swell, ev'n to the very roof  
 Of highest clouds, our Bark's not weather proof.

What shall wee doe? the tempest lends not eare  
 Unto our cryes, all things increase our feare ;  
 Our ship almost is by the surges rent,  
 The time by us in needlesse paines is spent :  
 The clouds grow thicker, and the heav'ns about,  
 Wee can no more hence keepe this batt'ry out :  
 Thou art a Prophet, counsell give *this day*,  
 Wee'le to the same be buxome ev'ry way ;  
 The counsels that from other men doe come,  
 Hath no more weight then hath a speaklesse plume.

### Jonah.

My sins are double, this I doe confesse,  
*None but the Lord can those my faults redresse :*  
*They have indeed no cov'ring for their fault,*  
*Who while they should among the rest be salt,*  
*Doe lose their Savour ; such by ill example*  
*Deserve disdaine, that others on them trample,*



*With great contempt ; God justly may condemne me,*  
*And make those seas to swell and overwhelme me :*  
*I like a fool did from God's presence flee,*  
*For which this day I doe deserve to die :*  
*It's not for me, to cast a mantle ov'r*  
*My high contempt, I'le rather it discover ;*  
*The lot hath found me, surely I am he,*  
 The storme's from heav'n, the cause it is from me :  
 Sith that the tempest rageth for my sin,  
 And seas doe swell, arise and throw me in ;  
 I Jonah am, for whom those billowes dance,  
 Cast me ov'r boord for your deliverance :  
 If this by you shall now bee done to me,  
 Those angry seas shall calme and quiet be :  
 My fault I freely unto you discover,  
*Your onely safety is to cast me ov'r :*  
 When God is angry vengeance must be good,  
 Which strikes most hard when it is most withstood.

### **The Sailors.**

With divers thoughts our troubled hearts (*are*) fill'd,  
 In great *distresse* as with an ague chill'd :  
 Ey, shall a prophet *by us Sailors dye*,  
 Shall wee be Actors of his Tragedye ?  
 Shall wee be men, to throwe a prophet downe  
 Into this gulf, where he must surely drowne ?  
 Wee'le yet essay by toile to win the shore,  
 What can this beat ? the sea boiles more and more :  
 Wee strive in vaine, our hearts begin to quaille,  
 For want of rest our bodies faint and faile :

Wee see those seas which furious so arise,  
 Will not be pleas'd but with this sacrifice :  
 There's no refuge, wee must obey the lot,  
 This man must die if that wee perish not ;  
 Wee can not beare the burden of his guilt,  
 Nor pay the price of blood that must be spilt :  
 Sith from the heav'ns given forth is this decree,  
 Wee ministers must of God's Justice be.

Yet, if the seas would calme and be at peace,  
 Wee gladlie would from such a fact surcease :  
 To drowne a man it fills our hearts with feares,  
 For this our eyes are pickled up with teares,  
 That are most brinie ; yet it may befall,  
 That God for him his sentence will recall,  
 And calme the storme, and Jonah's fault forgive,  
 And spare us all, and so let Jonah live.

O what a storme ! from side to side wee're tost,  
 Wee'le shipwrack make upon some sands or coast :  
 The darknesse growes, wee scarcely see the heav'n,  
 (*There's no*) appearance for to gaine a hav'n :  
 Euroclydon a most tempestuous wind,  
 Us (*drives apace*), so that wee can not find  
 An anch'ring place, but wee are like to fall  
 Into quicksands, to lose the ship and all :  
 Tho ship is lightned, and we at *the last*  
 With our own hands have out the tackling cast ;  
 Both sunne, moone, starres, are darkned with the skyes,  
 A furious tempest now upon us lyes.  
 No Bay, no anch'ring can at all be found,  
 Our tossed ship doth from the starres rebound ;

The dread and danger's great on evry side,  
So that wee know not what to doe or bide.

Ho ! Pilot, cause cast out the sound before,  
And try how deepe wee draw, if *lesse or more* ;  
Hoise up some saile, and loose the Rudder bands,  
Plye somewhat Eastward, for to shun the sands  
That lye in banks ; wee *carefully* will seeke,  
If that wee can discover any creeke ;  
If one that is commodious *might be found*,  
Wee would be glade to runne the ship aground ;  
If this we can by skill and labour gaine,  
As wee suppose our purpose wee'le obtaine.

The storme doth rage, our labours are deluded,  
It seemes the Heav'ns against us have concluded,  
For to deny unto this man a passage,  
Because he hath contemn'd his God's Embassage :  
Great wrath's for those who should in purest light,  
Shine unto such that grope in errours night,  
Who should like lamps before the darkned eye,  
Blaze clearlie bright, and yet in darknesse lye ;  
In all appearance this man's God is hee,  
Who with his reines doth rule the winds and sea :  
With winds and waves he scourgeth us about,  
His will's wee see to cast the rebell out :  
What hee ordaines wee must the same fulfill,  
And suit our service to his sacred will :  
If wee delay hee may raise up a Tide,  
To splite our ship and drowne ourselves beside :  
It's best that wee his summons now obey,  
By this wee hope seas shall be ebb'd away,

And winds shall cleare, and wee no more thus driv'n,  
 Shall be brought safe unto our wished hav'n.  
 A boisterous wind, yet with a stronger gale,  
 Our tossed ship most fiercely doth assaile;  
 Springs the maine mast, which then doth in its fall  
 Breake downe the deck, which doth affright us all.

Wee sit our time, why do we thus delay?  
 Wee'le get no rest untill that wee obey;  
 The winds not tyre, but still do louder blowe,  
 And prouder surges still us over flowe:  
 Lay to your armes, and help in haste afford,  
 This Jonah take and cast him over boord:  
 As we perceive no other meanes we see,  
 That raging seas may calme and quiet bee.

Now over boord hee throwne is by and by,  
 Where in the waters he doth sprawling ly:  
 There Jonah is, God's wrath for to appease,  
 Ev'n head and cares downe soused in the seas.

But what is this that near him wee doe see,  
 Like to a tower wambling on the sea;  
 A *monster great*, the Leviathan strong,  
 With beame like jawes which followes him along:  
 A little space the whale did (*round him play*),  
 To waite his time, but in a (*short delay*)  
 He wheel'd about, and (*in a trice wee save*)  
 The living man he buri'd (*in his mawe*).

Waves rest content, the surges no more beate,  
 The sea's growne kind, the billowes no more threate,  
 All is made quiet, clouds no more doe frowne,  
 Heav'ns pleased well, doe with their smiles look downe,

Waves swell'd before lye levell in their place,  
 Without a wrinkle, smooth as is the glasse :  
 No wambling's now, the sea it is tranquill,  
 Heav'ns lowre no more, all is both calme and still.

This God of Jonah as we clearlie see,  
 Is he who doth command the winds and sea,  
 And not our gods which wee have doted on,  
 Which have in straits no consolation,  
 For to afford, when as men call upon them,  
 When troubles great at random thus fall on them.  
 Hence forth to God wee'le sacrifice afford,  
 And make our vows, hence he shall be our LORD.  
 Heere unto him wee make a *solemn* vowe,  
 That wee no more will unto puppets bowe :  
 From paganisme wee will change, to hallow  
 His Name, and him wee will resolve to follow,  
 With all our heart, for wee now understand,  
 That hee's the God that rules both sea and land,  
 Of kindnesse, mercy, love, a peerelesse mirrour,  
 Him onely wee will serve, and leave our errour.

### *Jonah.*

*I did rebell ;* heere is my day of DOOME,  
 Feasts dainty seeme untill the reck'ning come :  
 Alas ! too late, it now repenteth me,  
 That I refus'd to goe to Ninive ;  
 I thought to lurk, but now my miseries  
 Me clearly tell, God hath unvaild eyes,  
 And that hee will ov'rtake them by and by,  
 Who ev'r they bee that from his face doe fly :



I understood that God was good and kind,  
 But mongrell thoughts with foly pierc'd my mind,  
 Heere apprehended, I in prison ly,  
 What goods will ransome my captivity?  
 \*What house is this, where's neither fire nor candle,†  
 Where I no thing but guts of fishes handle?  
 I, and my table, are both heere within,  
 Where day ne'er dawn'd, where sun did never shine.  
 The like of this on earth man never saw,  
 A living man within a monster's mawe;  
 Buried under mountains which are high and steep,  
 Plung'd under water hundrethe fathomes deep.  
 Not so was Noah in his house of tree,  
 For through a window hee the light did see:  
 Hee sail'd above the highest waves, a wonder,  
 I, and my boat, are all the waters under.  
 Hee in his ark might goe and also come,  
 But I sit still in such a strait'ned roome,  
 As is most uncouth, head and feet together,  
 \*Among such grease as would a thousand smother:  
 I find no way now for my shrinking hence,  
 But heere to lye and die for mine offence:  
 Eight persons were in Noah's hulk together,  
 Comfortable they were each one to other,  
 In all the earth like unto mee is none,  
 Farre from all living I heere lye alone,  
 \*Where I entomb'd in melancholy sink,  
 \*Choak't, suffocat, with excremental stink:

† The famous Extract, given by Pennant the celebrated Antiquary  
 in his Works—from \* to \*, and two following \* \*.

This grieves mee most, that *I for grievous sinne,*  
Incarc'rd lye within this floating In.

Within this cave with greefe my heart is gall'd,  
Lord heare the sighs from my heart's centre hal'd ;  
Thou know'st how long I have been in this womb,  
A living man within a living tomb ;  
O what a lodging ! wilt thou in those vaults,  
As in a Hell most dark, correct my faults ?  
I neither kno when day doth shine, or night  
Comes for my rest, I'm so depriv'd of sight ;  
Though that the judgement's uncouth sure I share,  
I of God's goodnesse never will despaire.

I'll turne to him, and in those words will pray  
Within this whale ; what God indits I'll say.

THE PRAYER OF JONAH IN THE WHALE'S BELLY.

1. *By reason of my trouble, I  
to God who heard me cry'd,  
Out of hell's belly did I cry,  
Thou heard'st my voice, I cry'd.*
2. *For thou hast cast me in the deepe,  
in midst ev'n of the sea,  
Floods compast me, thy billowes all,  
and waves past over me.*
3. *Then said I, I out of thy sight,  
am cast with great disdain ;  
Yet to thy holy temple, I  
at last will look againe.*
4. *The waters compast me about,  
ev'n to the soul indeed,  
They deeply me inclos'd, and weedes  
were wrapt about my head.*

5. *Unto the bottomes I went downe,  
of mountaines high that bee,  
Likewise the earth was with her bars  
for ever about mee.*
6. *Yet thou who art the Lord my God,  
now by thy power alone,  
My life in danger great hast brought,  
up from corruption.*
7. *The Lord I did remember, when  
my soule did faint in me,  
Into thy holy temple came,  
my prayer unto thee.*
8. *They that doe lyeing vanities,  
observe in any way,  
The mercy then that is their own,  
they doe forsake away.*
9. *But I to thee with voice of thanks,  
will sacrifice afford,  
I will what I have vowed pay,  
Salvation's of the Lord.*

Above all Gods O Lord thou dost *excell*,  
I hope thou'lt free me from this paunch of Hell,  
And that thou wilt this monster now command,  
That it disgorge me out upon the land.  
O draw me out of this my moving cave,  
And bring thy Jonah from this living grave,  
O heare my prayers from this darksome place,  
I with (*my teares*) flee to thy throne of grace.

#### The Lord.

I ready am when sinners to me cry,  
To helpe them out of balefull misery,

As soone as men get grace for to repent,  
 My mercy must then have for them a vent :  
 With waters Jonah compass'd is about,  
 At last I mind to let the pris'ner out :  
 Three dayes he heere, and three nights als hath sit,  
 Now by my might I'll free him from his pit.

*Jonah.*

Lord I will praise thy mercy Ev'n and Morne,  
 Thy love by time can never be outworne :  
 But O, alas ! our thoughts from thee soone wander,  
 Our heart's most ready for to be a pander,  
 Us to entice to fly from God above,  
 And for to chuse some idol for our love :  
 And what ere's ready for to twist and wind,  
 Within the very bosome of our mind :  
 Without thy help the strongest hath not power,  
 To hold out siege the scruple of ane hour :  
 Give me thy sp'rit to be my bosome friend,  
 That when thou call'dst, thou ready may'st me find.

*The Lord.*

The spaniel dog he loves his Masters eye,  
 And licks his fingers, and low downe doth ly,  
 Still at his feet his goings to attend ;  
 But men whom I have loved without end,  
 Doe hate my light, and love to be in dark,  
 Whence like to cures they doe against me bark :  
 By me they live and move, from me they have,  
*What blessings I can give, or they can crave :*

*They are like swine though pamper'd with enough,  
They lift their eyes no higher than the trough,  
That this is true all men may clearly see,  
Within the gates of wealthy Ninive.*

I'll Jonah send yet for the second time,  
That so he may convince them of their crime,  
And let them know that Heav'ns high commander,  
Will for their riot, judgements on them thunder.

Now Jonah heare, whom I in seas did coole  
Within Hell's belly ; play no more the foole,  
But be obedient, see thou sin no more,  
Lest worse befall thee after, then before :  
*No place there is for to avoide my sight,*  
Dreame not to balk me with a second flight :  
When I am wroth I'll strongest make to droop,  
And him to serve that never yet could stoop.

Now what I say doe thou well understand me,  
No more, no lesse, speak thou what I command thee :  
Thou must not for the greatest faces feare,  
To tune thy language to the people's eare,  
But what from me thou gettest in commission,  
Deliver it, *and that without omission.*

Say, *fourtie dayes and men shall clearly see,*  
That Ninive shall all destroyed be.  
The text is short, but in its large extension,  
Out runs the pace of humane apprehension,  
*Rouze up that city that's secure within,*  
They *live* in scarlet, and they *dye* in sin :  
Make those my judgments glance first at their eyes,  
Till they be pricked for their miseries ;



They know not God, but wand'ring in their way,  
 Grope all in darknesse in the noone of day :  
 Goe through their streets, and make (*the clearest*) mention,  
 That all may heare this open proclamation.  
 That Ninive, *that* great Imperiall towne,  
 That swells in pomp, to ground shall be brought downe :  
 Against her sins, my judgements high display,  
 And summon her unto the fourtie day.

### *Jonah.*

As yee command I'll goe to Ninive,  
 Ev'n as an arrow to the mark doth flee ;  
 No time *I'll trifle*, I'll no longer sit,  
 I'll doe th' Embassye yee to me commit :  
 Without all feare her princes to offend,  
 I'll as ye bid, a threat'ning voice extend  
 Through all her streets ; *this I will take* in hand,  
 Though that she be Queene Regent of the land.

The Citie's large, but yet I'll not refuse,  
 To be the trump of most unwelcome news ;  
 That Ninive, the world's great wonder, shall  
 Soon be destroy'd, and into ashes fall :  
 They who securely feasted, in their turne,  
 For times of mirth shall now have times to mourne.

*It's time to walk, I heere will stay no more,*  
*I'll goe as speedy as I fled before ;*  
*Sith God commands it's not for me to pity,*  
 The dismall downefall of so brave a city,

Now it's in sight, tops of her towers so hy  
 Doe so ascend, they seeme to scale the sky :

With Trinches strong she is environn'd round,  
 Her walls are big, her bulwarks doe abound :  
 Within her gates I'll enter by and by,  
*And blow my trumpet, and begin to cry ;*

*But fourtie days and men shall clearely see,*  
 That Ninive shall all destroyed be :

Ho ! City wake, and know your *miserics*,  
 God will your sins judge with censorious eyes :  
 Yee without bridle have in vices run,  
 Sinne lyes at doores, ye cannot judgment shun,  
 Yee waded have too far in sins unbounded,  
*Now for that same, ye shall all be confounded.*  
*But forty dayes and men shall clearely see,*  
 That Ninive shall all destroyed bee.

From this I'll goe unto another street,  
 And warning give, for so I think it meet,  
 That through the city I now goe abroad,  
 That they may know this message is from God.

Ho ! City, heare a message sent from heav'n,  
 To preach to you commission hath been giv'n,  
 I am the man whom God hath to you sent,  
 To tell you that with haste yee all repent.

*But fourtie dayes and men shall clearely see,*  
 That Ninive shall all destroyed bee,  
 Heere's as I see the palace of the king,  
 Before his gates I will this messago bring.

To you, O King, who rules all Ninive,  
 I am sent from God, who doth command that yee,  
 You humble quickly, and come downe anone,  
 All cloth'd in Sackcloth from your Royall Throne :

Yee sit at ease while subjects on each side,  
 Grone uuder tax for to maintain your pride :  
 Because that yee none greater then you see,  
 Ye doe imagine that hee, who's most hie  
 Is not superior, to command your land.  
 But this from me ye must now understand,  
 That ready vengeance shall begird you round,  
 And from your seat shall bring you to the ground :  
 Yee swell in wealth, but soone yee shall be poore,  
 Except that yee be groveling on the floore,  
 In dust and sackcloth, with unfeigned sorrowes,  
 And trench your cheeks along with water furrowes.  
 Rise from your Throne, and with sad showr'ing eyes,  
 Strive to prevent so fearefull miseries :  
 Be not like those who start at every shade,  
*But feare not where they ought to be afraid :*  
*Make hast, repent, and make no more delay,*  
*Though God surcease he is but taking day\**  
*For sure paiment, till sinners ripened be,*  
 When God's in wrath most furious then is hee ;  
 Hee'le royall scepters break in pieces all,  
 From heads of Kings hee'le make their crownes to fall,  
 And sack their lands, and will make havock so,  
 Till all confus'dly topsy turvy goe :  
 To thee, O King, who hast dominions large,  
*Frowns heav'ns above, to crush thy weighty charge.*  
*But fourtie dayes and men shall clearely see,*  
 That Ninive shall all destroyed be :

\* Or noting the time.

Now from the King to Nobles I will goe,  
I'll unto them my message tell also.

Yee Nobles who in Ninive doe dwell,  
Who in great honour highly doe excell,  
Dismount your lofty steeds, and prostrate bring,  
Your bodies humbl'd unto God the King ;  
God will now turne your pleasures to tormenting,  
Your whoops of joy to howles of sad lamenting :  
Your honour is but like a fickle flower,  
Which both doth bloome and fade within ane houre :  
Yee still delay repentance *untill morrow,*  
*But now your towne shall be a stage of sorrow.*

But *fourtie dayes and men shall clearely see,*  
That Ninive shall all destroyed bee ;  
Yeo Magistrats that others doe command,  
And yet your duty doe not understand ;  
Ye are before the citizens in place,  
But come behind, where yee your roomes should grace,  
With wisdom, mildness, and sobriety ;  
Yee are all giv'n to riot, luxury,  
To drunkenesse, and gluttony in dyet,  
And to oppression, and to filthy riot :  
The honour that God *hath unto you granted,*  
May well be said, it is worse had then wanted :  
Your ill example citizens before,  
Hath egged others to sin more and more :  
Your conversation hath been very fickle,  
*And now your towne is ready for the sickle.*  
*But fourtie dayes and men shall clearely see,*  
That Ninive shall all destroyed be.

Yee Citizens who live in wealth and ease,  
Without all care the living God to please :  
Your flesh yee pamper, idle without cure,  
Without respect to the distressed poore,  
Yee feede yourselves with a most daintie fare,  
Of God's service at all yee have no care :  
Your glory's like the spider's web alway,  
God shortly shall like dung you sweepe away.

But *fourtie dayes and men shall clearely see,*  
That Ninive shall all destroyed bee.  
Yee Women vaine, who with outstretched neck,  
Most proudly goe, who mind no thing but deck,  
Your Backs with silks, with golden lace ov'r laid,  
Yee have great cause this day to be afraid :  
God will the ruffe of all your pride bring downe,  
Hee'le with a scab smite of your head the crowne,  
Your secret parts hee also will discover,  
And you with shame as with a mantle cover,  
About your feet of tinckling ornament,  
The bravery hee'le remove incontinent,  
The chaines, the bracelets, hee will from you take  
With mufflers, bonnets, which so rich yee make,  
The ornaments of legges and headbands deare,  
The tablets and the rings made for the eare ;  
The rich apparell, sutes als for to change,  
With mantles, wimples, crisping pinnes so strange,  
With polish'd glasses, and the linnen fine,  
And hoods, and vailes made of the silken twine :  
This come to passe right shortly you shall see,  
That for sweet smell a filthy stink shall be ;  
When as a girdle, renting *shall* thou (*weare*),



And baldnesse (*be*) in stead of well set haire,  
 For stomachers you sackcloth soon shall see,  
 In stead of beauty there shall burning be :  
 Yee by your pride the power 'sert ov'r men  
 Who are enforc'd to swelter in the sunne,  
 And to be scorch't in a most soultry weather,  
 While as in troopes yee goe to feasts together :  
*Yee would seeme lillys, but yee are indeed*  
 As fruitlesse brambles, or the foulest weede.  
 Your day is neare, because that by your sin,  
 Yee grace barre out, and vanitie bolt in.

*But fourtie dayes and men shall clearely see,*  
 That Ninive shall all destroyed be.  
 Change soone the byas of your wicked wayes,  
 For Ninive shall last but fourty dayes :  
 Your span of life is but for little space,  
 Cry for God's mercy, and call for his grace,  
 For spirituall duties take a speciall care,  
 Spend not your time in frisling of your haire :  
 Repent in time, lest that it come too late,  
 The late repentings are oft out of date,  
 When God's decree breaks forth men cry unheard,  
 They howle to heav'n, but heav'n gives no regard.  
 Repent in time, or else your Ninive,  
 A very wardrop shall of sorrow be ;  
 If that yourselves with hast yee not reforme,  
 The great JEHOVAH will your city storme.

### The Men of Ninive.

There is a prophet come from Israel,  
 Hee fearefull things doth 'gainst this City tell :

A whole dayes (*journey*) preaching he hath had,  
 The city's troubl'd, ev'ry soule is sad :  
 The sucklings male, pale fac'd for fault of food,  
 Doe from their milklesse mother's breasts draw blood :  
 A deeper vengeance will our city (*stand*),  
 Than heere to fore hath come on any land :  
 The man's a prophet *as wee heare them say*,  
 Hee warns us of a stormy winter day,  
 'Gainst all estates ; lest that a flattering sleepe,  
 Bribes them to rest, he threatens judgements deepe :  
 Hee preacheth that of heav'n th' Almighty hand,  
 Shall wound and wast the wealthiest of the land ;  
 For our houses, (*they*) shall be scattr'd stones :  
 And that our causies, pay'd with dead mens bones  
 Shall swimme in blood, when maids and matrons both,  
 Shall feel the dint of heav'ns that are so wroth ;  
 Thence judgements shall spare neither foole nor wise,  
 The hoary head nor yet the infant's cries ;  
 But shall us thresh upon a floore of stones,  
 And gnash the marrow of our broken bones ;  
 That wee may know the judgements shall be sore,  
*The words he cries almost from door to door.*  
*But fourtie dayes and yee shall clearely see,*  
 That Ninive shall all destroyed be ;  
 He cries that heav'ns will us destroy and kill,  
 Because that sins our city doe brime fill :  
 Wee are amaz'd, to whom shall wee appeale ?  
 When heav'ns doe wound, earth hath no hands to heale.  
 Before this prophet any farther shewe,  
 Within our streets, wee to the King will goe,

And tell that he hath one dayes journey made,  
Through divers streets, with proclamation said  
Against the King, the Nobles, and the States,  
The Citizens, and als the Magistrats,  
And 'gainst the Lawyers who for justice plead,  
Yea, als against our Women for their pride :  
At all those quarters as he finds occasion,  
*Hee with loud voice doth make this proclamation.*

*But fourtie dayes and yee shall clearely see,*  
That Ninive shall all destroyed be.

Sire, it will please your Majesty to heare,  
Your City all is in a trembling feare ;  
There is a prophet that is come from farre,  
Against your city he denounceth warre ;  
From heav'ns above a strange disaster hee,  
Doth threaten still against your Ninive.  
For Sins of Kings, of Nobles, and also  
Of Magistrats, and of your Lawyers too,  
Who wrong the justice that is due to poore ;  
'Gainst Women als who have no other cure,  
But for to deck them selves with vanities,  
Hee still doth threaten great calamities ;  
In every quarter as he finds occasion,  
Hee with loud voice doth make this proclamation.

*But fourtie dayes and yee shall clearely see,*  
That Ninive shall all destroyed be.

### The King of Ninive.

Great need's of hast, we must no more delay,  
To change the byas of our crooked way ;

If God once strike and wee repent too late,  
Wee'le surely find repenting's out of date :  
A sudden stroak will bring us to the ground,  
Some deadly foes our city will surround,  
With armed squadrons, and with trained bands,  
Who will make havock of our lives and lands.  
It's time that I dismount my Royall Throne,  
And Seats of Honour that I sate upon ;  
And that in dust I grovell on the ground,  
With *ashes cast upon* my head discrown'd.  
From State Imperiall I my selfe depose,  
Now for to live a vassel among those,  
Who are my subjects in this time so sad ;  
For Silks I will with rugged Sack be clad.

I will, with my Peeres, out give a decree,  
To be proclaimed through all Ninive,  
Let neither man, beast, herd, flock, great or small,  
In Ninive tast any thing at all ;  
Let them not feede, nor yet drink any water,  
It's not now time that wee ourselves should flatter :  
The tempest's riseing ; God will not delay,  
Hee hath us Summon'd to the fourty day.

Not only must wee keepe a solemn fast,  
But all must off their costly garments cast,  
To goe in Sack ; wee must no longer weare,  
Such costly Sutes while judgement is so neare ;  
All Men, and Women, must with sackcloth cover  
Their silken pride, that judgement may pass over.  
From prancing Horses, Caparisons rare  
Must be remov'd, with trappings ev'ry where,

For to put on the Sack and sadly goe,  
 Asse, Cow, Mule, Sheepe, must all be clothed so:  
 Not only so, but als ev'n by and by,  
 Must unto God now cry most mightily :  
 Before his plagues our city should devour,  
 Wee'le as wee can doe our last endeavour.

My will's, that all this our decree obey,  
 On forfeiture of life without delay ;  
 Now, who can tell, but God incontinent  
 Will pity us, and will himself repent,  
 And that hee from his anger that is hot,  
 Will turne away, so that we perish not ?

#### The Lord.

I am JEHOVAH, not in rigour set,  
 I willingly forgive, and als forget  
 The sins of men, who feel the heavy smart,  
 And pricking greefe of a repenting heart :  
*I am not slow for to revoke my sentence,  
 Upon a timely and a sound repentance.*

Thou, Ninive, art humbled me before  
 In fast and dust, I'le threaten thee no more ;  
 Of this to thee I will my promise give,  
 Thy Bond I'le cancell, and thy Sins forgive.

Ho! Jonah come and hearken unto me,  
 Procede no more in streets of *Ninive*,  
 To threaten wrath, for thou a passing bell,  
 'Gainst their transgressions did so loudly knell,  
 That King, and all cast downe in trembling feares,  
 Did beg my mercy with a floode of teares :



They fasting cry'd, LORD let thy wrath surcease,  
I pardon'd them, and have them granted peace ;  
As soone as men for their transgressions mourne,  
My wrath is quench'd, and cannot longer burne :  
Sith with that city, I am pleased so,  
Yee may returne, and home to Israel goe.

*Jonah.*

Not so my LORD, I hither did not come,  
Lies for to preach, and after to goe home ;  
I had not will this charge to undertak,  
Therefore, at first I quickly turn'd my back,  
To goe to Tarshish : this I often said,  
While I at home was in my country sad ;  
For this I knewe as clearely now I know,  
Thou gracious art and unto anger slow,  
Of long forbearance and of kindnesse great,  
This makes my heart in sadnesse great to fret :  
My veines doe boile while kindled is mine ire,  
Mine eyes doe sparkle and my teeth strike fire :  
O come ! now come, and banish all delayes,  
And doe thou quench the taper of my dayes.

LORD take my life, now heare I thee beseech,  
That in thy Name I goe no more to preach ;  
This people proude, were I but once away,  
In Ninive will scoffingly thus say,  
The preacher Jonah, messenger of lies,  
Went through our streets with many fearefull cries,  
Wee are alive, while he is gone away,  
Though hee us summon'd to the fourty day.

**The Lord.**

What boots it so to storme outrageous,  
 In fiery wrath against thy Maker thus?  
 What have I done, but in my love and pity,  
 Have at this time spar'd a repenting city?  
 Sith that I saw they were from sin reclaim'd,  
 I crost the sentence which thou had'st proclam'd:  
 And why, therefore, dost thou with anger swell?  
 To be so angry Jonah dost thou well?

**Jonah.**

It's best that I out of this city part,  
 To ease my sore oppress't and heavy heart,  
 What God hath said I hardly can believe,  
 Can he so threaten, and so soone forgive?  
 Can he revoke his sentence, and so soone  
 As voide of might, leave what he saith undone?  
 I'le build a booth without the cities gate,  
 And there I'le waite, till he expir'd the date  
 Of fourty dayes, that I may clearly see,  
 What shall betide unto this Ninive:  
 On th' Esterne side heere is a pleasant greene,  
 Where at one sight the City may be seene:  
 I'le branches cut, and leavie boughs which may  
 Me overshadow, lest the burning ray,  
 That from the sun comes with a scorching heat,  
 Without a shadow on my head should beate:  
 There I will sit, untill at last I see,  
 What shall become of sinfull Ninive,

**The Lord.**

This slender booth of boughs by Jonah made,  
 By parching heate is wither'd ev'ry blade,

The greenest leaves to dust now crumbled ly,  
Leaves lose their shadow when as they grow dry :  
Now by the strength of my Almighty word,  
For Jonah's head I will prepare a Gourd,  
Whose leaves most broad may on all sides lye over,  
And with their shadow Jonah closely cover.

### *Jonah.*

O happy gourd which timeous in my neede,  
Is so sprung up to cover now my heade,  
In such a season when the sweateing heate,  
Hath spoil'd my Booth, and on my head doth beate :  
Those leaves have sap, and lye right close together,  
No scorching sunne will make them for to wither :  
O what a pleasure doth those leaves afford,  
Which spreade so fair from such a pleasant Gourd ?  
For divers reasons I was very sad,  
But now I am become exceeding glade :  
In any place it rarely hath been seene,  
A Gourd with leaves made in one night so greene,  
Sprung up so high, to give my sense delight,  
Its colour greene doth much refresh my sight.  
Now heere I'll sit most willing, till I see,  
What shall become of godlesse Ninive.

### *The Lord.*

Heere Jonah joyes, and thinketh that hee will  
Enjoy his Gourd, and that it will be still  
Greene leaved all, his pleasures to maintaine,  
Not knowing that all earthly things are vaine,  
And feeble folies which doe passe away,  
As doth the beauty of a summer day.

I'll make a worrne which on his gourd shall fall,  
Which shall it smite, and it shall wither all ;  
To doo the same I will not long delay,  
But untill morne that springs the light of Day.

## Jonah.

I thought I was from all my troubles eas'd,  
Alas ! how soone are all my joyes disceas'd :  
My Gourd is slaine, the Sunnes consuming ray,  
Hath crumbled it to dust, and dry'd away :  
It was my pleasure, I delighted in it,  
*And now all's gone, and perish'd in a minit :*  
*Things most wee prize are oft on sudden lost,*  
What oft wee trust it oft deceives us most.

Yet which is worse, most troublesome I find,  
There doth arise a vehement East wind,  
And with the same, the Sunne with scorching heate,  
More then before upon my head doth beate ;  
If this continue, head and heart will rive,  
Farre better it's for me to dye than live.

## The Lord.

What *say'st thou* Jonah ? art thou miscontent ?  
Thy cruse of joye is it already spent,  
And nothing left but a displeased mind,  
Which is still seeking what it cannot find ?  
Is this a matter that a prophet yee  
Should for a weede in such an anger bee ?

## Jonah.

To thee it's little that I here doo lye,  
Without a shed scorch'd with a swelt'ring skye :

Why dost thou ask, what thou thy self canst tell?  
 I'll not deny, I think that I doe well  
 For to be angry, ev'n unto the death;  
 For many reasons kindled is my wrath.

### *The Lord.*

What *mean'st thou* man such murmurings so to make,  
 And on a weede compassion such to take,  
 Whose seede thou with thy hand did'st never sow,  
 Nor know'st the way how it on earth did grow?  
 Hath such a plant compassion in thy sight?  
 Which from the earth did spring up in a night,  
 And in another wither'd quite away,  
 Is this it? which stirres so thy wrath this day,  
 O silly man! hath thou such lurking care,  
 Within thy heart a number of leaves to spare?  
 And should not I have reason to have pity,  
 To bring to ruine such a mighty city;  
 Wherein are more than six score thousand (*persons*),  
 That are so young, and voide are of all (*reason*),  
 That by no means they able are to learne,  
 The right hand from the left, for to discern?  
 Should I subvert so many infants too,  
 With beasts and cattell numberlesse also?  
 If at my beame of Justice, I should weigh  
 Men's workes, I should the race of mankind slay;  
 I'm mercifull, I am compassionate,  
 Farre be't from me to raze so brave a State;  
 And in my wrath to bring to desolation,  
 A city such, which may be call'd a Nation;



Sith that to me they humbly bow the knee,  
I yet will spare the Towne of Ninive.

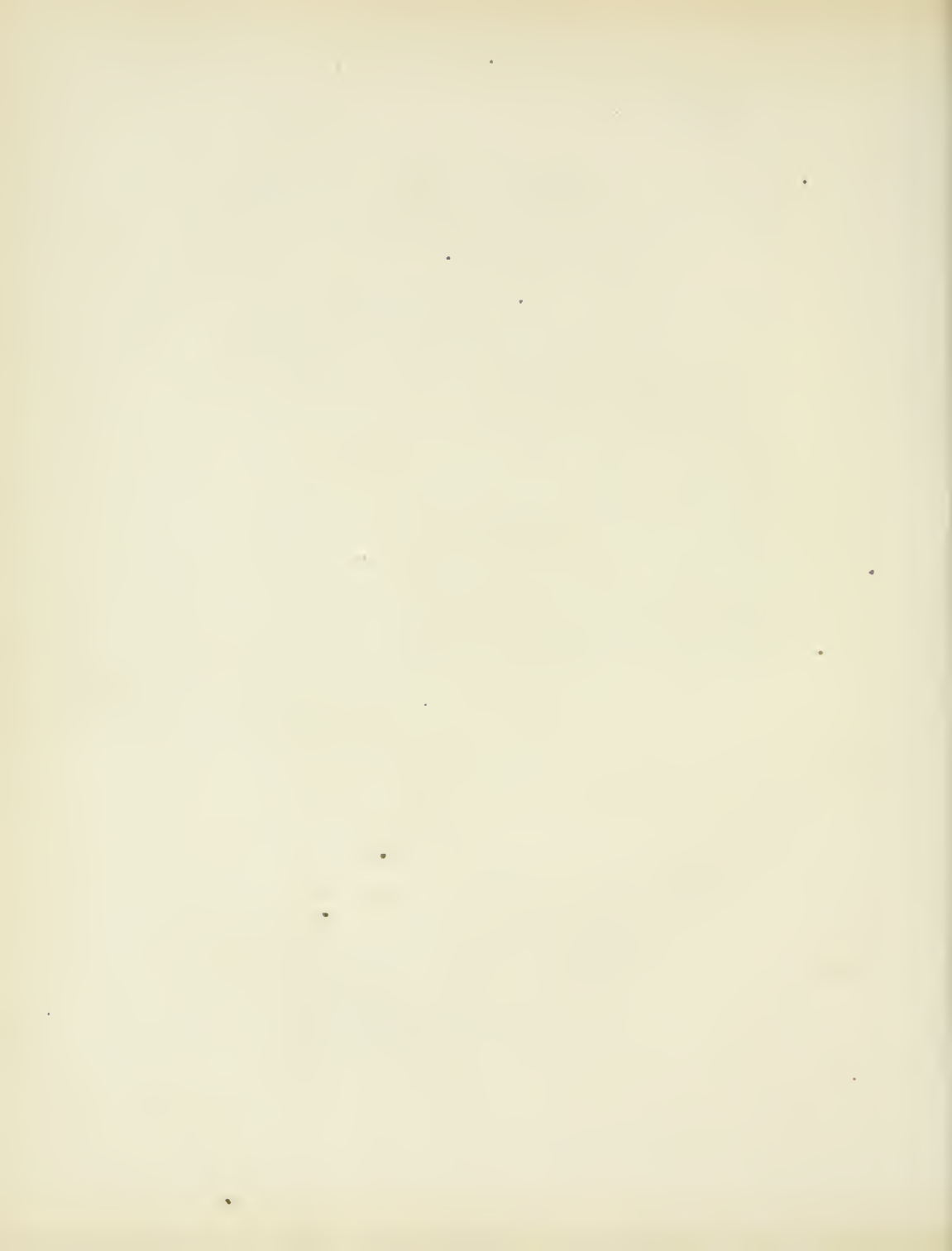
### THE USE

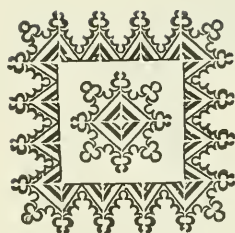
*When in a Spring tide Sin doth overflowe,  
God will not faile to bring that people lowe ;  
But if their hearts be pierced deepe with greefe,  
Hce mercifull will send to them reliefe.  
If with soft hearts men weepe a teare a part,  
They'le never meete God with a marble heart.  
It's not his pleasure, for to spoile and sack  
The sonnes of men, sore havock for to mak  
Of lives and lands, for to disturb their rest :  
Sith it is so, to turne to him's our best,  
To learne his wisdom, and his wayes so holy,  
And hate our owne, full both of filth and foly :  
When God us summons let us not delay,  
Wee can not tell if till the fourty day,  
The Lord provoked will his wrath suspend,  
Or sooner will of sinners make amend ;  
It is our best the sooner wee begin,  
To purge ourselves so from the rust of sin ;  
Yeares fully laden with their months doe passe ;  
And months with weekes, and weekes with dayes, alas !  
And dayes with houres, and houres with minutes end ;  
Our life wee see it doth not farre extend,  
But drownes in time which passeth soone away ;  
Sith it is so, let us no more delay,  
As dry brain'd men, who voide of heav'nly feare,  
For all their sins could never shed a teare.*

*(Faire) cities strew'd with outlaw'd Princes great,  
Have for their sins beene tumb'l'd from their seat ;  
Their walls were sunk, and Tow'rs were overthrow'n,  
A stone hath not been left upon a stone,  
Because to them, God cri'd and was unheard,  
They howl'd to heav'n, but heav'n gave no regard :  
They, like a ship rul'd with unstable hand,  
Wanting her compasse strook on ev'ry sand ;  
And thus they were to ev'ry plague a prey,  
Because repentance still they did delay.*

*Let Cities learne of Ninive the great,  
For to repent, and not God's summons sit ;  
When Preachers to us timeous warning give,  
Let us repent, and God hee will forgive :  
The best is ours, the sooner wee begin,  
Sowre wages issue from the sweetes of sin :  
This all at last shall by experience (trouth),  
From East to West, and from the North to South.*

*Finis.*









## Joseph Tempted to Adultery.

THE SPEAKERS.

1. *The Ishmaelites.*    2. *Potiphar.*    3. *Potiphar's Wife.*  
 4. *Joseph.*    5. *The Nurse.*    6. *The Jailor.*    7. *The*  
*Divell.*

### The Ishmaelites.

THAT day was blest when wee from home did part,  
 And got this motion, to incline our heart,  
 To buy this lade, who loiters not at all,  
 But goes or comes as wee doe for him call :  
 Hee *soberly doth live*, and for our good,  
 His stomach he sureloyeth not with food ;  
 Hee painefull doth in ev'ry thing excell,  
 Hee humble is, himself he doth not mell,  
 With other's matters in a curious way,  
*As many who their folly so bewray ;*  
*From smallest springs the greatest rivers rise,*  
 Hee who is humble surely will be wise ;  
 Wee hope our bargaine shall give contentation,  
 This youth he is of greatest expectation.

Our broker surely slily, by and by  
 Beguil'd you heard men, when he did him buy ;  
 The price was base which they at selling sought,  
 It seemes that *they the lade* have never bought,  
 But that he is theefe-stol'n, and ta'en away,  
 Maugre his will, while he hath in some way,  
 Beene walking carelesse for to take the air ;  
 Theeves neither man, nor yet the beasts doe spare,  
 All's fish that comes in net, they in their way,  
 Goe ceaselesse seeking where to get a prey.

The prey is ours, the market had no dearth,  
 It seemes those men did never know his worth :  
 See how he goes, he idle doth *not sit*,  
 Some stronger be, but have a weaker wit.

*But while wee speak our words must not be loud,  
 A servant prais'd is ready to be proud,  
 And frolicke vaine, if that a proclamation  
 Be of his worth, and of his estimation :  
 When servants sp'rits are raised up aloft,  
 With lazy pace they goe their carands oft,  
 Or swell so proud, that servants they will strike,  
 And ov'r the the rest will live controullers like :  
 At last in ducty they come farre behind,  
 They lagge in body, but much more in mind.*

Therefore its best that wee deale wisely now,  
 In such a sort that he no way doe know,  
 Our mind of him, for pride would make him swerve,  
 A servant proud not long time well will serve :  
 If at the first this youth wee wisely traine,  
 Wee by his service will most surely gaine :

When wee to Egypt shall come with our spice,  
 Wee for the Lade may get a noble price ;  
 Men there are wealthy, and in pleasures live,  
 For such a one they lib'rally will give :  
 When wee our wares there vent at ev'ry quarter,  
 Wee may him sell, or truck, or also barter,  
 With great advantage to us ev'ry way,  
 When wee our wares in Egypt shall display ;  
 The land is rich, and men in pleasures swim ;  
 Some Loïd in Egypt will give much for him,  
 So faire in face, so nimble for to doe,  
 So ready still to come, or yet to goe ;  
 If for our spices markets fall too bad,  
 It may be that wee gaine yet by the lade ;  
*Wee in our life this to be true doe try,*  
 In merchand wares there is great jeopardy ;  
 Wee have great neede the stots of time to keepe,  
 He who in sloath doth like a Dor-Mouse sleepe,  
 Shall at the last sure prove a Banker-up,  
 And neither have to bite, nor yet to sup ;  
 Soone up at morne, and late to goe to bed,  
 And sober diet, grace a merchand's trade.

Now wee perceive, and clearly understand,  
 That wee draw neare unto th' Egyptian's land :  
 Behold rich vallies, where the liquid glasse  
 Of Nilus flood, in curl'd streames doth passe ;  
 Through flow'ry plaines enammelled with Gemmes,  
 That precious are among the silver streames ;  
 Which here and there, doe muster *in* their traine  
 In smaller brookes, untill they Nilus gaine,

Wherein they fall, as if they understood,  
 Their homage due unto that noble flood.

This world is fram'd with great diversity,  
 Some parts in hills, and some in plaines doe lye :  
 There smell the garden, there the flow'ry fleece  
 Is for the sight, yea yearly twice or thrice ;  
 The fertile plaines are fittest for the corne,  
 The lusty sheepe they doe the Downes adorne ;  
 Small hills for vines, high mountains, in a wonder,  
 Have caves for wind, and shops for sulphr'y thunder ;  
 There tempests have conception and their birth,  
 From thence 'gainst us with violence they come forth :  
 In other places floods spew silver streames,  
 And Hillocks bare doe yield most precious Gemmes ;  
 Some Forrests hangings have of silken fleeces ;  
 Some countryes have the incense and the spices ;  
 Some lands *enriched with the noble vines*,  
 Distill fine *Clarets, Sacks, and Muscadines* ;  
 Some rich in *Wells*, in *corne*, in *cloth* and *tin*,  
 And some have *malt* to serve them for their wine.  
 Egypt enriched is with *Balsamum* ;  
 From our Arabia costly spices come ;  
 From Candy *aurrance*, from Indes *ivory* ;  
 From Syria comes the Mummy by and by ;  
 Each countrye as wee see doth distribute,  
 That which may for the world's well contribute.

But now wee are come unto Egypt's border,  
 Wee wonder, to see all things, in such order :  
 Faire palaces so burnished with gold,  
 Our eyes doe dazle while we them behold ;

The flow'ry Land, a garden all it seemes,  
And softly Nilus runs with silver streames.

Now wee behold the *Memphis* stately walls,  
With glittering roofs upon her palace Halls ;  
Those heaving Tow'rs doe lift their tops so hy,  
Ev'n as they would be masters ov'r the sky :  
If they continue thus for to goe on,  
They will attempt to scale the crystal Throne ;  
Wee poore Arabians that are people rude,  
Are glad to dwell in Lodges made of mud ;  
And win our meat with irksome toile and care,  
Wee coarsely cloth'd doe live on sober fare ;  
Ty'd to a taske, at all wee have no leisure,  
Us to refresh with pastime or with pleasure ;  
Our land is barren, such therefore's our case,  
We must for gaine still goe from place to place.

O pleasant plaine of Egypt, land repleat,  
With herds of Cattell, and of Sheepe, and Neate :  
Corne fields are faire, and all things doe abound,  
No thing is wanting in this fertile ground.

Yet more wee see faire rankes of trees, betweene  
A flow'ry field, and a most *spacious Greene* :  
Thousands of youths as in a Martiall muster,  
Adorn'd with gold in diverse Troopes doe cluster ;  
Wee see their men that are of stature tall,  
Some runne, some leape, some wrastle for a fall :  
On horseback some as mighty warriors goe,  
With Launces as they would assault a foe ;  
Some wheele about against another Ranke,  
As though they would them charge upon the flanke ;



Some at the *Tilt*, within the field so large  
 Goe bravely on, and give a furious charge ;  
 Such exercises 'mong them daily are,  
 That thereby they inur'd may be to war.

But who is this that comming we doe see,  
 Now from those games that all so Martiall be ?  
 While wee stand still upon this place alway,  
 It seemes to us ward that hee hath his way :  
 It seemes he dwells within the palace walls,  
 Those iron gates, and high gold sealed Halls.  
 Hee comes to us, and leaves his Tilting sport,  
 Hee is a man not of the common sort :  
 Gold on his clothes is in the shining light,  
 Much like a *Comet* blazing bloody bright.

### ¶ Potiphar.

Ho! friends, yee who now there together stand,  
 It seemes yee are come from some forraine land,  
 For your affaires ; yee no thing heere shall see,  
 That shall you hurt ; of feare yee may be free :  
 Like crocodiles our men they are not heere,  
 With faire pretence to murder with a teare ;  
 Yee safely may through ev'ry beaten road,  
 Goe with your beastes, no man will them unload,  
 The land's in peace, men may in ev'ry side,  
 Both goe on foot, or else on palfreyes ride,  
 Without all feare ; the countreye's Lawes are so,  
 The Merchands safe in ev'ry part may goe.

It seemes by trade that yee all merchands are,  
 Now let me know what is your cheefest ware ?

## The Ishmaelites.

Right worthy Sir, wee shall that to you tell,  
 Wee *Balme* and *Myrrhe*, with *Spices* have to sell :  
 In Egypt land the better never were,  
 Wee from Arabia have brought all this ware :

Moreover wee, as some Men wee past by,  
 From them this Lade for silver als did buy ;  
 Hee's apt for all things that wee put him to,  
 He is not slow, yea whether to come or goe,  
 As wee command ; he is not vicious ;  
 To vertues hee is most ingenious ;  
 Wee him esteeme more precious to be,  
 Then all our *balme*, and *myrrh*, and *spicerie* ;  
 Our wares are such that clearely they doe tell,  
 That wee're not pedlars, trifles for to sell.

## Potiphar.

I like his face, I wish the price were made ;  
 Cost I'll not spare, I mind to have the Lade ;  
 But yet I mind the matter to contrive,  
 So that I may the Bargaine wisely drive ;  
 That as goode, cheape, as possibly I may,  
 I may the Lade take home with me the day ;  
 So farre as I by them can understand,  
 They will him sell, and I'll not huckling stand ;  
*I oft have heard it said by good advice,*  
 Wares that are good, are ever worth their price.

Ho ! friends, I heare, as yee unto me tell,  
 That yee have *balme*, *myrrhe*, *spicerie* to sell,  
 Good and good cheape, if yee come to our faire,  
 Yee easily will soone dispatch your ware.

As for this lade whom yee for silver bought,  
 Yee will him sell, it gives me in my thought ;  
 Yee merchands are, where ev'r yee doe remaine,  
 Yee buy and sell thereby to get some gaine :  
 What is his price ? now tell me in a word,  
 Bee not too deare, and wee shall soone accord.

### The Ishmaelites.

Sir, yee must know wee have him brought from farre,  
 And have him fed : the nature of this ware  
 Is still to spend, and victualls to consume ;  
 A hundred pieces he will cost in summe ;  
 Hee is not deare, if yee shall get him so,  
 If yee not please, then let him with us goe ;  
 Wee know right well that others more will give ;  
 Take yee him so, or else the Bargaine leave.

### Potiphar.

I will not prigge, I will not you deceive,  
 Yee for the Lade shall fourtie pieces have ;  
 I seeke no vantage now of you to catch,  
 It's but that yee your gaines by trifles snatch ;  
*Win little and win oft*, as heard I have,  
 Makes merchands rich, but who too much doe crave,  
 The buyers that about them gather'd are,  
 Discourag'd, so that they will buy no ware.

Yet sith I'm here, before I Bargaine leave,  
 I fifty pieces unto you will give ;  
 If in your loof yee all this silver had,  
 You will it find more worthy then the Lade.

*The Ishmaelites.*

Wee'le spend no time, wee'le in a word therefore  
 You tell, he will then fifty cost you more ;  
 The Lade in service nimble is and bold,  
 In scorching heat, and in the freezing cold ;  
 Hee quickly serves, he drives our horse abroad,  
 When bending axles grone beneath their load ;  
 When wee him send some earands through the plaine,  
 Hee in a trice returnes to us againe ;  
 All goeth well that he doth take in hand,  
 Hee doth obey as wee doe him command,  
 From any duty he doth never shrink,  
*In all his workes he never seemes to wink.*

Wee merchands are, wee are not prigging men,  
 Hee in a word will cost fourscore and ten.

*Isotiphar.*

Your ware's too dear, but sith that, yee and I  
 Are come this farre, I will him from you buy ;  
 Heere is the summe which will you fully pay,  
 Give me the Lade, take yee the price the day.

Come hither Lade ; now of good courage be,  
 Now back this steede, for to ride home with me :  
 This well I wot, I neede no inquisition,  
 Thou for the better chang'd hast thy condition ;  
 Thou served merchands both in cold and heate,  
 Who after them through mires upon thy feete,  
 Still made thee runne, with weari'd limmes and so,  
 Ev'n as a drudge still with their packs to goe :  
 More soure then Sweete thy life was them among,  
 As I doe think ; but ere that it be long,

Thou no more with (*a*) troubling tempest driv'n,  
 Shall cleared see thy sad and low'ring Heav'n :  
 Take courage, and in all things faithfull be,  
 And thou must look for favour so from me ;  
 This land is fertile, both with wine and graine ;  
 Arabia's fields wherein thou did'st remaine,  
 To speake the trueth, are but a wilderness,  
 But Egypt's glory who can well expresse ?  
 The heav'ns are cleare as men's hearts would desire,  
 Great stormes of raine turne not our land to mire ;  
 With bloody haire there *is no blazing starre*,  
 To threaten men with famine, plague, and warre ;  
 The freezing cold all seasons wee not feare,  
 No *mealie mountaines* white with snow appear ;  
 But all the fields as clearly may be scene,  
 Have still their garments dy'd in lusty greene :  
 The land's a garden, which sweet savour yields,  
 Most fragrant flowres enammell all the fields ;  
 The trees in rankes all orderly are set,  
 When yee them see, Arabia yee'le forget.  
 Now let us (*strive*) untill our place wee come,  
 Wee to my wife will be most welcome home :  
 Now *heeres my house* beset with orchards round,  
 Where dangling fruits on branches all abound ;  
 I will light downe, and tell that I have bought,  
 Such ware which oft my wife from me hath sought ;  
 A servant humble, pleasant to the eye,  
 Obedient, faithful for to oversee,  
 At home, abrod, how matters all do goe,  
 I will get thankes if thou doe so and so.



My dearest heart, most deare to me indeede,  
 I at the market have this day come speede ;  
 While at the Tilt within the field so large,  
 Wee in our game did give a *furious charge* ;  
 Thousands of youths were in a martiall muster,  
 While as in Troopes wee stood there in a cluster,  
 I did espy some merchand men afarre,  
 Then I anone went for to see their ware. .

Ho! friends, said I, yee who together stand,  
 It seemes yee are come from some forraine land ;  
 For your affaires ; yee no thing heere shall see,  
 That shall you hurt ; of feare yee may be free ;  
 All is in peace, the countrye's lawes are so,  
 The merchands safe in ev'ry part may goe :  
 It seemes that yee by trade all merchands are,  
 Now let me know what is your cheefest ware ?

Right worthy Sir, said they, wee will you tell,  
 Wee balme, and myrrhe, with spic'rie have to sell,  
 In Egypt land the better never were,  
 Wee from Arabia have brought all this ware.

Moreover, wee as some men wee past by,  
 From them this lade for Silver so did buy,  
 Hee's apt for all things that wee put him to,  
 He ready is to come, or yet to goe,  
 As wee command ; he is not vicious,  
 To vertue he is most ingenious,  
 Wee him esteeme more precious to be,  
 Then all our *balme*, and *myrrhe*, and *spicerie* ;  
 And to be short, I saw the lade so rare,  
 That I him did preferre to all their ware :

I have him bought, and with me hee is come,  
If yee him saw yee would say welcome home.

**Potiphar's Wife.**

My joye, my heart, I proofs of your good will  
At all times have, so yee continue still :  
Yee're firme in love, not unto changes subject,  
As the *Chameleons* vary with their object :  
Since at our marriage wee the words have spoken,  
*The knot of Love hath never yet been broken :*  
*Love should be constant, not like those that change,*  
*Fantastick fashions in their garments strange ;*  
*Love of such things as Lees and drosse of all,*  
*Should of our hearts downe to the bottome fall,*  
*And honest Love should have the upper place,*  
Of man and wife, such still should be the case :  
*I constant am, though women's hearts men call,*  
Of changefull thoughts a common Arcenall :  
Yee're mine, your eyes reflect their lively rayes,  
Upon my heart, and that in divers wayes.

Now my deare heart, yee're welcome home to me,  
As for that Lade, I wish I could him see.

**Potiphar.**

*Strong links of Love in goodly chaines doe tether,*  
*The hearts of husbands and of wives together ;*  
*As in a wheele which whirleth on the ground,*  
*This for example clearely may be found,*  
*The spoakes thereof still neerer, neerer gather,*  
*Till in the Nave their points hard meeete together :*

*As distant spoakes are joined in the Nave,  
So are the thoughts which in our hearts wee have.*

Ho ! Sirra run, and to the Orchard goe,  
And cause yon lade come quickly me unto.

### Potiphar's Wife.

My dearest heart this day yee have come speede,  
Yee have a Bargaine worthy made indeede ;  
*A man of wealth should never hucking stand,  
When wares of worth are brought unto his hand :*  
I have not seene such servant in this place,  
Hee *lively* is, and of a *lovely* face.

Ho ! lade, be glade thou art come hither safe,  
Thou for thy thralldom need'st not inly chafe ;  
If thou thy master serve with diligence,  
Thou need'st not feare to want a recompence.

### Potiphar.

By long experience I at last doe find,  
This youth so trusty, that I in my mind,  
Now think it best he others all command ;  
For as I see all prospers in his hand :  
What ev'r he does, he does the same with grace,  
*The first in vertue should be first in place :*  
I'll him promote, ev'n ov'r my servants all,  
Who shall bee alwayes subject at his call ;  
His clothing's coarse, yea it is very bad,  
But now I mind to see him seemely clad,  
In Silken suit, with richest Livery,  
Of Purple fine, full of embroidery ;

I also will in honour set him up,  
Upon a horse the stateliest of the troope.

While I him see thus decked, he appears  
Both tall and trimmer, then are all his peeres.

### Putiphar's Wife.

Our other servants are so sallow fac't,  
That wee by them are often times disgrac't ;  
They have no wisdom for to understand,  
How they should in their master's presence stand.

But O ! this youth hee is a lovely Minion,  
His browe is white, his cheekes are like vermilion,  
His lookes are mild, his eyes are smiling sweete,  
His pass is grave, and pretty are his feeto :  
His lovely face it is most gracious,  
In ev'ry thing hee's most officious,  
No lesse within doores, then hee is without,  
Active, and apt, in all hee goes about ;  
On all occasions he not lags behind,  
But with the foremost wee him ever find ;  
Ready to serve, or goe, or yet to come,  
To serve abroad, or yet to serve at home.

My husband deare, yee had a happy thought,  
That day, that yee this youth unto us brought ;  
Hee all ov'r sees, and never sitteth idle,  
Hee needes no spurres, but rather must have bridle  
To hold him in, lest that incontinent  
With too much toile, his forces all be spent,  
And so he bought, ev'n by so high a rate,  
Be made unusefull to our great regret.

## - Potiphar.

Hee happy is who hath a worthy wife,  
 Hee may her call his *stay*, his *love*, his *life* ;  
 His *rest*, his *weal*, his *other self* also ;  
 A help in neede where ev'r hee doth goe ;  
*O chastest friendship scene in any part,*  
*Two so made one, that two have but one heart ;*  
*This sacred knot doth man and woman bind,*  
*So that the one with th' other, hath one mind.*

As yee desire so shall I carefull be,  
 That this sweete youth, shall onely oversee  
 Men at their task, and when yee are alone,  
 Hee you attend, and still you followe on ;  
 When yee abroad shall goe to any place,  
 The youth is comely, of a pleasant face,  
 And grave and wise, as I doe daily try ;  
 And so most fit to beare you company.

The King hath sent, that to the Court I come ;  
 I'll goe, but he shall tarry heere at home ;  
 Strangers may come, none heere there with you be,  
 That can such service doe at home as he :

The night's farre spent, therefore I think it best,  
 That now in time wee all goe to our rest ;  
 The letter presseth that without delay,  
 The morrow I hence earely ride away.

Now night is past, and Phoebus in his wayes  
 So posting past, castes on the cloudes his rayes :  
 When he comes forth, he's like a mighty King,  
 About his countreye stately progressing ;  
 The planets six, which are all wand'ring lights,  
 Doe him attend, as *Dukes, Earles, Lords, and Knights* :



Those Nobles prancing humbly evermore,  
 Waite on his coach behind, and als before :  
 Those coursers run through the celestiall orbs,  
 They gallop still, no stop their dance disturbs.  
 It's day, it's time to lend my horse a heele,  
 Arm'd with a spurre ; my deare heart now farewell.

### Potiphar's Wife.

My heart is like a spider, who confin'd  
 In her webs centre, hurri'd with each wind,  
 Moves in a trice, if that a buzzing Flie,  
 Stirre but a string of her thin canopie ;  
 I can not tell what thing is this I find,  
 Both night and day still stirring in my mind.  
 This youth new come, hee hath a lovely face,  
 What ev'r he doth it is adorn'd with grace ;  
 Hee rudy lips hath, and a smiling eye,  
 His comely cheeks are of a purer dye  
 Then any Rose, and for mine eyes delite,  
 The other parts are like the Lilly white ;  
 I see in him, which well affirm I can,  
 The rarest beauties that adorne a man ;  
 Him more then all, I inly doe admire,  
 And doe him still behold with *young desire* ;  
 I doe not know what after shall ensue,  
 If I this passion shall of love pursue,  
 Or not, I doubt ; I know not what infection,  
 The *Tindar* kindleth of this hot affection,  
 Which fires my mind, and wak'neth my desire,  
 So that my lust me setteth all on fire :

Desist I would, for feare of world's shame,  
 Persist I must, though I should lose my name ;  
 Then death, Love's stronger as we may perceive,  
 I'le rather dye then want what Love would have.

But sith our Sexe is modest, I will ply  
 To play my part, with art and subtilty ;  
 I mind by art this youth now to ensnare,  
 I'le fard my face, and goe with breast laid bare,  
 When he shall see, to waken his delite,  
 Two pleasant paps like Alabaster white ;  
 When in my breast as in a looking glasse,  
 Hee sees such beauty, it will come to passe,  
 That it will make the *Tindar* of his heart,  
 Soone to take fire, and blaze in ev'ry part,  
 Like one whose breast a burning fever fryes :  
 Hee at this sight will surely *agonize*.

Yet more then this, that I may winne my point,  
 With former things some others must be joint ;  
 I Jewells have that are both rich and rare,  
 I will them have thick dangling on my haire ;  
*Pearles, Rubies*, and the *Topas* shall me deck,  
 With *Saphires* hang'd about my snowie neck ;  
 My gownes pasmented\* with the richest gold,  
 And dangling Ribbans, pleasant to behold,  
 Shall give me luster ; when hee hath me seene  
 Deck'd like a Lady, rather like a Queene,  
 His lust will kindle, and him quickly move,  
 With such a beauty to be sicke of Love.

\* Overlaid with a species of lace work or embroidery of gold.

Now I will send my Nurse to him, that hee  
 May in some chamber see me quietlie,  
 Without a witnesse ; for a place alone,  
 Is fitting most for such temptation.

Ho ! Nurse see that in hast yee ready bee,  
 That Hebrew youth cause quickly come to me ;  
 For to my Husband he must letters write,  
 Some secret purpose which I shall indite ;  
 Tell yee him, that I'm in the chamber heere ;  
 Let no man know, but sound it in his eare.

#### The Nurse.

I goe Madame, according to your will,  
 What yee require I shall the same fulfill ;  
 While yee were young, I on my breasts you fed,  
 And by the Sleeves I heere and there you led :  
 I you a babe did dandle on my knee,  
 My heart is glade while I your glory see.

I'le say no more, in hast I'le goe away,  
 As yee have spoke I'le to the Hebrew say.

#### Poliphar's Wife.

This my design requires great secrecy,  
 My Nurse, I think, was fittest all to try ;  
 She trusty is, she no deceitfull will,  
 Hath in her heart ; she will not me beguile ;  
 I thought her fittest for to doe this thing,  
 For me her Nursling whom she up did bring :  
 She is most faithfull, diligent, and charie,  
 Her Nursling's earands to and fro to carrie.

But what is this that in my breast I feele ?  
 The thoughts of Love, still up and downe doe reele  
 Within my heart ; the pleasant comely face  
 Of th' Hebrew youth, me greeves in ev'ry place ;  
 I'm sicke of Love, I have sure quaffed up,  
 The brimme and bottome of some *Stygian cup*,  
 Wherein some *philter* kindled hath this fire,  
 That makes my flesh burne with such hote desire.

#### The Nurse.

Sir, yee shall knowe my Mistresse hath me sent,  
 To tell you that yee come incontinent,  
 To write some missives of great importance,  
 Unto her Lord ; she minds you to advance,  
 To higher honours, ev'n to beare her cup ;  
 Some other things in heart she hoardeth up,  
 As I perceive ; which yee will better knowe,  
 When she herself will tell the same to you ;  
 She in her speaches still doth you commend,  
 She is in greefe, if that your finger end  
 But ake a little ; thus yee clearely see,  
 How much to her yee now beholden be.  
 Yee will be welcome when yee to her goe ;  
 What needes me Trumpet ev'ry thing I kno ?

#### Joseph.

I gladly heare what yee the Nurse doth say,  
 I am a servant, and I must obeye ;  
 Most willingly I'll strive to doe her pleasure,  
 I of her Love deserve not such a measure :

Yet shall I strive, that all the house may see,  
That I am upright, and no guile's in me :  
I for my Master and my Mistresse ever,  
Shall still be loyall, but a *pilf'rer* never.

Nurse, tell the Mistresse when I this have done,  
That's in my hand ; I'll come to her anone.

#### The Nurse.

I see indeede those things most needfull be,  
When yee have done, see that yee followe me :  
Madame, as yee me to the Hebrew sent,  
At your command I went incontinent ;  
As I perceiv'd my words did much him move,  
When I him told of your respect and Love :  
When he hath done some things that needfull be,  
Hee then anone will followe after me.

A gallant youth hee seemes, as I have seene,  
As I esteeme, hee of some Lord hath beene  
The darling Sonne ; but beggars by the way,  
Him farre from doores have found, and stolne away.

#### Putiphar's Wife.

Your thought is mine, since first I saw his face,  
And civill carriage als in ev'ry place ;  
So mild, so meeke, so humble, free of scorne,  
I could not think that he was basely borne ;  
Sith Providence hath brought him us unto,  
Hee shall well know, that hee hath not to doe  
With churlish merchands, who, (*which is a vice*)  
*Have no respect to persons, but to price :*



I hope one daye when he no thing shall want,  
 Hee'le say our house yet never breathed scant ;  
 Since I was Lady of this house so faire,  
 I never yet a servant had so rare ;  
 What, say I servant ? service to dispatch,  
*To any Lady hee might bee a match :*  
 I see no man that hath so comely face,  
 What ev'r hee doth it is adorn'd with grace :  
 Hee rudy lips hath, and a smiling eye,  
 His comely cheekes, are of a purer dye  
 Then any Rose, and for mine eyes delite,  
 The other parts are like the lilly white ;  
 I see in him, which well affirme I can,  
 The rarest beauties that adorne a man.

Behold him comming, as he spake to you,  
 Hee keepes his word, hee makes his promise true ;  
 Come hither youth, come to my chamber soone,  
 To write some missives, for things to be done  
 With greatest hast ; come quickly and not stay,  
*Things of great moment suffer no delay.*

### Joseph.

Madame, yee know I use not to be slow,  
 What I have done, yee will it well allow,  
 When yee it see ; as soone as it was done,  
 I came unto your Ladyship anone.

I ev'ry thing as I shall understand,  
 I mind to doe as yee shall me command,  
 Onely and truely ; it becomes me so  
 As yee direct, either to come or goe ;

It's not for servants to be daintie, nice,  
 And slow in pace, but in a twinkling trice  
 To goe to work, and that in every way,  
 Ere crowing *Heraulds* summon up the daye.

I hope Madame, that yee will not refuse  
 What I have said, for a most just excuse.

### Potiphar's Wife.

While I him heare, I wot not what a grace,  
 What divine beame reflecteth on his face :  
 If I no children had for to inherite,  
 Hee might be heire of all I have by merite ;  
 If I were barren as is many a one,  
 Hee surely should bee mine adopted sonne ;  
 If Potiphar himself were in his grave,  
 I surely should no other husband have ;  
*I may this thinke, but can not speake the same,*  
*It seemely is a wife be vail'd with shame.*

Young man, to you my Nurse I quickly sent,  
 That you should come to mee incontinent ;  
 I heard your reason, I will it allow,  
 I by my Nurse each circumstance doe know ;  
 Some secrete things I must this daye indite,  
 Come to my cabin\* that yee them may write,  
 I lov'd you ay, and yet I doe not varie,  
 Therefore, I heere you make my *Secretarie*.

This place is quiet, farre aback from din,  
 None will without heare, what's heere said within ;

\* *Cabinet*, or *Closet* of audience.

This, this, and this, my husband write unto,  
As I indite, you shall so write, and so.

Joseph.

All is well written as I doe suppose,  
Is it your will that I the letters close ?

Putiphar's Wife.

O that this youth did know my Ladiship !  
*O that in Love's cup hee would once but sip !*  
And after that carrousing by and by,  
Would all quaff off, and drink the goblet dry ;  
His Rosy lips most gladly would I kisse,  
But woman's shame restraineth me from this ;  
I wonder, while such beautie heere he sees,  
That I perceive not, in his modest eyes,  
Some signe of lust ; if favour could him move,  
Hee clearely sees great tokens of my Love :  
If hee would looke, and see me on each side,  
Hee would me see adorned like a Bride :  
I farded have my face with fard most rare,  
To fire his eye my lilly breast is bare ;  
And also, for to waken his delite,  
I shewe my paps like *Alabaster* white ;  
My beautie is adorn'd with jewels rare,  
Which on my locks doe dangle heere and there,  
*Pearles, Rubies*, and the *Topas* doe me deck,  
With *Saphires* hang'd about my snowie neck ;  
My gownes pasmented are with richest gold,  
And dangling Ribbans pleasant to behold,

Doe give me luster ; hee me thus hath scene,  
Deck'd like a Lady, rather like a Queene.

Yet for all this, as I behold his eye,  
I no appearance of his lust can see,  
No wanton smile ; but in a posture grave,  
Retir'd, as one that no such thing doth crave ;  
I may with *lookes*, with *wordes* I cannot wooe,  
What *wordes* can not, *love glances* well can doe ;  
I spare no cost on Pearles, to give me luster,  
The Rubies rare upon my haire doe muster.

Yet for all this, as I behold his eye,  
I no appearance of his lust can see :  
It may be so, that all he sees without,  
Not shewe my mind, and therefore doth he doubt,  
If inly I him such affection beare ;  
Therefore, except he from my mouth it heare,  
Hee darre not well such matters now propound,  
Lest that he guilty should at last be found ;  
If to my husband I should shewe the same,  
And by this meanes that he should come to shame.

I faine would speake and tell him all my mind,  
How in mine eyes that he doth favour find ;  
But oh ! again I blush, I can not speake,  
It seemes the man should from the woman seeke ;  
That man is doltish, and hath little skill,  
That can not soone signes of a woman's will,  
Read in her face, her gestures, and her eye ;  
What shall I say ? for love I'm like to dye.

Yet I must waito and shunne dishonours brand ;  
When hee heereafter shall well understand,  
My love to him, perhaps hee'le change his mind ;

Hee waites on me, I'll soone occasion find,  
 Within my cabin, where I shall indite,  
 Some missives which this youth must daily write.

Ho! youth, the missives as I doe perceive,  
 Yee orderly them all now written have ;  
 As I desire, therefore I all allow,  
 None to write missives, I will have but you.

See that the morrow yee goe not from home,  
 At afternoone unto my cabin come.

### Joseph.

I shall, Madame, doe as yee mee command,  
 In ev'ry thing that I doe understand ;  
 What shall you please I mind it still to seeke ;  
 I wish I could doe better then I speake ;  
 Now by your leave, Madame, I must goe hence,  
 T' ov'r see the Servants, that with diligence  
 They work ; for they neede more a spurre then bridle,  
 It's sin and shame that servants should (*sit*) idle.

This woman's lookes doe lustfull seeme and vaine,  
 With such a one great danger's to remaine :  
 She's like a *Tindar boxe* to kindle fire,  
 To waken lust, and foolish youth's desire :  
 Her gestures speake when she her eyes do cast,  
 With wanton smiles, she seems not to be chaste :  
 I trembl'd when she steek't her cabin doore ;  
 I see no thing but tokens of a whoore.

It strange is, how a woman can forsake,  
 Her worthy Lord a servant for to take :  
*Whoores are like maids, or child great wives that miss,*  
*Their termes appointed for their flourishes ;*



*At daintie feastes they pine, preferring farre,  
The Killings, Herrings, Castocks, Cohwort, Tar,  
Yea, coals, and cloutes, and cindars, als before,  
Quaile, Pheasant, Partridg, and a thousand more.*

It is my part at Morne, and als at Ev'n ;  
Yea at all times to pray the God of heav'n  
Mee to direct, that by her promises,  
And beantie, she gull not my simplenesse ;  
*O Lord, thou know'st that I no thing can doe,  
But what thy Sp'rit inables me unto.*

And yet while I such tokens outward find,  
It may be no such thing bee in her mind ;  
While wee in cabin secrete were together,  
She not a word that wanton was did utter :  
Such is our nature, and our fraile condition,  
That without ground wee often have suspicion ;  
They who in life are still most innocent,  
Are least suspicious of ane evill intent.  
Yet, when men see the *Ivy bush*\* hang out,  
They knowe the *change-house* : so at least we doubt,  
If such be chaste, whom we alwayes doe see,  
So vaine, so wanton with a rolling eye ;  
It's good in time to shunne the whoorish gate,  
Who doe it not, repent, but oft too late.

#### Joseph's Wife.

I wot not what in mee is come to pass,  
In mee this whilome, who most gladely was ;

\* The old Vint'ner's public Sign for the sale of Wine.

Set to ov'r see my maids in businesse,  
 And now I lusk in sloth and lazinesse ;  
 Love's working I not able am to staunch ;  
 The fire is kindl'd which I cannot quench.

This youth I so do carrie in my mind,  
 That I no rest within my heart can find ;  
 It sucketh sorrowe, and *doth on it* feede ;  
 I dizzy am as fed with Darnall seede ;  
 I yesterday had time, but could not use it ;  
 I thought it precious, but I fear'd t' abuse it :  
 A woman's heart a thousand doubts doth frame,  
 Whiles toss'd with feare, and whiles als cross'd with shame ;  
 So to attempt, I durst not well be plaine,  
 But thought by Pearles and smiles my point to gaine :  
 Wee see the feeble, downie, feathr'd yong,  
 Not venture flight before their (*quils*) be strong ;  
 Lovers at first, before each know another,  
 Will uncouth seeme, the one unto the other,  
 Darre not expresse what is within the mind,  
 Yea, not though they a faire occasion find,  
 But first they must, with winkes and rolling eye,  
 Their minds let others in their gestures see ;  
 And peece and peece as they see goe the guise,  
 Step back, or forward, in their wooeing wise.

Ev'n so, I mind by peece and peece to try,  
 And as I see, I shall my self apply :  
 I see him comeing as wee left at last,  
 The appointed houre it is not fully past :  
 It gives me hope, sith that he keeps his houre,  
 That yesternight of Love he felt the pow're :

A gallant Lady with a smiling face,  
 With speaking gestures in a secret place,  
 May kindle fire within the chastest breast,  
 Both of the greatest, and als of the least.

**Joseph.**

I see yon woman in a rich attire,  
 To deck her thus her Maide will surely tire ;  
 When as her Lord did with her heere remaine,  
 She in apparell was not half so vaine.  
*I like not women who are wanton, glade,  
 When as their husbands are gone farre abroad.*  
*I must goe to her, I it can not shunne ;  
 O Lord me save, and as thou hast begun,  
 Continue with me, (that) unto the last,  
 I both in heart, and gestures may be chast.*

**Dotiphar's Wife.**

Ho ! youth, come hither that I may indite,  
 Important missives, which yee now must write,  
 To send abroad, men must not idle stand,  
 In hulk at sea, or in ane house on land :  
 Lest time be spent before our turnes be done,  
 Let us both goe into my cabin soone.

Now doores are clos'd, my husband is afield,  
 Sweete youth I wish that yee to me would yield,  
 My earn'st desire, I hardly can it tell,  
 But by my gestures yee may know it well ;  
 The matter's such, it not conceale I can,  
 Ev'n yee yourself are now the onely man,

Who can me comforte, pining thus away,  
 With thoughts of you by night, and als by day ;  
 Yee know my meaning, I it blush to tell,  
 But by my gestures yee may know it well.

The doores are clos'd, none's heere but you and I,  
*Stolne water's sweete* as ev'ry one may try ;  
 Thousands of Servants would this well approve,  
 That such a mistresse would them dearely love ;  
 And think it honour for to kisse her face,  
 And in the bed to have his Master's place ;  
 'Mong many servants I'le have none but thee,  
 Now time us fits, *come thou and lye with me.*

### Joseph.

My heart within me blusheth all for shame,  
 I hardly knowe what answer now to frame :  
 My heart abhorres to heare such filthy wordes,  
 They thrill me through as they were sharpest swordes :  
 This woman doubtlesse hath now quaffed up,  
 The brimme and bottome of a *Stygian cup* :  
 While I those things consider mine alone,  
 At ev'ry thought my heart doth grind a groane ;  
 Lest peradventure she against me rage,  
 I thinke it best her meekely to asswage.

Madame, as yet I never was a lover,  
 I blush for shame, the red my face doth cover :  
 I'm but a boy appointed for to serve,  
 I from my duety will be loath to swerve ;  
 I were ingrate, and fearefully misled, .  
 If I defile should so my Master's bed :

Why should I thus disloyall Traitor prove,  
 Unto my LORD, and to my GOD above ?  
 I you doe love, Madame, I you assure,  
 Not with a love that's sinfull and impure ;  
 I wish *you* well, your wealth, your honour too ;  
 O let us no thing but what's lawfull doe.

In times to come, from all such things forbear,  
 And what is past none of the same shall heare.

### Joseph's Wife.

This was the time which I myself appointed,  
 And now I find that I am disappointed,  
 Yea, and deluded ; who is she would think,  
 That such a youth should from his Lady shrink ?  
 Thousands would seeke the priviledge, that hee  
 In secrete, nowe that to him off'red bee ;  
 That servant may think hee not serves amisse,  
 That gets but leave his Mistresse for to kisse :  
 This day to me is farre beyond my count,  
 That ev'n my servant should me thus effront ;  
 When I at first my love cast on the lade,  
 I did expect from him no thing so bad.

No wonder that at first one not prevaile,  
 A better wind I hope shall fill my saile :  
 I'll not leave off for one repulse or twaine,  
 One time or other, I my point will gaine ;  
 In love wee see things that be very strange,  
 From love to hate, from hate to love a change.

A better time I'll get when I indite,  
 Some other matter, fit for him to write



Within my Cabin ; when I secretly,  
 Hope to entice him in my bed to lye.

Ho ! youth, the morrow goe yee not from home,  
 At afternoone unto my cabin come.

**Joseph.**

I shall, Madame, doe as yee mee direct :  
 I'll study ever, with all due respect,  
 A servant trusty unto you to be,  
 No other fashions yee shall see in me ;  
 The more yee spurre me I shall goe the faster,  
 You for to please, and also please my Master.

*O Sov'raine Lord, whose Throne's above my head,  
 Mee save, and not into temptation lead ;  
 Reine my desires, and hemme them in, O Lord,  
 That hence I from my ducty not debord ;  
 But duely, truely may thee ever serve,  
 So that my lust me never make to swerve ;  
 Mee from the snares save of this wicked wife,  
 The whoore each where layes ambush for the life,  
 Of him, whom she in burning lust would have ;  
 Among such snares thou onely me can save.  
 They, this I knowe to be most true, O Lord,  
 Shall feele thy hand that doe not feare thy word ;  
 With mercy, Lord, me compasse on each side,  
 Be both my guard, and also be my guide :*

Some wrigling serpent doubtlesse is within,  
 This woman's breast that is so prone to sin :  
 It with enchantments which I can not name,  
 Hath made this woman pass the bounds of shame :

She knowes not God, whose fearefull flaming hand,  
 Shall pash to powder all that him withstand ;  
 Her wayes I hate, for this I wot right well,  
 She knowes not that there is a heav'n or hell ;  
 To kindle lust this is her onely care,  
 For this the *Rubies* dangle on her haire ;  
 For this she fards,\* for this she silks\* puts on,  
 And seeks to be in parts with men alone ;  
 That privately she may insinuate ;  
 That minds of men she may intoxicate ;  
 She not desists, but still persists to ply,  
 To play her part with art and subtilty ;  
 She feares no danger, nor dishonours brand,  
 Nor dreadfull vengeance from her Husband's hand.

*Lord, save me from her lustfull cabin's fire,  
 Where she me still beholds with young desire.*

#### Potiphar's Wife.

To gaine my point I must now at the last,  
 With policy another compasse cast :  
 I'll not despaire, for oft a gash or wound  
 Discover'd, is recover'd and made sound :  
 Lovers must darre for often needlesse dreade,  
 Makes many women doe with little speede ;

\* \* Paints her face—a practice which prevailed much in our Author's day. About the time this Poem was written, the "Merchants' Ho use of Glasgow," in a Code of Regulations, prohibits its Members from "selling those things that are for no other use but for to commit sin in the using of them ; as for to sell stuffe to paint harlots' faces is a sin, because it is for no other use but to commit sin in the using of it." Silks were then worn only by people of the highest rank.

With *bashfull blush* I at the first him spak,  
 With *winkes* and *signes* which he might well mistak ;  
 Hee being young, not with such things acquent ;  
 But when by wordes, he clearely mine intent  
 Shall knowe, so that he shall be out of doubt,  
 And see my armes him compasse all about ;  
 Such things anone his heart shall surely move,  
 Like fire in *Tindar*, kindle shall his love  
 To such a flame, that neither gods nor men,  
 Shall able bee to quench the same agen.

The houre is come, each houre it seemes a day ;  
 Love's nature is to suffer no delay :  
 I see the youth, my thoughts are now re-cheer'd,  
 My sinkeing heart is now a little rear'd ;  
 His timely comeing gives me hope, that I  
 Shall gaine my point, and that hee by and by,  
 Will yield to mee whatever I require ;  
 Coals smoake before they bee a burning fire.

### Joseph.

O THOU ! *who can'st ev'n with the smallest thought,*  
*Breake all designes, and bring ill plots to nought ;*  
*Thy constant Sp'rit at all times to me give,*  
*And suffer not my heart at all to cleave,*  
*Unto this woman, who with flattery,*  
*Me still enticeth unto leachery ;*  
*To make a Bordell of my Master's house,*  
*And to commit vile whooredome with his spouse :*  
*Let not me now, after her beauty lust,*  
*How soone is flesh all turned into dust ;*

*And crawling wormes, through belly and through back,  
 A lump of slime, let not her eye me tak;  
 By whoorish women men are brought with speede,  
 To shame, disgrace, and to a peece of bread:  
 O give me strength such dangers to surmount!  
 This painted wretch still for my life doth hunt;  
 A man in's bosome hardly can take fire,  
 And not be kindled with some vile desire;  
 Clothes soone are sing'd, who can hote coals upon  
 Goe, and not have his feete ev'n burn't anone!  
 So hee that goes unto his neighbour's wife,  
 Who toucheth her deserves to lose his life;  
 Men not despise a Theefe, if so that hee  
 In hunger, steale his soule to satisfie:  
 If hee be found seven fold he shall restore,  
 Of's house the substance, all he shall give more;  
 Who so commits adultery is a foole,  
 Hee that it doth, destroyeth his owne soule:  
 A wound, dishonour, shall he get alway;  
 And his reproach shall not be wip'd away.*

*I'm call'd to write, and darre not now refuse;  
 To goe through fire and water, I would chuse  
 Before this earand, where such dangers are,  
 Our brittle flesh most ready to ensnare.*

*O graunt me LORD! that on thy sacred Lore,  
 My eyes and mind be fixed evermore;  
 Let me not thinke that thickest palace walls,  
 Or yron gates, or high gold sealed halls,  
 Can let thy eyes to spye through all the parts,  
 Of darkest cōssets that are in our hearts.*

**Putiphar's Wife.**

I hope this day that I my point shall winne,  
 I'll spare no paines, I'll goe through thicke and thin ;  
 My clothes are rich, my skin now white appeares,  
 My breast is bare, my browe no wrinkle beares ;  
 I am adorn'd with precious stones most rare,  
*Pearles, Topas, Rubies*, dangle on mine haire ;  
 Such objects quickly kindleth youth's desire,  
 What smoak'd before, to-day may be a fire.

Ho ! youth, come hither that I may indite,  
 Important missives which you now must write,  
 To send abroad, that when my Lord shall come,  
 Hee may perceive all things well done at home ;  
 Write this, and this, and when yee thus have done,  
 Unto your taske, goe from this place anone.

This place is quiet, farre aback from din,  
 None will without, heare what's said heere within.

**Joseph.**

All is well written as I doe suppose,  
 Is it your will that I the letters close ?  
 When that is done, I doubt not then but yee,  
 Will let mee goe such things to oversee,  
 As must be done before my master come ;  
 Hee so me charg'd before he went from home.

**Putiphar's Wife.**

In idlenesse your time yee doe not spend,  
 For which you will rewarded be in end :  
 I shall befriend you both by deede and word,  
 What you may pleasure I shall it afford ;



Yee never serv'd a Mistresse in your dayes,  
 That you respected so in all your wayes ;  
 All things yee doe at home, abroad, me move,  
 You to regard all other men above :  
 Most servants are both *ill and idle too*,  
 They're *joly praters*, but are *Jades to doe* :  
*Huff-puft* some are thus in their proud ambitiou,  
 That they forget how base is their condition ;  
 At first they were base, cradl'd in their cloutes,  
 Fit onely Cattell for to keepe with shoutes,  
 Among the heards with whistle in their hand ;  
 Ere they can serve, they others will command.

Your fashion such is not, as I beleeve,  
 Yee were not borne a servant still to live ;  
 A servant I you never thought to bee,  
 But noble borne, so thinke all that you see.

Come hither youth, and see this glorious bed ?  
 With cunning cost most richly furnished ;  
 The Cabin's quiet, of all men about,  
 None knowes who's heere, yee neede not nowe to doubt  
 Of my good will, whereof yee have such prooffe.  
 What doe yee youth ? Why stand yee thus aloofe ?  
 As I nowe speake, so also is my mind,  
 Take tryall nowe, and yee it so shall find ;  
 A man that's wise, a nod may understand,  
 A wink, a touch, made by a Ladie's hand ;  
 Why stand yee thus ? why backward doe yee move ?  
 What servant would not winne his *Ladie's love* ?

I somewhat blush, and hardly more can say,  
 Yet sith occasion serves, I will essaye

To gaine my point, I'le hazard in a trice  
 My honour nowe, as on the chance of Dice ;  
 Hee is so nice, with such things unacquaint,  
 That hee can not take up incontinent,  
 A woman's mind, therefore, I by and by,  
 With him must passe the bounds of modesty.

Ho ! youth, there's nothing that on earth doth move,  
 But it for object some thing hath to love ;  
 Yea, senselesse things *of love* some tokens give ;  
 One to another as wee see doth cleave :  
 The *Palme tree* alwayes stoopeth in the calme,  
 To sweetely kisse his spouse the female *Palme* ;  
 With often whispers whistling farre and neere,  
 The *Plaine tree* courts the female *Plaine* his deare ;  
 The *Poplar* woes the *Poplar* ; and the *Vine*,  
 Her armes in love about the *Elme* doth twine ;  
 The *Ivie bush* the *Oak* claspes by and by,  
 As I doe you, claspe me, and with me lye ;  
 The place us fits, so also doth the time,  
 Take yee the blooming of my beauties prime.

Blush not faire youth, nowe cast thou off all feares ;  
 Sweete pleasures plunged over head and eares ;  
 As this occasion shall be by and by,  
 Take honour off'red, *with thy Lady lye*.

### Joseph.

O God forbid ! God's eye a *shining Taper*,  
 Sees all that's done, your doore's a *Sconce of paper*,  
 Will not us hide from his All seeing eye,  
 To him the darknesse shineth like the skye :

Remember you to Potiphar belong,  
 Thinke not that God will pocket up such wrong ;  
 Knowe this in time, there is a Heav'n and Hell,  
 In one of those for ever wee must dwell ;  
 Heav'ns *pearly* gates, and purest *Jasper* walls,  
 Shall lodge those soules, who in chast nuptialls  
 Shall lead their life, they neede not Sunno nor Moone,  
 For God's bright face shines like the clearest noone ;  
 That city faire, it is of boundlesse blisse,  
*Peace, love, wealth, welfare*, still doe other kisse.

But no thing enters there that is uncleane,  
 No *Hog*, no *Dog*, no persone that hath beene  
 Remorselesse, wicked ; neither *theefe* nor *whoore*,  
 Nor *Lord* nor *Earll* who doe oppresse the poore ;  
 Nor witch, nor wanton, nor *idolater* ;  
 Nor *lyar*, *drunkard*, nor *adulterer*.

Now God forbid that I should be misled,  
 With lust for to defile my Master's bed ;  
 In all the world if I should with you lye,  
 None should be found more worthy death than I :  
 Behold my Master wots not what's with me,  
 In all the house, as all doe clearely see :  
 All that he hath, he hath into my hand,  
 Committed it, so that I all command ;  
 In such a sort, none greater is then I,  
 And how should I nowe with his Lady lye ?  
 How then can I doe this great wickednesse,  
 And 'gainst the Lord sin either more or lesse ?

Madame, in time, to thinke on this begin,  
 The nature well consider of this sin ;

And consequences that it followe neere,\*  
That by this same yee may from it forbear.

Thy sin is vile, God's wrath it doth procure,  
It of a woman makes a filthy whoore ;  
It fearfull is that yee should be misled,  
To lay a servant in his master's bed ;  
By such a sin I should unfaithfull prove,  
Both to my LORD, and to my God above ;  
This sin it is abhorr'd by every nation,  
Yea, it's esteem'd a vile abomination ;  
Who among men can thinke that it is meete,  
That any man should for the Bastard sweate,  
Of him, that thus defiled hath his bed,  
Of him, that hath beene with his morsels fed ;  
And thinke yee, that this can be Bargaine faire,  
That of your husband's substance should be heire ;  
One thus begot ? I speake the same with greefe,  
My child on you should be a *common theefe*,  
While he enjoy'd that which was not his owne,  
And I another ; this may well be knowne,  
Who ever he be that in adultery,  
Begets a child, he stealeth by a by,  
First from himself the child that he begot,  
And gives't to others, to possesse the lot

\* "Si elle produit, elle fait entrer un étranger dans la famille de son mari, elle l' abuse, en le luy faisant aymer, et caresser comme son propre Fils ; elle luy donne part à une succession, où il n' a aucun droit, et quelque fois meme elle le fait succéder au préjudice de ceux qui sont legitimes: ce qui est la dernière de toutes les injustices."  
(*Les Entretiens Curieux*. 1688.)

And's heritage, whose bed hee did defile,  
 Great floodes of sins flow from this sin so vile ;  
 The pleasures short, it in a trice is done,  
 But afterwards great greefe gangrenes the bone :  
 Lawes sacred stand for *Hymen's* sacred yoke,  
 Which never one without a vengeance brok :  
 Who knoweth God, and sets his heart to love him,  
 No prayers, proffers, presents, once will move him,  
 That with his eyes the covenant he should breake,  
 Another's spouse but in his armes to take ;  
 This sulph'ry fume of such unlawfull lust,  
 Will soone be quench'd when wee are turn'd to dust ;  
 When crawling wormes feede on us in the grave,  
 What pleasure then shall vilest ruffians have ?  
 All wanton lookes, and filthly, fleshy pleasure,  
 When Old age comes shall greefe bring and displeasure ;  
 God's eye from heav'n us clearely sees within,  
 And als without, no thing can maske our sin.

Madame, doe this, respect the God above,  
 Shunne what may friend this your unlawfull love ;  
 Shunne idlenesse, and pampering of the flesh,  
 Vaine in apparell be not more or lesse ;  
 Bee still about some honest occupation ;  
 Shunne both the place and time of a temptation ;  
 In any roome sit not with men alone,  
 A spark it kindleth *Tindar* dry anone ;  
 Though doores be clos'd, remember God's within,  
 Madame, seeke mercy, and forsake your sin.

In times to come from all such things forbear,  
 And what is past none of the same shall heare ;



Hate sin in time, if once yee breake the ice,  
 In doeing well, yee in a very trice,  
 Will find the sweete of vertue, and the sowre  
 Of vice, which yee lov'd in your youthfull houre :  
 Yee to your husband shall be alwayes deare,  
 And from his mouth yee kindly wordes shall heare ;  
 Thee shall hee call *his heart, his love, his life,*  
*His other self, his rest, his weale, his Wife ;*  
 Soone (*on*) the earth yee shall together spend,  
 Your life in peace, and get a joyfull end :  
 God's justice still doth against sinners frowne,  
 And at the last with shame doth bring them downe,  
 And great disgrace ; O then the smiling eye !  
 The smoothest chin, the cheeke of purest *dye,*  
 The Pearles, the Rubies dangling on the haire ;  
 The papes laide out, and als the breast made bare ;  
 With gownes of silk pasmented all with gold,  
 Which wanton eyes with lustfull lookes beholde ;  
 O then such things shall all without delay,  
 Like filthy smoake ev'n vanish quite away ;  
 And of them all shall leave no thing behind,  
 But shame, and lack, and tortures in the mind.

This is the end of persones ev'ry where,  
 Who of their lusts lye pamp' red in the snare ;  
 Now strive, Madame, yourself to overcome,  
 I will no more unto your cabiu come.

*O Thou my God within, and als without,*  
*Thy heav'nly Wardens set me still about ;*  
*Mee for to guard in ev'ry occupation,*  
*That hence foorth I be not led in temptation ;*

*So make me wary that of sin and scath,  
By thee made free I stirre thee not to wrath.*

*O Lord my trust is onely upon thee,  
That thou in dangers wilt my guardian be ;  
O let me not be vanquish't with the spell !  
And vile enticements of this Hag of Hell,  
A shamelesse woman, who with lust misled,  
Thus tempts mee still to staine my Master's bed ;  
If I ov'come should bee with her temptation,  
Thy dreadfull judgements and just indignation,  
Should still me hunt, and hurle from place to place,  
A vagabond with shame and great disgrace.  
Youth for a space may lusty gambols shake,  
Not knoweing Tophet a most fierie lake ;  
Where soules among the dreadfull flames shall burne,  
Whence is no hope for ever to returne ;  
Such plung'd in darknesse shall so ever bee,  
That they the welkin bright shall never see.*

*Lord, what's thy will make thou me it effect,  
That to thy Lawes I may myself subject ;  
So that I flinch not unto any side,  
But in all things may followe thee my guide,  
As well in secrete, as in public so,  
That where thou leades I willingly may goe,  
As doth a child led by his father's hand ;  
Make more and more mee for to understand,  
Thy sacred will, that as I doe professe,  
To feare thy name, I practise als no lesse ;  
If thou me leave I in my sins will stinke,  
And under weights of wrath at last will sinke :*

*By thee dispatron'd, if I so should bee,  
 Who could a comforte once afford to me ?  
 The Hypocrites dissembling congregation,  
 Shall sure at last be brought to desolation :  
 In this temptation that is yet dependant,  
 O Lord thou sees I'm plaintif and defendant :  
 Temptations rife, doe marche against me eag'r,  
 And round about my Tent they me beleaguer.*

### The Devil.

I'm disappointed in this thing, yet so  
 As I suppose, the matter shall not goe :\*  
 I will assaye yet for to turne my saile,  
 T' another wind, that so I may prevaile.

I'll give this Lady *inkling* that with speede,  
 She curious curle the cockers of her head,  
 That *Saphir, Onix, Topas*, she command ;  
 And other Stones set with a curious hand,  
 Hang glauncing, dauncing on her haire as spangles,  
 Or as the fruit upon the Tree that dangles,  
 When with a gale of wind that loud doth blo,  
 The branches waved are thus to and fro ;  
 Such ornaments are fit to kindle fire,  
 To waken up a lusty youth's desire.

\* " De sorte que, comme vn bon Mathematicien monstre tost comme vn angle fait par le concours de deux lignes qui se joignent en vn point se peut partager en deux ; aussi le Diable apprend ayzement aux siens de quelle sorte desjoindre l'assemblage de deux personnes bien vnies par le mariage." (*Bannissement Des Folles Amours* Par Le Sr, D'Avity. 1622.)

Not onely so, her garments must be seene,  
 In rich gold tissue on a ground of greene,  
 Where as the shuttle did with art encheck,  
 The changeant colour of Dove's glist'ring neck,  
 That's figur'd ov'r with red, greene, black, and blewe,  
 A checker work made of each costly hue :  
 With Gold smith's work, a fringe of gold about,  
 Her Robe must border, which must be set out  
 With cunning cost, all butt'ned downe the side,  
 With gold adorn'd as if she were a Bride :  
 Such ornaments are fit to kindle fire,  
 To waken up a lusty youth's desire.

Not onely so, but with such equipage,  
 To cov'r some wrinkles that are made by age,  
 She must be farded, that by such corrections,  
 She may well mend of beautie the defections :  
 When she therwith her cheekes shall cunning drench,  
 Then shall she seeme of sixteene yeares a wench ;  
 With painted breastes, with painted cheekes and haire,  
 Dangling with Ribbans, waving heere and there :  
 Then *will hee dote* when he lookes on her head ;  
 The *Lilly mounts* upon her breast will feede,  
 His eyes will lust ; She dress't with comely grace,  
 Will him allure her closely to embrace :  
 The lady's lusty as a man would crave,  
 And she in pranking proudly, doth goe brave :  
 She as a Queene steps stately in her way,  
 The Rubies burnish with a burning ray ;  
 Those *borrow'd snares* at last will Joseph catch,  
 In hast I time will by the tresses snatch.

I'le goe to her, when to her I am come,  
 I in her heart will such devices humme ;  
 She's sicke of Love, I'le yet her more ingage,  
 Till that her love be turned into rage :  
*My Bow is bent, mine Arrow's nacked right,*  
*My left hand meetes the head, my breaste the right ;*  
*Her for to wound I will let goe the string,*  
*In way to her the winged shaft doth sing :*  
*Her back it pierceth, and peepes out before,*  
*She lov'd him much, but now she'le love him more.*

### Potiphar's Wife.

What can this be ? I whiles am in a flame,  
 And whiles as *with ane ague chill'd* I am ;  
 My heart is swolne with sighes and sorrowes great,  
 Both day and night my heart within doth fret ;  
 I wish, if I such folies could forbeare,  
 That I a *Dor-Mouse* were a thousand yeare,  
 That I might sleepe, a sleepe so uncontroull'd,  
 To shunne the ill that waking I behold :  
 What can this bee ? the fire yet swiftly seekes,  
 To passe the pathes, and all the crooked creekes,  
 Within my heart ; Love passion's are more eag'r,  
 They on all sides this heart of mine beleaguer :  
 Thoughts as *fell Hornets* from their drowsie nest,  
 Come buzzing so within my troubled breast,  
 With fisking traine, that I must by and by,  
 Stitch't full of stings with paine lye downe and dye ;  
 Yea dye for him whom I can not attaine,  
 Who for my love still meetes me with disdaine.



What ? Shall I dye ? I him yet will assaile,  
 If that my *Card* and *Compass* doe not faile.  
 I'll gaine my point ; I either shall him move,  
 In chearefull way for to accept my Love ;  
 Or else I shall doe this incontinent,  
 A stratageme most quicke I shall invent,  
 That hee me sought, and would me als abuse,  
 But that I chast, did his sutes still refuse :  
 To him my husband will not audience give,  
 Say what hee will, hee will him not beleewe.

Some way I'll find him for to overcome,  
 I know hee will not to my Cabin come,  
 For so hee said ; sith hee'll not come to me,  
 To goe to him I will most willing be :  
 I'll waite my time when fitteth most my diet,  
 I'll waite untill that all the house be quiet,  
 And hee within, then will I to him goe,  
 And freely will speak to him so and so.

Now time is come ; my heart it springs for hast,  
 About his neck my milk white armes to cast ;  
 I'll hold him, hug him, saying welcome Mine,  
 Deare Mine thou art, and I am also Thine :  
 Heere's faire occasion, why desire wee thus,  
 To sport in love ? none is to hinder us,  
 While wee have time, now let us doe with speede,  
 Lovers must darre, and for no dangers dread :  
*Why burne wee day light ?* wee have time and place,  
 My dearest Heart, now let me thee embrace.  
 Let time not slip, by feare or yet by sloth,  
 Heere lye with me, *this Bed will serve us both.*

## Joseph.

Madame, Madame, nowe farre misled yee are,  
 Think that yee are the wife of *Potiphar* ;  
 My noble Lord who doth us all command,  
 Hee would not looke to get this from your hand ;  
 That yee through lust so furiously misled,  
 Should lay a servant in his Master's bed ;  
 It is most base Madame, I you assure,  
 That yee, *my Mistresse*, should become my whoore ;  
 To shame your self, your sexe, your house, your Lord,  
 Your parents, children, friends ; yea, in a word,  
 Yee by this deede shall make your self most vile,  
 If yee with whooredome should yourself defile ;  
*If so such lusts shall still possesse your heart,*  
*A stinkeing Fame shall trumpet your depart :*  
 Let not your mind to folies such incline,  
 God's eyes each where as *Tapers* bright doe shine ;  
 When hee is wroth most heavy is his hand,  
 Severely shakeing his correcting wand,  
 To scourge the sins of greate as of the small,  
 Respect of persones hee hath none at all ;  
 Wee should not bee like to a head strong colt,  
 Headlong to runne downe in a strange revolt,  
 And mariage knot so basely breake asunder,  
 God surely will on such from heav'ns thunder :  
*Lust's like a Bowle which running downe a hill,*  
*The farrer't runnes, it runnes the faster still :*  
*Sometimes in 's way it meetes a stone that stops*  
*The speede a space, but up again it hopps ;*  
*It leapes, it stots, and stayes not, though it stumble,*  
*Till from the top it to the bottome tumble.*

Heare my discourse which sweetely slides along,  
 And yee'll be loath your *Potiphar* to wrong ;  
*Hee is your Lord, on you he doth distill,*  
*Love's honey dewes which in great drops doe trill ;*  
*To give you gold, rich jewels, and attire,*  
*Yea, all that any Lady could require ;*  
*Hee spares no cost ev'n on you all the while,*  
*Since yee him knewe, and why should yee defile ?*  
*His bed with one that is a servant base,*  
*With me Madame, with me, with me, alas !*

Sith as yee heare the matter's so and so,  
 Now loose your grips, and quickly let me goe ;  
 If from you I this favour can not find,  
 I'll rather chuse to leave my cloak behind.

#### **Potiphar's Wife.**

O doole ! O doole ! help, help, O doole ! O doole !  
 I am abused by a slave, a foole :  
 Is none heere neere, to heare my shrillest cry ?  
 I blush to tell what he hath done, fy, fy :  
 Ho, servants heare ! come to my help anone,  
 Or with a slave I'll surely be undone ;  
 I'm sicke with cryes, fy, is no servant heere,  
 That from this windo crying will me heare ?

I see the nurse ; Ho ! nurse unto me come,  
 For I with greefe almost am overcome.

#### **The Nurse.**

What now, Madame, what is't that ailes you there ?  
 What is't that hath dischevell'd all your haire ?

## Potiphar's Wife.

My Nurse, my Nurse, this base and beggar Lowne  
 Hath throtl'd me, and also cast me downe  
 Upon this bed, to force me to his will,  
 For this those teares nowe downe my cheekes doe trill ;  
 I'm sham'd for ay, though no more were then this,  
 Ere ev'n I wist, this slave my mouth did kisse ;  
 Hee crafty came to me in stealeing way,  
 When I was sleeping in the canopey ;  
 I blush for shame to tell it ; O! the Slave,  
 The Jew, the Rascall, the base Hebrew Knave ;  
 The vilest villaine that hath ever beene,  
 Within my doores ; where hath the like beene seene,  
 Or heard of ever ? that a basest slave,  
 Durst but a kisse of his owne Lady crave ;  
 But nowe, this Jew, a Rascall most impure,  
 Would mee his Mistresse for to be his whoore ;  
 This day I have received such disgrace,  
 That I for shame can not lift up my face :  
 Hee had me forc'd ; but when hee heard my cry,  
 For feare from hence hee hasted by and by ;  
 And that the trueth yee in my wordes may find,  
*Such was his feare, hee left his cloak behind.*

Hee suddaine disappeared at my word,  
 Ev'n as the powder fired on a boord :  
 When touch'd with fire it mountes with suddaine flash,  
 And steales away in smoake with little clash ;  
 The villaine did right so incontinent,  
 Hee leap't aside, and to the doore he went :

See that the villaine no more scene be heere,  
 With hue and cry pursue him farre and neere ;

And make him fast till that my husband see,  
In what a guise hee hath abused me.

### The Purse.

Woe's me, Madame, that ev'r I saw this day ;  
That such a Rascall should you thus betray ;  
*A Theefe within doores is thought worse than ten,*  
*That are without : O excrement of men !*  
Where is the Rogue ? hee shall such deedes bewaile,  
When after him his entrailes he shall traile.

How farre, Madame, did I this man mistake,  
It's hard to judge *betwixt ane Eel and Snake* :  
O deare Madame, have patience but a while,  
For time at last, will with a secrete file,  
Diminish cares, and troubles of each sorte ;  
Ho ! nowe I see, what will you nowe comforte.

Behold your husband heere is hard at hand,  
When hee what's done shall clearely understand ;  
He in great wrath will *sharpen then his eye*,  
When hee that villaine shall before him see.

### ¶Potiphar.

What now my heart ? what wanly doth displace,  
The *Rose mix't Lillies* in your lovely face ?  
What cause of greefe hath made you so to smart ?  
Yee're wan and pale since I from you did part.

### ¶Potiphar's Wife.

*Our dayes by turnes goe in this mortall life,*  
*Ev'n nowe with joyes, anone with jarres and strife ;*



When yee went hence, yee left a Crocodile,  
 Within your house, who murders with a smile :  
 That *Hebrew Slave*, that Rascall most impure,  
 Would me his Mistresse for to be his whoore ;  
 By him I have received such disgrace,  
 That I for shame can not lift up my face ;  
 Hee had me forc'd, but when hee heard me cry,  
 For feare, from hence he hasted by and by ;  
 And that the trueth yee in my wordes may find,  
*Such was his feare he left his cloak behind ;*  
 Yee judge are heere, and therefore keepe your Session,  
 And well advise to punish such transgression ;  
 I'm sham'd for ay, though no more were then this,  
 Ere ev'n I wist, this slave my mouth did kisse.

**Potiphar.**

Your wordes, y'our face that's pale, mee greatly moye,  
 For in th' *Exchequer* of my dearest love,  
 First place that love hath, which I, to you beare,  
 No thing on earth unto me is so deare ;  
 With cloudy care yee're muffl'd up the whiles,  
 When as your face was fill'd with pleasing smiles ;  
 Your greefe is uncouth, and the fault is strange,  
 Ere it be long I shall your wrong revenge ;  
 I see the villaine comeing nowe affarre,  
 Who caused all the greefes that in you are.

Ho ! Sirra come, is this th' Arabian way ?  
 That yee a slave your Master should betray,  
 And make no bones in wayes that are most vile,  
 Your Master's bed with whooredome to defile ;

See how remorselesse heere the slave doth stand,  
 His conscience dull doth no thing understand ;  
 This ruth-lesse villaine in his lust so mad,  
 Upon my Lady then no pity had ;  
 When kindled was this slave's unchast desire,  
 His dev'lish thoughts did still *refawne the fire*.

Thou beastly man, unthankfull ev'ry way,  
 Thou wast a slave, when I thee brought away  
 From those Arabians, that thou might'st me serve,  
 My kindnesse great did better things deserve.

I found thee vile, and in a base estate,  
 I (*rais'd*) thee up unto a higher seat,  
 Above thy fellowes ; after that with speede,  
 I of a foot boy set thee on a steede,  
 Which wanton, souple, nimbly so and so,  
 Could *curvet, turne, runne, prounce, advance also* ;  
 Remember what at first I saide to thee,  
 When I thee bought my servant for to be.

*Come hither lade, I saide, nowe courage tak,  
 Back thou this steede, I'le thee a rider mak ;  
 This well I wot, I neede no inquisition,  
 Thou for the better chang'd hast thy condition ;  
 Thou served merchands both in colde and heate,  
 Who after them through mires upon thy feet,  
 Still made thee runne with wear'd limmes, and so,  
 Ev'n as a drudge after their packs to goe:  
 More soure then sweete thy life was them among,  
 As I doe think; but ere that it be long,  
 Thou no more with a troubling tempest driv'n,  
 Shall cleared see thy sad and low'ring Heav'n:  
 Take courage, and in all things faithfull be,*

*And thou may'st looke for favour so from me.*

These were my wordes before I went away,  
I als when I thee ragged saw, did say ;

*His clothing's coarse, yea it is very bad,  
But now I mind to see him seemely clad,  
In silken suite, with a rich Livery,  
Of purple fine, full of embroidery;  
I also will in honour set him up,  
Upon a horse the stateliest of the Troope.*

All this I saide, and minded was for more,  
Thou should'st have faithfull beene to me therefore ;  
Another would for such a kindnesse thank,  
But thou unfaithfull hast me play'd a prank,  
The like whereof as yet not heard I have,  
That such a Lady should be with a slave,  
Abused so, to satisfy his lust ;  
Now death for thee a punishment is just.

Ho ! Jayler, come, come and without delay,  
Take thou this villaine to the jayle away ;  
And let him there within the dungeon lye,  
With harlots, theeves, that worthy are to dye ;  
Let him your pris'ner still be barely fed,  
With *puddle-water* and with *barly bread*,  
Among this lice, and dounge with filthy scent,  
Let be his bed ; doe this incontinent.

### Joseph.

Alas ! my Lord, why will you be so strict,  
Mee to condemne, untry'd, and unconvict ?  
I'le tell the trueth, your Lady, and not I  
Is in the guilt, if yee the same will try.

## Potiphar.

Slave ! silence keepe, how darre thou speake a worde,  
 Blush rather in the presence of thy Lord ;  
 Thou lovest lyes, thou *mised* art therein,  
 Without remorse for thy most filthy sin :  
 Legions of Dev'lls are in thee, daye and night,  
 Like *Shoales of crows* which on a field doe light,  
 To wast up all ; thou shalt no more deceive ;  
 To prison (*Jayler*) with this filthy Knave,  
 Out of my sight ; I with my fauchin keene,  
 Should at a blowe hewe both thine armes off cleane ;  
 But I disdaine upon a slave so vile,  
 That I my hands should at this time defile.

I will no more this beastly Traitour see,  
 Come Jayler, take this monster nowe from me,  
 Hee is some Sore'rer that hath learn'd in Hell,  
 For to bewitch a Lady with his spell.

## The Jailor

Passe quickly hence, and suffer for thy wrong,  
 Before thy Lord thou standest heere too long ;  
 Goe get thee hence to prison by and by,  
 Where among Toads, and Serpents thou shall lye,  
 Where pinch'd with want the *Bar bread* thou shalt eate,  
 Hard in the Stocks I fasten shall thy feete.

## Joseph.

*O Lord thou see'st what still hath beene my part,  
 Thou sond'st the deepeest of the doublest heart ;  
 In all this matter onely from thy feare,  
 From Carnell pleasures I did so forbear.*

*O Lord to thee who hast no partiall zeale,  
 Unto thy Throne of Justice I appeale;  
 Thou art the Judge, the Jury, Witsnesse too;  
 Thou knowest all, what wee speake, thinke, or doe;  
 Our secrete thoughts thou see'st with clearest eye,  
 Thou dost each thought (ere it be thought) descry.  
 O Lord with comfortes, and with speaches kind,  
 Cancell my feares, and well confirme my mind;  
 For, for the present thrill'ds my heart with paine,  
 As with a Whip saw it were cut in twaine.*

With sable courtaine heere, beclouded all  
 I see no light, no wicket in the wall;  
 Here in a dungeon (*worse then death*), I dwell  
 With Toads, and Serpents, in a loathsome cell:  
 Pain'd and perplexed is my troubl'd mind.  
 But in my God I comforte hope to find.  
 O stubborne stomach! cause of all my sadnesse,  
 Cease for to fret, for God at last with gladnesse,  
 Will fill my heart; to him I'll lift my hands,  
 Who still hath prest\* a thousand winged Bands,  
 To garde his children when men them assaile,  
 Hee oft not helpes, but when all helpes doe faile.†

#### THE USE.

*Wee have great neede to pray to God to save us,  
 For our corruptions still doe seeke to slave us:*

\* Ready.

† Connected with the life of Joseph, it is observed by the eminent Oriental scholar, Dr. Adam Clarke, that "the Persian poets and Eastern historians contrive to carry on a sort of guiltless passion



*Temptations rife assaile those hearts of ours,  
 As thick, yea thicker then the welkin powres,  
 The showres of raine, which downe in dropes doe passe,  
 On meadows spangl'd with a flow'ry grass :  
 Wee should bee watchfull lest at any houre,  
 That roaring Lion come and us devoure ;  
 Our inbred thoughts, the theeves that are within,  
 Wee must them watch, lest they us snare in sin ;  
 Wee must them still keepe short, and clip their wings,  
 Pare neere their nailes, and als pull out their stings.*

*Let women learne to shunne both time and place,  
 Which on them may bring sin or yet disgrace :  
 It is not seemely, man and woman be  
 Alone in Chambers; though their minds be free,*

between Joseph and Potiphar's wife till the death of Potiphar ; when Zuleekha (as she is named) grown old, is restored to youth and beauty by the power of God, and becomes the wife of Joseph. What traditions they had beside the Mosaic text for what they say on this subject are now unknown, but the whole story with innumerable embellishments is so generally current in the East, that I thought it not amiss to take this notice of it. The twelfth chapter of the Koran, which celebrates the beauty, piety, and acts of this Patriarch, is allowed to be one of the finest specimens of Arabic composition ever formed, and the history itself as told by Moses, is one of the most simple, natural, affecting, and well-told tales ever published. It is a masterpiece of composition, and never fails of producing its intended effect on the mind of a careful reader. The Arab lawgiver saw, and felt the beauties and excellences of his model, and he certainly put forth, all the strength of his own language, and all the energy of his mind, in order to rival it." With the rest of the *literati* our Author appears to have struggled hard to give all the interest he could to this Plot ; and like some of the ancient Fathers of the Christian Church, while warning against vice, at the same time laying open its blandishments and seductions.

*From guiltinesse at first ; but O how soone,  
 May Satan compasse, that which being done,  
 May thrill their heart ; the danger is not small,  
 Who stands the day, the morrow he may fall.  
 Corruptions swarme within men's hearts like bees,  
 Or Maggots crawling in a rotten cheese,  
 They will breake forth, and quickly wrigle out,  
 Except the Lord us hourelly garde about ;  
 When lust doth rage it like a canker frets ;  
 It topsie turvie, upside downe all sets ;  
 It flames the eyes ; the heart within it fires,  
 On thousand toyes ; it shuffles our desires ;  
 It spoiles our wits, and makes us imprudent ;  
 It steeles our browe, and makes us impudent ;  
 Where once it reigneth, there it maketh sure,  
 A man a harlot, and a wife a whoore ;  
 A thousand Lies it patcheth by and by,  
 To cloake the shame, were it with perjury.*

*Observe how subtle whoores can thus invent,  
 To lay the fault upon the innocent,  
 To cov're their owne ; how ready in a trice,  
 Then did this wife imagine this device,  
 That hee who still refus'd to satisfy,  
 Her lust, was hee that then would with her lye :  
 A Trick most sure that forged was in hell ;  
 By this wee all should bee instructed well,  
 Not soone to trust, before that first wee try,  
 For oft like trueth, pourtrayed is a lye.*

*Let all young men of Joseph's doeings heere,  
 Learne in their youth the Living God to feare ;*

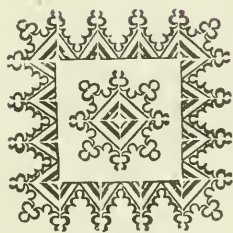
*In judgement wee must all compeare anone,  
Both young and old before the Judge's Throne.*

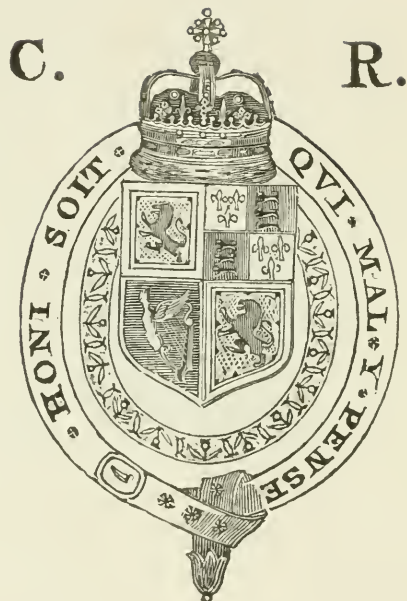
*In that great day, a noise shall thrill the eares  
Of wicked men, and fill their hearts with feares :  
Redoubl'd lightnings dazle shall their eyes,  
The roaring Thunder roule shall through the skyes ;  
The whirling flames in their career shall crack,  
And mountaines tall shall from their centre shak ;  
A cloak of clouds all throughly lyn'd with thunder,  
Shall muffle mountaines both aloft and under,  
The smoaking storme, and the whirle fire shall flash,  
And winged winds shall make the cloudes to clash.*

*But God at last downe from the heav'nly round,  
With roaring voice shall drowne all other sound ;  
Come, or Depart, shall bee the wordes that day,  
Which shall to Heav'n or Hell make ready way.*

*O happy they who Godly live and chast,  
For they in Heaven with God shall lodge at last.*

**Finis.**







## David and Goliath.

### THE SPEAKERS.

1. *The Philistines.* 2. *King Saul.* 3. *Jesse.* 4. *David.*
5. *The Israelites.* 6. *The Captaines.* 7. *Eliab.*
8. *Goliath.*

### The Philistines.

Not long agoe wee Israel did disgrace,  
 Who fear'd the keene edge of our courtelace ;\*  
 Since Saul was King they all doe courage tak,  
 His *Jonathan hath caus'd* us turne the back :  
 'Twix Bozez, Seneh, two sharp rocks, he went  
 With sword in hand, when he incontinent,  
 Unto us shew'd him self both sterne and strange,  
 Ev'n like a wolf which cruelly doth range,  
 Through flockes of sheepe ; the time for us is (*good*),  
 That nowe wee arme for to revenge that blood.

\* A short, broad sword, or Cutlass.

To *Shochoh* and to *Azekah* wee'le goe,  
 In *Ephes-dammim*\* with (*an armie*) so :  
 'Twix *Shochoh* and the *Azekah*, we will  
 Our armie pitch, which shall the country fill,  
 With terrour great ; if wee can courage tak,  
 Wee'le see anone all Isra'l turne the back.

### Saul.

Why suffer wee our *foes us* to surprise ?  
 Like one who dead in Epilepsie lyes ;  
 Shall I now wast my travell and my seede,  
 To reap aue empty straw, or naughty reed ?  
 If wee tak courage wee shall in this place,  
 Their batt'r'd brains cause fall upon their face :  
 By Elah's valley† wee a place will get,  
 That in aray wee may the Battell set,

\* Calmet thinks that *Shochoh* and *Azekah* were places which lay to the south of Jerusalem, and to the west of Beth-lehem, about fifteen miles from the former. *Ephes-dammim* was in the vicinity ; but its precise locality is not known.—(See 1 Samuel, chap. xvii, ver. 1—3). It is supposed that this war occurred *eight* years after the anointing of David, and *ten* or *twelve* years after the war with the Amalekites. In some respects the positions of the contending armies were not unlike those at the late Battles of Alma and Inkerman.

† The valley of Elah, which some translate the *turpentine valley*, or the *valley of the terebinth trees* ; and others, the *valley of oaks*, is yet well ascertained. It is situated about ten miles to the west of Jerusalem, and three miles from Beth-lehem, and has within it the modern village of Ain Kareem, and the remains of old buildings now scarcely to be distinguished. From the brook running through it, David "chose him five smooth stones" for his sling, with one of which he slew Goliath. According to travellers, the water has since refreshed many a thirsty pilgrim journeying from Jaffa to Jerusalem, who must all pass the brook on their road.

Against our foes who shall most surely flee,  
 When they shall see our armed company ;  
 Our palfreyes prounce, our horse on ev'ry wing,  
 Begin to snuff, to snort, to leape, and fling.

*Jesse.*

Ho ! David, come ; consider and behold,  
 How I, your father, hoary nowe and old,  
 Desire of you that with provision,  
 To your three brethren you should goe auone ;  
 My first borne Eliab, nowe is from me farre ;  
 Abinadab and Shammah at the warre,  
 Are with the King to Elah's valleye neere,  
 The Philistines are mighty, as I heare :  
 Prepare to-night, and goe away at morne,  
 And take ane ephah of this parched corne,  
 And those ten loaves ; with them now quickly goe,  
 And in the camp thy brethren runne unto :  
 And to the captaine of their thousand take,  
 Ten cheeses fine ; make hast and be not slack:  
 See that thou looke how that thy brethren fare,  
 And take their pledge when thou shalt find them there.

Rise carely up from thy soft morning sleepe,  
 And to the keeper leave thy flocke of sheepe :  
 My heart is toss'd most like a rageing sea,  
 Where tumbling billowes bath the very sky :  
 Warre fearfull is, but yet wee must obey,  
 Superiour powers who ov'r us doe sway,  
 Th' imperiall mace ; God hath ordained so,  
 That subjects humble, either come or goe,

As kings command ; if it be reasonable,  
 For to repine, it such is treasonable ;  
 But oh, alas ! I feare Philistines stab,  
 Eliab, Shammah, and Abinadab.

### Dabid.

Farewell deare father as you say, ev'n so,  
 This thrice I'le for my brethren undergoe ;  
 What yee as father unto me appoint,  
 I will the same performe in every point.

Aurora's cleare, the way is good and drye,  
 I come good speede, I hope that by and by,  
 I to the hoast shall come, where I shall see,  
 Men that for God, stout and courageous bee :  
 Neere Elah's valleye nowe I see afarre,  
 A great appearance of a bloody warre :  
 O Lord keepe short our foes, and (*and in all things*)  
 Paire neere their nailes, pull out their balfull stings ;  
 They weary us with tribut, toll, and tax,  
 And subsidies untill they breake our backs :  
 O Lord of Hoasts I doe thee *humbly pray*,  
 That thine owne Isra'l (*none*) may (*harm*) to day ;  
 For th' Hebrewes fight, make Philistines, O LORD !  
 To feele thy hand, who doe not feare thy worde :  
 Our gallant men courageous make, *that they*  
 May foile their foes, and so may have the day.

### The Philistines.

Aurora's past, and Phœbus well aray'd,  
 Climbes up the heav'n with golden lockes display'd :

His sister pale which from his beaming light,  
 Her splendour borrowes for to cleare the night,  
 Is now gone downe ; the starres no more appeare,  
 The sunne in wagon\* makes th' horizon cleare ;  
 The time us fites, that wee in *Battell ray*,  
 Nowe set ourselves ; wee hope to have the day.

That all should fight it might seeme to be cruell,  
 It better is that we appoint a Duell ;  
 That one be chosen out of ev'ry side,  
 That those the quarrell quickly may decide :  
 We have a Gyant that is borne in Gath,  
 See where hee stands within a narrow path ;  
 With broad bright eyes like unto a full moone,  
 Colossus like, he will bee ready soone,  
 With sword in hand 'gainst any man to passe ;  
 Hee bath on's head a helmet made of brass,  
 Betwix his shoulders hee a target beares,  
 That's made of brass, hee seemes the king of feares :  
 Hee with a looke will Isra'l all affright,  
 Who darre be bold 'gainst such a man to fight ?

Goliath, ho ! knowe what we doe intend,  
 Our will's that yee now quickly downe descend,  
 Into that valley ; and that by and by  
 Yee all the hoast of Israel now defy.

### Goliath.

Yee know right well that I not courage lak,  
 I will this duell gladly undertak :

\* A Northern Constellation called *Charles's Wain*, sometimes the *Waggoner*.



This day I looke that I shall glory gaine,  
 And soone returne victorious home againe :  
 I'm armed well, my coate is all of male,  
 My sword is such it never yet did faile ;  
 Now from this path, I'le to the valleye goe,  
 And *standing there* I will speake so and so.

Ho ! pultrons all who on that hill doe stand,  
 Ane answer give, that I may understand,  
 If any bee among your captaines found,  
 Who hand in hand darre face me on this ground,  
 And fight it out ; let one on ev'ry side,  
 Nowe by a duell all our strife decide.

See how like sheepe they flee from me away,  
 While I my weapons on this field display ;  
 All Isra'l's armies I (*this day*) defye,  
 (*Never shall*) I, unto such cowards crye,  
 Feare teares your eyes, and blurres your senses so,  
 That none among you darre to Battell goe :  
 Send to me one, send twenty, I'le them treade,  
 And after that, glut with their blood my blade ;  
 I looke that I shaH a triumphing crowne,  
 Get on my head, and cloath'd be with renowne ;  
 I hope Philistia nowe shall get a spoile,  
 For Isra'l's men in trembling way recoile :  
 As I perceive they all will turne the back,  
 Be ready lades the booty for to take.

### **The Israelites.**

This fearefull parley makes us troubl'd all,  
 While wee behold this gyant that's so tall ;

Who can such weapons carrie by his side ?  
 What armour can his bloody blowes abide ?  
 Pale fearefull shiv'rings all our joints doe thrill,  
 Wee see no way for to prevent this ill :  
 Most rosie cheekes are turn'd to earthen hew,  
 And from our browes drop downe ane icy dew ;  
 Our lofty captaines seeme, (*to be*) all humble,  
 They turne the back, they slide (*away and tumble,*)  
 Stout hearted faint, with fault'ring feet they fly,  
 While as they heare this great Goliath's crye,  
 Behold some others from the lofty clift,  
 Which running, fly like Hinds that are so swift.

Men's hearts are downe ; none nowe doth courage tak,  
 All men turne cowards and doe turne the back ;  
 All heartlesse are who seemed once most bold,  
 This frowning visage none darre nowe beholde :  
 Hee's like the Lions that through forests forrage,  
 Hee weildes his weapons with a dauntlesse courage :  
 Like unto sheepe wee on the mountaines are,  
 Of Slavish feare wee're hamp'red in the snare ;  
 Our Peeres through feares, now to and fro doe reel,  
*All voide of counsell for our common well ;*  
*When unto men God talents rich hath giv'n,*  
 It is to (*trade*) for him that's God of heav'n,  
 That backe againe hee may receive his gold,  
 With sixty, sev'nty, or a hundreth fold :  
 Alas ! how few are they that understand,  
 What God hath done by his Almighty hand,  
 At divers times from dangers to relieve,  
 Us in distress, which should us courage give ;

Fy, Fy, that men *should* in feare thus descrye,  
 That all *should* tremble at this cackling pye;  
 (At) such a Dog who doth defye us all,  
 And als our God the God of Israel :  
 I see no more, but courage all is lost,  
 To fight this man none is in all our hoast.

Behold the King on Horseback comming fast,  
 Wee'le heare what hee will say to us at last :  
 Hee's chaf't, his Face is red with running nowe,  
 Great sweate falls downe all bubbling from his browe ;  
 Great worke's in hand ; wee'le unto him draw neere,  
 That his advice wee at this time may heare.

#### Saul.

Captaines now receive from me instruction :  
 Bee not inchained in gyves of base subjection  
 To feare your foe, and basely for to yeelde ;  
 Take courage nowe and bravely face the field ;  
 Why feare yee so, thus fisking in and out,  
 Like those who of the Lord's protection doubt ?  
 Feare not this man, who by his mouth profane  
 Doth play the Dog ; and belchs out with disdain  
*Against our God, and 'gainst his people all ;*  
 When pride is greatest swiftly doth it fall :  
 This villaine vile blasphemmes (*wo worth his hap*),  
 Hee is a Div'll within a man his shape  
 Though hee seemes strong, and sturdily doth goe,  
 God will find some that will him overthro.

See how hee stands in a most raging moode ;  
 Upon his beard of foame comes downe a flood ;

His mouth is froathy, fury fills his face,  
Hee's like a Horse that's prauncing in his place :  
His long black lockes hang shagged Satyres like,  
Adowne his necke, his bush bearde floateth thicke ;  
His armes are brawnie, and all bristl'd are  
Most Hedge hog like, with wire instead of haire ;  
Like two fire brands his eyes they doe appeare ;  
With frowning face, he seemes the King of Feare.

Yet for all this, wee will some courage tak,  
For all is lost if wee now turne the back ;  
Some Captaine stout will take this Duell in hand,  
If, that from mee hee shall this understand,  
That he who shall this Philistine nowe slay,  
Shall by mee well rewarded be this day.  
Yea this I'le cause declare by trumpet sound,  
If any shall in all this hoast be found,  
Who Isra'l shall of this great fear relieve,  
I'le unto him my daughter Michal\* give.

#### *The Captaines.*

The danger's great, though great bee the reward ;  
Men more their life then great rewards regard ;  
If any hope of vict'ry were in sight,  
For such rewards men gladely all would fight ;  
Where death is certaine, that man is not wise,  
That on a venture darre so enterprise.

The man's a gyant of a stature tall,  
His onely weight would crush us bones and all :

\* One who is perfect.

Who lookes on him may easily perceive,  
 His very mouth capacious as a cave ;  
 Upon his legs as pillars hee doth goe,  
 Hee's like a steeple reeling to and fro :  
 Hee goes as hee would all us overwhelme,  
 A Cypress tree doth wave upon his helme ;  
 His burnish'd harnesse like a comet bright,  
 All blazing bloody seemeth in our sight ;  
 His lance a loome beame, yea a mast most big,  
 Which he doth shake ev'n like an Osier twig :  
 His coat of male, the strength hard can carrie,  
 Yea its a burden, to a Dromderrie :  
 His stormie voice is like the roaring thunder,  
 When as the clouds most sulph'ry breake asunder ;  
 From top to toe hee's all in harnesse bright ;  
 What captaine darre with such a gyant fight ?  
 Great's the reward, yet no man darre appeare ;  
 Wee love the prize, but none will winn't so deare.

### Goliath.

O beastly men of Isra'l give yee eare ;  
 How long shall yee like cowards shake for feare ?  
 Among you all is not a champion,  
 That in this valleye, darre me fight alone  
 In single combat ? that wee (*may*) conclude  
 Our variance nowe, by one man's onely blood :  
 Is there not one among you that hath strength,  
 With whom I heere, might cope nowe at the length ?  
 O fy for shame ! that none darre come me neere,  
 When I defye, like haire they flee for feare :

With coates of brasse they come, and caps of steele ;  
 While they should fight, anone they turne the heele.  
 If yee not fight, why come yee to the field ?  
 Why are you arm'd ? it's best that now yee yeelede,  
 And bee our Servants as yee were before,  
 Cast downe your armes, and so rebell no more :  
 Fy ! fy ! nowe great is Israel's disgrace,  
*None darre mee meete nor look mee in the face :*  
 Freez'd Minions all, most brave in vaunts and vowes,  
 Lions in court, in camp are turn'd to cows ;  
 Base cowards all, shall thus the day begone ?  
 If yee not fight why put yee armour on ?  
 O that one were to buckle with me heere,  
 Your Mighty God lesse then yourselves I feare :  
 Come fourty, fifty, yea, come all of you,  
 Yea, let your God come also with you nowe.  
 O fugitives who darre not turne the face,  
 This day I shall you cover with disgrace ;  
 And als your God of whom yee greatly boast,  
 For feare this day hee hath left Isra'l's hoast :  
 Fy beastly men who can not fight but fly,  
 You and your God I doe this day defye.

### Saul.

My soul abhorres to see this villaine lewd,  
 Who like a Cyclop 'gainst the heav'ns hath spew'd,  
 Blasphemous wordes, which all the skye defile,  
 His wordes are all of a most uncouth stile ;  
 The Lord of Hoasts I hope shall let us see,  
 This mouth blasphemous muzzl'd so to be,



That it shall not be able more or lesse,  
 Against our God such railings to expresse.  
 But oh, alas ! as yet I not perceive,  
 That of my captaines any courage have,  
*But they are like some fearefull (chaffincheys,)*  
*Who see some hardy Tercell\* (from the skyes,)*  
*To stoop with (sarcel's) swift and so draw neere,*  
*From bush to bush they in a panick feare,*  
*Wagtayling goe, so that none can them make,*  
 Their thornie covert there at all forsake ;  
 So th' Hebrew troopes this boasting gyant shun,  
 And from his face in trembling feare doe run ;  
 It is in vaine that I entreat or threat,  
 I scarce can three or four together get,  
 Among us (*all*) none either will or can,  
 Nowo undertake to grapple with this man ;  
 His monstrous limbs when in the (*earth*) they thrust,  
 Up in the skyes they raise a cloud of dust :  
 No man hath courage for our common weale,  
 Gone from their breastes, their hearts are to their heele.

What shame that thus our so victorious hoast,  
 Should all be daunted with ano Pagan's boast ?  
 This bragging fellow for to work our shame,  
 Will say, I CAME, I LOOK'D, I OVERCAME ;†  
 'Mong all their worthies none durst undertake,  
 In panick feare they soone did turne the back ;

\* A male hawk.

† The motto of the Roman Emperour Julius Cæsar, VENI, VIDI,  
 VICI.

Chill'd with an ague all unapt to fight,  
More sheepe then men soone put unto the flight.

Yea more then this that wee before him fly,  
Hee'le both us shame and will our God defye ;  
Is heere no man for God to undertak ?  
What shame is it that Isra'l turne the back ?  
Shall nowe this nation of so great renowne,  
Thus be destroy'd, and sack't and batt'r'd downe ;  
Cheare up your hearts, our GOD'S a God of might,  
Feare not this man, that with his sword so bright,  
*Doth brandish thus ; goe to, make no delays,*  
Who fights for God, GOD will him crowne with bayes ;  
But if that so, those ov'r us should reigne,  
Wee'le be their vassels or some baser thing :  
Will no man stir at such a villaine's cryes,  
*Who both our God, and army als defyes ?*  
*If men for ought should boldly undertake,*  
It should be for the great JEHOVAH's sake.

My eare abhorres to heare how so he cryes,  
His blasphemies doe pelt the very skyes ;  
Fy, what's our feare ? why stand wee thus in awe ?  
Who shall him fight shall be my sonne in law.

### The Captaines.

Who darre unto this monster nowe drawe neare ?  
Ev'n at his sight our hearts *are squis'd with feare,*  
And tremble ev'n as doth the Aspen leafe,  
Except the heav'ns us help, ther's no releefe ;  
The King doth offer what a man could crave ;  
But when a man is brought unto his grave,

Moulded in dust, what can such giftes availe ?  
 Thoughts of such dangers make our face grow pale.  
 Saul offers much, the gifte is great indeede,  
 What *boots a gifte* when once a man is dead ?  
 The civik garland of greene oaken boughs,  
 Thrice three times wreath'd about men's glorious browes,  
 Allureth much unto some noble fact ;  
 But who *darre nowe* in such a danger act ?  
 'Gainst this *Colosse* so big, so fierce a foe,  
 Hee seemes some steeple reeling to and fro ;  
 His brazen cuiress none of us can cary,  
 If hee come forward none of us will tary ;  
 Hee at a stroake will grund us into powder,  
 His long black *lockes* hang shagg'd adowne his shoulder :  
 Wee for this Duell darre not nowe appeare,  
 We wish the prize, but who will winn't so deare ?

### David.

This monster's boast cooles Isra'l's courage so,  
 Within my breast it makes a rage to glow :  
 Through all my veines I find a burning fire,  
 To see how Captaines that doe fight for hire,  
 Recoile in hast, like Haires with trembling feare,  
*As soon as they doe see him drawing neere ;*  
 Big lookeing minions also, all make hast  
 To turne their heeles ; the hoast is all agast.  
 Ho ! Isra'l's men nowe answer me anone,  
 Declare what shall unto the man be done ?  
 Who *shall with courage* bravely undertake,  
 This single combat, and so Israel make

Free of all feare, in this (*distracting day*),  
 And shall from Isra'l take reproach away ;  
 For who's this man uncircumcis'd ? that he,  
 Should a reproach thus unto Isra'l be ?  
 My heart abhorres to heare this monster crye,  
 Who of the LORD the armies doth defye.

### The People.

Hee that this day this danger shall award,  
 Shall from the King receive a rich reward ;  
 Saul's daughter hee shall have to be his spouse,  
 In Isra'l free shall be his father's house ;  
 None darre him fight lest that he surely dye,  
 Hee is most fierce that dwells within his eye :  
 Hee sternly lookes when Captaines him behold,  
 They stagger, startle, tremble as in cold :  
 No martiall mien we looke to see this day,  
 When stoutest captaines thus doe shrink away :  
 When as they see this strong limm'd champion shake,  
 His loome beame lance, with hast they turne their back ;  
 By any wordes wee can not represent,  
 The ghastly lookes that from their hearts are sent ;  
 Their heads all droop, they in their port and guise,  
 Have bloodlesse cheekes, and deadnesse in their eyes :  
 If any bee that such a courage have,  
 To fight, hee shall a rich reward receive.

### Goliath.

Thou idle boy thus vagueing here and there,  
 Thou hast cast off, of those few sheepe the care ;

Our father's flock ; hast thou no more adoe,  
 But 'mong the soldiers thus a wand'ring goe ?  
 Thou hast not earand hither certainly,  
 But heere and there to looke with wand'ring eye :  
 Thou for the sheepe cares neither more nor lesse,  
 I knowe the pride, and als the naughtinesse,  
 That from thy youth have ever beene in thee,  
 For thou art come the Battell for to see ;  
 A faithfull sheppard still his flock among,  
 Them guides, them guardès, and doth them lead along,  
 The pastures greene, where they may eate their fill,  
 And be refresh'd beside the waters still !

## David.

Why are you wroth ? why kindled are *your eyes* ?  
 Oh that wee humbl'd could, with dusty knees  
 Call on the Lord, in such a troublous time !  
 My comming hither surely is no crime :  
 Why *rage yee thus, O yee*, my brother deare ?  
 Yea, is there not a cause I should be heere ?  
 What have I done ? when tortur'd on a rack,  
 God's people is, strings of my heart they crack,  
 To see them shaken all like broken reedes,  
 Spare, brother deare, to prick the heart that bleedes.

Hence I must goe unto some other part,  
 Where I discharge may what's within my heart.

Ho ! Isra'l's men now answer me anone,  
 Declare what shall unto the man be done,  
 Who *shall with courage* stoutly undertake,  
 This bloody Duell, and so Isra'l make,

Free of all feare in this same very day,  
And shall from Isra'l take reproach away?

### The People.

Hee that this day this danger shall award,  
Shall from the King receive a rich reward;  
Saul's daughter he shall have to be his spouse,  
In Isra'l free shall be his father's house.

### David.

*I see, King, Priest, and People all are clad,  
From sorrowes wardropes with a colour sad:  
They silent stand; deep silence sure affords,  
Griefe's sharper accent, then most eloquent wordes.*

Heare nowe, O yee, I have laid this conclusion,  
I will him fight, and that with resolution:  
I'm hither sent, ev'n by the Lord of Hoasts,  
To swage the swellings of this pagan's boastes;  
I am resolv'd that monster to assaile,  
Who 'gainst the heav'ns so proudly still doth raile:  
I hope this day, the sablest day of sorrowe,  
Shall turne to joye, and that before to-morrowe;  
'Gainst Philistines nowe Lord my helper be,  
*For through our sides, O Lord they thrust at thee.*

### The People.

Doubtes mongrel whelpes of dung hill contemplation,  
Doe hurry faith from (*its*) appointed station:  
This boy seemes nought such acts for to atchieve,  
But who can tell but God by him (*may give*),  
Deliv'rance rare; lest that wee should (*bee rent*);



It seemes this boy is from JEHOVAH sent,  
 To act a thing that may some courage bring,  
 Both to the people, and unto the king ;  
 It's best that wee incontinent resort,  
 Unto the king *him selfe with this report ;*  
 Eyes of our king salt fountaines are of greefe,  
 Both for his owne, and other men's releefe.

Good newes, O king, JEHOVAH by his might,  
 Hath found a man who will the *gyant fight ;*  
 Hee's young it's true, ev'n but a stripling boy,  
 But who can tell but God who doth imploye,  
 Oft weakest meanes, may by his heav'nly might,  
 Through him alone, our foes turne all to flight ;  
 If good it seeme unto your Majesty,  
 Wee unto you will bring him by and by.

#### Saul.

It's hard to tell, but God who is our Maker,  
*Will send a man to be an undertaker ;*  
*If God wee feare, wee shall not wish and want,*  
*Wee can not beg the thing God can not graunt,*  
*That's for our well ; he hath not marble heart,*  
*Lock't, barr'd, against our prayers in our smart :*  
*God's for his owne when dangers are most deepe,*  
 Hee wakes, when he seemes nodding fast asleepe.

Goe quickly and the boy bring to mee heere,  
 That what he saith, I in this place may heare.

#### The People.

Ho ! youth, wee are unto thee quickly sent,  
 Nowe from the king that thou incontinent,

Unto him come ; the foes with great disdain,  
 Laugh at our feares, in jesting at our paine :  
 The hearts of many nowe are filled with sorrowes,  
 Bred greefe hath cruch't\* our cheekes with water furrowes,  
 Except that God in mercy scowre us so,  
 That scarlet sins be turn'd as white as sno ;  
 It seemes this day most surely is appointed,  
 That in the same our common wealth disjointed,  
 Shall lye in dust, as in a tombe or grave,  
 And Isra'l made to Philistines a slave ;  
 If yee once seem'd for us to undertak,  
 Yeo will performe, and will not turne the back ;  
*The blushes of your comely face proclame,*  
*A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame.*

#### David.

My wordes are not from fancy or from folly,  
 Like those (*who*) speake at random at a voleye ;  
*What I have said, I said it in good sadnesse,*  
 Lies join'd with bragges are but the fruites of madnesse ;  
 I'll fight the man as I have said before,  
 What I have said, I'll neither lesse nor more,  
 Nowe eate it in ; I will make no omission,  
 In what from God I have nowe in commission ;  
 God steales my heart with courage voide of feare,  
 Of the Colosse which startl'd ev'ry eare,  
 With dread and trembling, causer of great greefe,  
 God will this day send Isra'l's men reliefe ;

\* To be made full as a pitcher.

As yee to mee have spoken of this thing,  
 I will with you nowe goe unto the King ;  
 All feare is past, with mercies manifold,  
 God mee sustaines, my heart it waxeth bold :  
 To fight for him it constantly insists,  
 Beames of his love have broken all the mists ;  
 Which at the first did overcloud my skye ;  
 Unto the king I'le nowe goe by and by.

#### Saul.

I see the stripling comming to me hither,  
 And with him of the people are together.  
 Alas ! faire boy, thy enemies too tall,  
 For thee to fight him ; Oh ! thy limbs are small :  
 Thou hast good heart, but wee have neede of more,  
 More strength then thine to catch so wilde a Boare.

#### David.

Let not such things now coole your courage so,  
 Knowe this, O king, my heart within doth glow,  
 With great assurance, this my hand shall bring,  
 That monster's head unto my Lord the King :  
 I'm confident, yea free from all alarme,  
 From's sword or speare, or from his brawny arme :  
 Heav'n's horror surely shall begird him round,  
 Yea, vengeance shall both him and his confound :  
 God playes with men as with the (*Tenice ball*),  
 Some he casts downe, and raiseth some that fall ;  
 This man's like mist exhaled by the sunne,  
 Which lasts a space, but quickly is undone.

## Saul.

Alas ! my lade, this is a fearfull day,  
 The danger's great, it is not shepherd's play :  
 Thou art but tender, slender, on thy chin,  
 The Downie haire but scarcely yet begin :  
 It's not for thee to undertake this thing,  
 Lest thou all Isra'l into thraldome bring :  
 This man well knowes what feates of warriours are,  
 For from his youth hee is a man of warre ;  
 For thee and us the danger's very deepe,  
 Thou art accustom'd but with lambes and sheepe ;  
 If hee thee kill then shame on Israel,  
 Shall fall, with thraldome to a foe so fell.

## Dabid.

By God's assistance it shall not be so,  
 With courage great, God makes my breast to glow ;  
 By God's owne helpe this hand of mine shall bring,  
*His head blasphemous to my Lord the King ;*  
*His father's sheepe, thy servant on a daye*  
*Did keepe ; there came, which tooke a lamb away,*  
*A Lion first, and last a cruell Beare,*  
*I slewe the Lion, and the Beare did teare ;*  
*Thus both the beastes by God's great helpe I slewe,*  
*And from their jawes my Lambes I did rescue.*  
*Nowe fight I will in great Jehovah's name,*  
*This Philistine shall be as one of them :*  
*God shall performe this matter by and by,*  
*Sith that hee thus God's armies doth defye ;*  
*The Lord who sav'd me from the Lion's jawe,*  
*And from the Beare's most strong destroying pawe,*

*Will mee deliver from this Philistine,*  
 What nowe I say it shortly shall be seene.  
 God shakes the mountaines, and the firmest Rocks,  
 Hee weares and rents with many stormy knocks ;  
 So strougest men hee batters by his strength,  
 They loseing ground, returne to ground at length,  
 Get yee aloofe, the duell but behold,  
 Faith cheares my heart, and makes my courage bold,

### Saul.

My heart's amaz'd, my mouth is also mute,  
 To see a boy so young, so resolute ;  
 With lively limmes so to the Battell goe,  
 God steeles his heart with strength against the foe :  
 Sith it is so, goe, and thy Lord thee guide,  
 And thee encompassse round on ev'ry side.

Before hee goe, him harnessse all with speede,  
 Of brasse ane helmet put upon his head :  
 Because the foe will fiercely him assailo,  
 Let him be armed with a coate of male.

### David.

I'le gird this sword upon mine armour bright,  
 That done, I will prepare myself to fight ;  
 I wonder much that I'm in such aray,  
 With golden studs goe glist'ring in this way :  
 For shepheard's coate, a cask\* I have put on,  
 With coate of male ; I must nowe walk anone,

\* Helmet.

And try if *that with them* I well can goe,  
Then after that I may assault my foe.

This worke's in vaine, this armour that's me on,  
Will with its weight much weary me anone ;  
This massive lance and sword doe load me so,  
That I with them not able am to goe ;  
I'll not depend upon this heavy loade,  
I'll cast myself upon th' eternal God,  
Who in all dangers hath beene my protection,  
I looke that hee will give me nowe direction,  
And steele my strength by his Almighty hand,  
That by his might I may in Battell stand :  
Off with this harnessse, I my lance also,  
With *cask* and *sword* will surely *cast me* fro,  
I'll have no Bow, no *shaft*, no *arcenal*,  
But from the brooke, five pebbles that are small,  
Put in my scribe, with sling, thus will I goe,  
For to encounter this blasphemous foe.

### Saul.

This work is strange, with Philistines I see,  
A Gyant great whose lookes doe terrifye,  
Our stoutest Captaines swift to turne the back,  
When he begins his loome beame lance to shake :  
On th' other side a slender, tender boy,  
Goes to the fight as to a feast of joye ;  
His head is golden, scarlet's on his cheeke,  
Though full of courage hee's both mild and meeke ;  
A stripling young upon whose tender chin,  
The budding downe doth scarcely well begin.



O happy boy ! a worthy Isra'lite,  
 Venge thou God's honour and our shame requite :  
 Goe on, goe on, stirr'd with a holy zeale,  
 And foile this Pagan, and free Israel :  
 Thee I innoble shall, and all thy house,  
 Thou shalt enjoye my daughter for thy spouse.

### Goliath.

What ? who is this that commeth me unto ?  
 Darre none but this poore boy to Battell goe ?  
 What match is this ? what honour can I have ?  
 In publick fight against a ragged slave,  
 With staff in hand ? as if a dog were I,  
 Hee's arm'd with stones to cast them by and by :  
 Hath Isra'l all no Captaines men of might,  
 With me to grapple in a noble fight ?  
 What shame to them ? what shame also to mee ?  
 That with a heard I should so matched bee ?  
 I by his death can heere no glory gaine,  
 To fight with heards, I greatly doe disdain :  
*My heart is filled with displeasure deepe,*  
 What, shall a Lion fight against a sheepe ?  
 Shall it be said that Great Goliath hath,  
 Spent on a lade, the forces of his wrath ?  
 When I in peeces wholly have him torne,  
 My victory, will bee to all a scorne ;  
 That I thus armed with a coate of male,  
 A naked shepheard fiercely did assaile ;  
 As if ane Eagle should assault a flee,  
 Thus men will say when they our fight shall see :

No, not, I will my hands not nowe defile,  
 Thus with the blood of one that is so vile ;  
 I'll sheath my sword before this noble hoast,  
 As for this heard I will him roughly boast ;  
 Him I'll affright with wordes that so this day,  
 In paniëk feare hee hence may flee away.

O foolish boy ! fantastick in thy mind,  
 What dreames thou heere upon this field to find ?  
 Goe seeke thy match, I will not nowe defile,  
 My fauchin bright in blood, so base, so vile :  
 I doe disdaine that thou should'st die by mee,  
 Thy honour shall not my dishonour bee ;  
 This is thy mind as I doe understand,  
 That thou should'st fall by great Goliath's hand,  
 And so get credit ; but I doe disdaine,  
 That it bee said, Goliath nowe hath slaine,  
 A naked beggar, as is in the land,  
 Arm'd but with stones, and staffe within his hand ;  
 Goe get thee hence, or else I shall this day,  
 Thee whipe with roddes and send thee so away.

Am I a dog ? thou dwarf, thou Dandiprat ?  
 Shall I with stones by thee be hacked at ?  
 Let one mee fight (*sith one nowe fight mee must*),  
 Who hath before beene in the sweetie dust,  
 Train'd up in warre, who hath receiv'd and giv'n,  
 Most bloody blowes at Morne and als at Ev'n ;  
 But as for thee, to bicker thou dost come,  
 As though with stones thou could'st me ov'rcome ;  
 Thou shepheard boy know'st not the woundes and scarres,  
 The glorious markes of souldiers train'd in warres :  
 Such should be scourged with the *sharpest roddes*,

I scorn to fight at so unsightly oddes,  
 As with a shepheard to the Duell goe,  
 I nowe myselfe will not disparage so.

But if so bee that thou wilt persevere,  
 And in the presence of all Isra'l heere,  
 Mee still provoke, sure I will not thee spare,  
 But will thy flesh give to the fowles of aire,  
 And to the beastes that are upon the field :  
 It's best in time that unto mee thou yeelde,  
 Before that thou be scourged with my rodde,  
 Now cursed beo thou, ev'n by all my Gods.

#### David.

The curse is thine, and doth belong to thee,  
 Ere it be long this trueth the hoast shall see :  
 Come barking curre who fiercely nowe (*doth curse,*)  
 Who hath blasphem'd the God of heav'n and us ;  
 Thou comm'st to me, both with a sword, and speare,  
 And with a shield, thus arm'd thou drawest neere,  
 But in God's Name I come nowe hy and by,  
 Ev'n Isra'l's God whom thou dost still defye :  
 This day the LORD as I doe understand,  
 Shall surely thee deliver to my hand,  
 And by mee thou this daye shall smitten bee,  
 And I also will take thy head from thee ;  
 The carkeses of Philistines this daye,  
 To fowles of aire, and to wilde beastes away,  
 I will them give, that all the (*earth*) may tell,  
 That there a God is ev'n in Israel,  
 And all th' assembly that is nowe in feare,  
 Shall knowe that God, by neither sword nor speare,

Doth save his people ; *ther's no neede of swords,*  
 For that this daye the Battell is the LORD's,  
 And hee nowe will you give into our hands,  
 And make us have dominion ov'r your lands :  
 I feare thee not though from thy goggle eyes,  
 All drunke with rage the fierce (*bright*) light'ning flies :  
 Thou proudly marchest with a haughty pase,  
 Death and destruction muster in thy face ;  
 Thus madde, thou marchest *with despightfull wordes,*  
 Afreshe blaspheming GOD the LORD of LORDS :  
 Ere it bee long thy head I off shall cut,  
 So shall thy mouth bee unto silence put,  
 That it no more blaspheeme the God of heav'n,  
 To doe this worke, unto mee it is giv'n.

### Goliath.

I thought to spare this *Pigme*e base, yea nought,  
 Peece of a man who foolishly hath sought,  
 To grapple with one that is not his match ;  
 A warriour strong who can him quickly catch,  
 And rent in peeces as a Hawke, a Dove,  
 If 'gainst him hee his strength could once improve.

But sith it's so that you *will not forbear*e,  
 March on ; thy match he is the King of Feare :  
 (*Your God*) commands his ark, but I the earthe,  
 I challenge him, see if hee darre come forth.

### David.

Now time it is that I for God my King,  
 Take from my scribe a stone within my sling ;

To throw against this most blasphemous head ;  
*Thus to avenge, I quickly will make speede.*

*O Lord my God, while as I whirl this sling,  
 Be bow, and bowman of this shaft I fling ;  
 With sudden flerk the hempe I'll nowe let goe,  
 The humming flint him gives a deadly blo,  
 Upon the front, so that hee falls to ground,  
 Ev'n all along, hee needes no other wound ;  
 I have no weapon, but I will with speede,  
 With his owne sword cut off this monster's head ;  
 That I GOD'S praises highly may proclame,  
 This head I'll carry to Jerusalem.*

#### Saul.

This fight it seem'd, as when in summer ev'r,  
 A Galley and Carague\* doe cope together ;  
 The one strikes quicke, the other veres as slowe,  
 Lar-board and Star-board from the poop to prow,  
 Thence on the wind ; and by her oares the other,  
 Goe to and fro, and whiles doe choake together :  
 The little boy about the gyant, light,  
 Both forward, backward, to the left and right ;  
 Both in and out hee step't, hee stop't, hee stretch'd,  
 And whiles recoil'd, whiles forward als he reach'd ;  
 Hee stoutly active did him selfe adventuro,  
 Against this gyant in a fierce rencounter.

\* The allusion appears to be to a trial of nautical skill between the *Galley* managed with oars, and the *Caraok* or large *Portuguese* ship with sails. Both would be familiar to our Author while he resided in France at Saumur, situated on the Loire.

Behold hee comes unto us nowe with speede,  
And in his hand he beares the monster's head.

### The Israelites.

Good newes O King ; this day, hath happy houres,  
The monster's dead, the victory is ours ;  
This was a Duell worthy to be seene,  
The like whereof not hitherto hath beene.

While wee beheld, how th' one, by force and might,  
Came forward, and *the other by his slight ;*  
*Most nimble prans'd, it seemed so and so,*  
*As when two cocks unto the Battell goe :*  
*While they in cock pit are set downe to fight,*  
*With cristed plumes they fiercely other smite,*  
*With spurs and becke they bound at ev'ry blo,*  
*With newe assaults they with great fury goe :*  
None to another yieldeth in his wrath,  
The plea not ends but by the stroake of death ;  
Now glade wee see victorious David come,  
On whom wee wager'd all our fortune's summe.

Hee comes, hee comes up to our hoast with speede,  
And in his hand he hath the bloody head ;  
This victory it seemeth like a dreame,  
That beastly head it will no more blasphemee.

### Saul.

Nowe welcome David who that bloody traine,  
Disgraced hast, that with us may remaine,  
The victory, the victory I say,  
By God and THEE wee victors *are the day,*



Against that curre, who barked Morne and Ev'n,  
Spew'd blasphemies against the God of heav'n.

Dabid.

No feare of man could make this gyant quaille,  
Not I but God this day did him assaile ;  
God now the tumour of his sullen heart,  
Hath low brought, and (*hath*) made that mouth to smart,  
Whose tongue was nimble still for to blasphee,me,  
And to revile the great JEHOVAH's Name :  
Let God bee prais'd, let him have all the glory ;  
Let age to age record this worthy story ;  
Unworthy they new benefites doe get,  
*Who what is got incontinent forget.*

Our memory is like a seave, alas !  
Grosse thinges it keepes, but lets the purer passe :  
That God's praises (*I*) highly may proclame,  
This head I'll carry to Jerusalem.

THE USE.

*Heere Learne how God, who is Omnipotent,  
Hath great deliv'rance by a shepheard sent,  
Against a Gyant,\* who in boist'rous stile,  
Both God and Isra'l foully did revile :*

\* Various opinions are held by critics in respect to Goliath. His "six cubits and a span" of stature, are estimated at nine feet nine inches ; by others, at ten feet seven inches and a half, and upon a mode of measurement, between the cubit and the palm, at eleven feet ten inches. The probability is, that the first mentioned height is nearest to the truth, sufficient to make him a very formidable opponent. His coat of mail is supposed to have been formed of plates

Men may heere learne not for to trust in strength,  
 Who feare the Lord they shall prevaile at length.  
 Men (for) a space, pace (in) prosperity,  
 But at the last trot hard in misery:  
 Some times they lagge; and whiles they gallop on,  
 But at the last their glory all is gone,  
 And turn'd to stinke, ev'n like a candle's snuff;  
 Thus lye they low who did most proudly puff;  
 Swolne high with wind as none were men but they,  
 Loe! like a cobweb they are swept away.

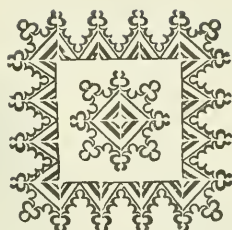
I see that Isra'l for a little while,  
 May sadly droope, but after they doe smile:  
 God's helpe (send us), yea, hee will help anone,  
 His people sad when all seemes to be gone;

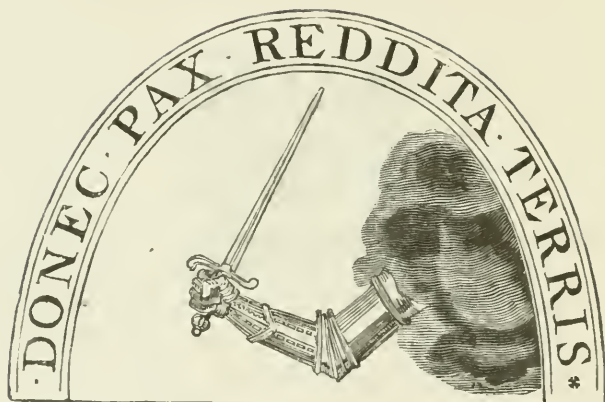
of brass overlapping each other like the scales of a fish or tiles of a house, the weight of which was one hundred and fifty-six pounds four ounces avoirdupois. His target of brass, some think was a covering for the shoulders, others that it was a javelin or dart, or lance, or club, or sword. The "staff of his spear like a weaver's beam," was perhaps not so thick as that beam we see used by the artisan in his loom, but may have equalled it in length. It is computed that the whole armour with which Goliath was clad, amounted to the weight of two hundred and seventy-two pounds thirteen ounces. The sling, both among the Greeks and Hebrews, was a powerful offensive instrument of war. It is described as composed of two strings and a leathern strap—the strap is in the middle, and is the place where the stone or bullet lies. The string on the right end of the strap is firmly fastened to the hand; that on the left is held between the thumb and middle joint of the fore finger. It is then whirled two or three times round the head, and when discharged, the finger and thumb let go their hold of the left end string. The velocity and force of the sling are in proportion to the distance of the strap, where the bullet lies from the shoulder joint. David was evidently an expert marksman, and had likely acquired his dexterity at *slinging* when tending his sheep.

Though clouds grow black and darken'd bee our heav'n,  
 A gloomy daye brings oft a glorious ev'n :  
 For Great Jehovah that is the most hye,  
 Doth still command the cisternes of the skye,  
 And what's (belowe) ; heere wee may comforte find,  
 Which (may yet) sweetely ease our tortur'd mind ;  
 Though God delaye, the wicked for their crime,  
 Shall pay sufficient int'rest for the time ;  
 Hee'le act his part when that his time is come,  
 And make a boy in battell overcome,  
 A gyant tall, who darr'd him to his face,  
 God seemes oft slow while hee doth goe apace ;  
 Hee spares while as the faults of men are young,  
 Within their heart, but when unto their tongue  
 They come, and foorth breake into blasphemie,  
 Then heav'n it heares, and mercy doth deny,  
 To skulking rebels ; thus to right our wrongs,  
 God turnes our mourning into joyfull songs ;  
 Hee fights our battells ; Oh ! our thoughts are lame,  
 And craz'd alas ! when wee should praise his Name.

Nowe bless'd be God who did (so) bring to passe,  
 That this beast's blood did purple ov'r the grasse ;  
 And free'd his people from those miseries,  
 Which made them mourne with sad and show'ring eyes.

**Finis.**





## Dinah Ravished by Shechem.

THE SPEAKERS.

1. *Dinah.* 2. *Shechem.* 3. *Simeon.* 4. *Levi.* 5. *Hamor.*  
6. *The Shechemites.* 7. *Jacob.*

### Dinah.

My mother Leah is farre out of sight ;\*  
Sith it is so, no thing doth me affright ;  
Therefore this day I'll take my libertie,  
I will goe forth anone that I may see,  
The fashions of the daughters of the land,  
Shall I be heere and no thing understand ?  
How women young them selves decke and adorne ?  
Who see no thing but hence are made a scorne ;  
Shall I in house as *owles inclosed be*,  
While maids *abrod* bath in felicitie ?  
Shall I thus as in gyves be still inchain'd,  
From being seene from seeing als restrain'd ?

\* Genesis chap. xxxiv.



I feare no snares, abrod I'le quickly goe,  
 That I may see, and may be seene also,  
 With other maids ; O how those maids excell,  
 Who of sweete musk and costly amber smell ?  
 Free in all places passing to and fro,  
 In sight of others mincing as they goe.

O pleasant fields, ov'rspread most sumptuously,  
 Inamel'd all with flow'ry tapistry ;  
 Where birds melodious on the branches greene,  
 Their notes renew at Morne and als at Ev'n ;  
 Where musick sweete mine eares doe always fill,  
 Where on the branches fruits doe dangle still.

But as I think, I doe most clearely see,  
 A gallant youth straight comming unto me :  
 I'm farre from home heere on the open field,  
*I tremble*, no thing can me comforte yeelde ;  
 No counterbane against this feare I have,  
 My friends are farre, I see none mee to save :  
 If that this youth be for his pleasure set,  
 I see no waye for to escape his net.

### Shechem.

Fair maide, sweete flowre most pleasant to the eye,  
 My hearte is glade that I have met with thee,  
 Thou pleasant art, thy eyes doe shine most bright,  
 Like glist'ring starres which cleare the darkest night :  
 To see your skin it *is a great* delite,  
*For surely it's* like Alabaster white ;  
 Gold spangles which upon your tresses dangle,  
 Give luster to *your* lookes, which so mee tangle.

That love and lust have such effects in mee,  
That I must now enjoye thy companie.

## Dinah.

Fy, Oh, not so, from vilenesse such refraine,  
*That sinne is base, I pray you it disdain ;*  
*Ane honest heart can hardly this endure,*  
For fiery lust to make a Maide a whoore.

## Shechem.

The whirl'ing streames of rivers men may stay,  
But burning lust can suffer no delay ;  
*My heart almost ev'n dead within me lyes,*  
Such trickling flames of Love mee doe surprise :  
Bee not afraide, thou not my whoore shall bee,  
• I give my trueth that I will marry thee.

## Dinah.

Fy, Oh not so, commit not such a sin,  
Our mariage, Oh ! wee must not so begin :  
Fy, stand aloofe, refraine yourselfe a little,  
Drowne not your reason in foule pleasure brittle ;  
To force a maide, it sure will blot your name,  
• It will at last, turne to your scath and shame.

## Shechem.

I'm all in fire while I behold, alas !  
The lovely traits of a bewitching face ;  
Two sparkling eyes all glist'ring like a starre,  
Two rudy lips most like the crimson are,

Two cheekes most pleasant, partly white I see,  
 And partly red, they with vermillion bee  
 So mixed, that such beauties nowe apart,  
 Upon this field doth ravish all my heart.

Thou art my hearte, yea, ev'n my greatest joye,  
 I can not cease, but I must thee enjoye.

## Dinah.

Fy! fy! will thou thus to thy lust nowe yeelde,  
 As for to force a maide in open field?  
 Fy, fy! Oh fy! for evermore, fy, fy!  
 In open field I can no thing but cry;  
 But Oh, alas! nowe none at all is neere,  
 In all this field my dooleful cryes to heare,

Both greefe and shame, alas! distresse me so,  
 And freeze my sense, that whither for to goe,  
 I know not; Oh, alas! what dismall lot?  
 Is fall'n on me that with such filthy blot,  
 I stained am; I suffer such disgrace,  
 That hence forth I can not lift up my face.

## Shechem.

Be not so greeved, deare to me as my heart,  
 My Love from thee shall hence forth not depart;  
 What I have said, I shall most surely keepe,  
 I'll marry thee, but Oh! so cease to weepe:  
 Wrecke not your wrath upon yourself, alas!  
 Though yee find shame, yet mine is the trespasse:  
 If I of Jacob *shall* obtaine my sute,  
 I *shall* this thorne soone pull out of your foot;

I wager darre your brethren shall be glade,  
When I perform the thing that I have said.

**Jacob.**

Strange whisp'ring I heare, which doth my heart thrill,  
Of Daughter Dinah, yea I heare it still ;  
But I resolve it alwayes to conceale,  
And not at all to others it reveale ;  
Till that my sonnes come from the field to mee,  
Then what is best wee shall advise and see :  
My sonnes I knowe will by the tresses snatch,  
The fittest time this matter to dispatch ;

I'll strive the purpose so farre to relate,  
That my children be not (so) wroth thereat ;  
In such a hast, that hearing of the ill,  
They be not mov'd the blood of man to spill :  
For this trespassse I very greeved am,  
Mine ages sorrowe, and my houses shame.

My children deare, to me reported is,  
That Shechem hath to Dinah done amiss :  
In open field the Damosell he found,  
And her defil'd, this greatly *doth me wound* :  
Yet for this all, abstaine from moody hate,  
Be not incens'd, nor sudden passionate :  
Who foolish doe good counsell still reject,  
With cast downe browes looke, and with sterne aspect.

**Simeon.**

Deare father thine, for to contented bee,  
What's to be done wee shall nowe shortly see ;

Have yee but patience for a little space,  
 We hope *to make you* free of all disgrace ;  
 Be not so pensive, hence forth study nought,  
 But for to curb and bridle still *your thought* ;  
 I hope to see that *Dog*, and Dandiprat,  
 To be with *stones* most fiercely pelted at ;  
 A foolish Baboono without face or grace,  
 Though *he in Shechem* have the second place,  
 I'll put him to't, before the play be plaide,  
*I will not bragge*, I'll doe as I have said,  
 Maugre the forces ev'n of Shechem all ;  
 Nowe wyte them selves *if any* ill befall,  
 Of wrath in mee the swelling surges rage,  
 The storm so great no thing can it asswage :  
 My heart with greefe is choaked ever still,  
 A thousand darts my wounded breast doe thrill,  
 I'll *take no rest* till all be thoroughly try'd,  
 Such surly stormes I hardly can abide.

### Levi.

Is this the forme that men to lust so yeelde,  
 As to deflore a Damsell in the field ?  
 Are men so giddy that they can not shunne,  
 To act their *lusts on fields* before the sunne ?  
 But I keepe silent murmures in my heart,  
 If we have shame, for it shall Shechem smart :  
 His filthy sinne which *passed hath all measure*,  
 Shall not be met with scant weight of displeasure,  
 My heart (*it*) akes, the thoughts of such ano ill,  
 It with great greefes and thousand cares doth thrill :

Such wrath would breake *a heart that is* most whole,  
 It to abide were for to gaine the goale ;  
 But why am I so *sullen and so sade*,  
 I in his bloode resolve to bath my blade.

### Hamor.

Most worthy Jacob till the whirling poles,  
 Shall cease their galliard (*dance, on earth men's soules*)  
 Are set on ill ; my Shechem heere alas,  
 Hath to your daughter done a great disgrace :  
 But I am come this nowe for to declare,  
 That what's amisse hee shall it nowe repaire.

Yee sonnes of Jacob, I of you require,  
 That yee would not deny mee my desire :  
 My Shechem's soule doth unto Dinah cleave,  
 I seeke that yee to him for wife her give :  
 Wee hope wee shall be hence foorth friends together,  
 And mutuall mariage make one with another ;  
 And yee with us shall dwell, and als the land,  
 Shall be before you all at your command :  
 Yee als shall trade as yee shall thinke it best,  
 And get therein possessions for your rest.

### Shechem.

Deare Jacob this is my most earn'st desire,  
 Of you his sonnes the same I doe require :  
 In all your eyes let me nowe favour find,  
 And what yee seeke to give, (*it*) will mee bind ;  
 Both giftes and dowrie aske yee nowe from mee,  
 As yee shall say I'll give 't accordinglie :



The only thing from you I doe require,  
 It is the Damsell, her I doe desire ;  
 With her I wish that I may leade my life,  
 Graunt unto mee that she shall bee my wife :  
 Let not your wrath be like the thunder claps,  
 Which thrill through Forrests with their loudest raps,  
 And breake the cedars which are turn'd to ashes,  
 By violence of most fierce and fierie flashes.

I willingly unto you doe submit,  
 I will performe what ev'r yee shall think fit :  
 When wrath doth swell, it's like the rageing sea,  
 Whose tumbling billowes bath the rocks so hie,  
 With froathy mounts, untill that by and by,  
 The tossed ship from Hells goes to the skye.

Though Dinah I already have enjoy'd,  
 Mine ardent love therefore it is not cloy'd ;  
 Her for to mary is my cheefe desire,  
*Her for my wife I of you all require:*  
*In ev'ry thing the greatest quarrell ends,*  
 When the offender strives to make amends.

#### Simon.

To such as that uncircumcised be,  
 Our sister wee can not assuredlie,  
 Give to be wife; for to give her to such,  
 It to us all should be a vile reproach :  
 But in this wee unto you will consent,  
 If yee as wee will be incontinent ;  
 That ev'ry male so circumcised be,  
 Then well fulfill'd this bargaine yee shall see :

But if yee will not, then will wee anone,  
Ev'n take our daughter, and will so be gone.

But Levi, hark, I give them pleasant wordes,  
But for that whooredome shall be glist'ring swordes,  
Drēnch'd in their blood ; wee for a little space,  
Will hide our wrath conceiv'd for such disgrace ;  
Wrath small at first increaseth more and more,  
As rivers small at first, ov'rflowe the shoare  
Downe neare the sea ; a sparkle of a flamme,  
A city all will at the last inflamme :  
Ev'n (*as*) a stone that midst a pond you fling,  
About his fall first formes a little ring,  
Wherein new circles one in other groweing,  
Through smoothest waters in their channell floweing,  
Still ov'r the other more and more compell,  
From the pond's centre, where the stone first fell ;  
Till at the last the largest of the Rounds,  
From side to side 'gainst ev'ry bank rebounds ;  
So is 't of wrath, which like a purling streame  
At first, at last a floode most fierce doth seeme ;  
So what at first seem'd to be very small,  
With swelling waves, ov'rflowes the bankes and all.

#### Levi.

*That* they deserve for their most filthy love,  
Your counsell will I with my heart approve ;  
In that exploit I will your second bee,  
And with my sword fast girded by my thigh,  
Will take revenge (*though now I seeme most mild*),  
Upon him who our sister hath defil'd.

But this to them wee muſt not nowe reveale,  
If wee be ſtout I hope all ſhall goe well.

But Simeon, harke, now counterfeit a ſmile,  
What ſtrength can not, wee worke muſt with a wile :  
Speak faire to them that they in peace depart,  
Let us conceale what's in our greeved heart.

### Simeon.

Moſt worthy Hamor, yee have heard of mee,  
How that yee all muſt circumciſed be ;  
If this you pleaſe wee gladly doe accord,  
To give you Dinah, as wee ſaid the worde :  
Yee're not like birds which downie feather'd, young,  
Still feare to flie before their quils be ſtrong :  
Ye are of age, and underſtanding have,  
See if yee will graunt what wee from yee crave.

### Hamor.

What yee have ſaid I gladly doe approve,  
So Shechem doth, who doth your ſiſter love ;  
I hope that ſhortly yee contented ſhall,  
See circumciſ'd mee, and my people all,  
With them each one nowe at this time I mind,  
To deale ſo, that contentment yee ſhall find.

### Simeon.

Doe as yee ſay, for ſo wee think it beſt,  
When that is done, your mind will be at reſt.

Ho ! brother Levi : Hamor's gone away,  
Ere it be long wee'le make of them a prey :

*Shall we our sister mari'd with him see ?*  
A nest of harlots and of thieves they be :  
It were to us a very small comforte,  
To match our sister with *a mongrell sort* ;  
So should wee be so brutely mix'd that wee,  
Should of the earth the dregs accounted bee.

*Levi.*

Yee speak the trueth ; our senses cloyed all,  
Might be esteem'd, if we so courage small,  
Should have, as to debase ourselves to match,  
With such a race ; wee at the last shall catch,  
What's in their house to be for us a prey,  
A ransom deare they shall for Dinah pay :  
Away with them, away with them my brother,  
They are like frogs that croak in Mud together ;  
With Shechem wee'le our sister not enstile,  
A filthy villaine who her did defile,  
For which with shame he meriteth the whip,  
My heart of wrath the flashes belcheth up.

*Hamor.*

Ho ! Shechem, nowe let us to Shalem (*goe*)  
And wisely speake the citizens unto.

Ho ! men of Shalem hearken unto mee,  
And I great gaine will clearely let you see,  
Those men with us are peaceable alway,  
Let in the land them therefore with us stay,  
And therein gladely trade in any charge,  
For loe, the land for them and us is large ;

Let us for wives their daughters to us take,  
 And with our daughters let them mariage make :  
 But unto this they never will agree,  
 Untill our males all circumeised be.

Let this be done, stand not for dayes or houres,  
 For by this means their substance shall be ours :  
 Doe this, let us consent unto them well,  
 And they'le agree anone with us to dwell :  
 Wee'le silver get and gold, and further more,  
 Their Cattell which they have in a great store :  
 I may well say the Bargaine is not foule,  
 Yee all may smile, but none hath cause to scowle.

### The Shechemites.

Men giddy brain'd are turn'd with ev'ry wind,  
 But when men reason in a matter find,  
 They may well doe or not doe as seemes good,  
 Who thinke not so are reasonlesse and rude.

Our hearts for joye within our breastes doe leape,  
 Their Downes are all cloth'd with the lusty sheepe,  
 They're rich, yea they in all things doe abound,  
 Wee're glade wee have such guests upon our ground.

Let us make haste and doe all speedilie,  
*Let all the city circumsised be.*  
*Our circumcision though wee some what suffer.*  
 Shall be a keye to open well their coffer.

While wee are cut, O what a blood runs out,  
 But to endure the same wee must be stout ;  
 A newe made wounde half healed is, they say,  
 But is most sore when come is the third day ;

This now wee feelee, ourselves we hardly turne,  
 Upon our beds, wee all doe grone and mourne,  
 Wee rewe our bargaine, Oh, alas ! yet but,  
 A thin forskin is with a razour cut,  
 Though wee be sicke, *wee will be whole againe,*  
 Men say right well, that gaine still easeth paine.

### Simcon.

A heart couragious never breathed scant,  
 I hope wee shall not both make warre, and want ;  
 Wee easily our foes nowe all may foile,  
 When that is done wee'le load ourselves with spoile.

Up Levi, up ! nowe fitting is the time,  
 That with our swordes wee nowe revenge the crime,  
 Of *Shechem* vile, who Dinah did deflore,  
 Nowe shall hee die, and for him many more.

Fy, strike, stab, cut, deare Levi, and bee bold,  
 All grace forget, spare neither young nor old ;  
 Nowe those are slaine, anone come hither neere,  
 Their men all faint, let us our courage cheere :  
 Bee busy Lades, behold this happy time,  
 Shall make amends for that most filthy crime,  
 Of *Shechem* vile, anone upon our crest,  
 The Garland of the victory shall rest :  
 The way to virtue heere lyes smooth and plaine,  
 Wee honour heere shall get, and also gaine ;  
 They faint, they faile, already downe they are,  
 Their throats be naked, and their bosoms bare ;  
 Fy, cut the one, and likewise stab the other,  
 Doe as I doe, deare Levi, prove a brother,



For Dinah nowe, who in her misery,  
 In open field deflored shrill did crye,  
 But voide of helpe defiled then she was,  
 This night shall make amends for that trespasse.

See *Hamor* heere, his doore it is not shut,  
 Nowe with a fauchin to the teeth him cut ;  
 Another wound give in his rattling gorge,  
 Which may him make the wine (*dranke to*) disgorge,  
 Within the cup that is within his hand,  
 Strike and not spare, Lade strike, I you command.

Nowe there hee lyes all sprawling on the ground ;  
 Nowe where is Shechem ? can hee not be found ?  
 Hee surely is the Shechemites among,  
 I will retort at last that filthy wrong,  
 Done unto Dinah in the open field,  
 Who forced was unto his lust to yeelde ;  
 Revenge, Revenge, I surely nowe must have,  
 Upon that villaine and polluted slave.

Behold the pultron underneath a bed,  
 Hid like a beast, nowe let his bloode bee shedde ;  
 When Dinah cry'd no mercy hee her gave,  
 (*I*) to repay no mercy hee shall have ;  
 Hee's but a foole who good occasion (*sits*),  
 Nowe, nowe, or never, nowe the time us fits.

#### Levi.

O Simeon, Simeon, my most worthy brother,  
 Upon this beast let us both strike together ;  
 This barbarous villaine did no mercy show,  
 To Dinah ; nowe let us in pieces hewe,

His head, and shoulders, that done, yet als more,  
 His very heart we shall together gore ;  
 When Dinah cry'd no mercy her hee gave,  
 So to repay no mercy shall hee have :  
 Our bloody blowes assuredly he feeles,  
 Nowe Shechem's gone, he hath laid up his heeles :  
 The other lades have made with courage good,  
 A mount of bodies, and a lake of blood.

### Simeon.

It's so that men full both of faith and zeale,  
 Should curb such faults done 'gainst a common weale :  
 Men should raise virtue, and raze quickly vice,  
 Without respect of person or of price,  
 It needfull is that from among all men,  
 The wicked in each place be weeded cleane.

### Jacob.

Alas, my Sonnes, yee filled have with feare,  
 My trembling heart, I see a judgement neere :  
 Your surly pride and hasty nature still,  
 Giv'n to revenge with utmost forward will,  
 Have many a night made me to want my sleepe,  
 And nowe what's done it makes my heart to weepe.

Thou Simeon fierce hast still in ev'ry part,  
 Brought unto me great woe, and greefe of heart :  
 And Levi thou as ill as any other,  
 With Simeon thou in ill, art als a brother ;  
 Yee have me troubl'd for to make me stinke,  
 Amongst the men of all the land who think,

That to this murder I have egg'd you on ;  
 So Cananites\* and Perizites anone,  
 Them ſelves ſhall gather in a fearfull ſhewe,  
 'Gainſt me who am but in a number fewe ;  
 Thus ſterne and fierce (*nowe ended is my joye*),  
 Mee and my houſe and all they ſhall deſtroy ;  
 A ſleepe by night our leſſer cares will huſh,  
 But who can reſt when ſuch great greefe doth guſh ;  
 Such wickedneſſe doth make my heart to weepe,  
 I ſee not what will lull ſuch wrath aſleepe.

### Simeon.

For ſuch a fault that was both vile and rude,  
 A phyſick onely made of drugs of blood,  
 Was fitteſt now ; ſome faults ev'n by a worde  
 Are fully cured, others by the ſword.

\* It is thought that Jacob had now been *ſeven* to *eight* years a dweller in Canaan among the Shechemites ; and that Dinah was *fourteen* or *fifteen* years of age when this ſanguinary tranſaction occurred, which Chronologiſts date B. C. 1738, or 3593 years ago—985 years before the foundation of Rome, when the ſtratagem was adopted by the Romans of ſeizing by violence the Sabine women to people the City ; and 831 years before the age of Homer, who celebrated the rape of Helen and the conſequent war of Troy in his "*Heroicks*." The Patriarch Jacob lamented on his death bed in the moſt pathetic manner the melancholy event which had taken place in his family. "Simeon and Levi are brethren ; inſtruments of cruelty are in their habitations. O my ſoul, come not thou into their ſecret, unto their aſſembly mine honour, be not thou united ; for in their anger they ſlew a man, and in their ſelfwill they digged down a wall ; Cursed be their anger for it was fierce, and their wrath for it was cruel ; *I will divide them in Jacob, and ſcatter them in Iſrael.*" The concluding part, ſeemingly uttered as a prediction, is ſaid by the Jewish hiſtorians to have been ſubſequentially literally fulfilled in reſpect to the *two tribes*.

Should he thus trouble all our common weale,  
And with our sister as ane Harlot deale ?

*THE USE.*

*Let women learne by Dinah's sorrowes sad,  
To sit at home, and not abroad to gade:  
While they are pranked as the gawdy flow'ers,  
Spending on decking many precious houres,  
To goe abroad; in wand'ring from their place,  
They ready will be snared in disgrace.*

*By Shechem learne that lustfull filthinesse,  
Hath many a one brought into sad distresse.*

*Fierce Simeon als and Levi as you see,  
Should not be followed in their crueltie.*

*Let children shunne to doe, or yet to thinke,  
That which may make their parents' names to stinke;  
Let us beware of vices such as those,  
For in our selves ambush our greatest foes.*

**Finis.**







**UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY  
BERKELEY**

Return to desk from which borrowed.  
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

22Jul52Yw



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY  
BERKELEY

Return to desk from which borrowed.  
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

←  
JUL 26 1952 LU

Reddy, Frank  
11:30 AM

SEP 22 1979

OCT 22

REC. CIR. MAR 1 '80

17 Mar '53 LO

JUN 23 1953 LU

AUG 3 1954 LU

7 Jan '55 AM

MAY 26 1955 LU

LD 21-95m-11,50(2877s16)476



YD27016

M18856

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY



